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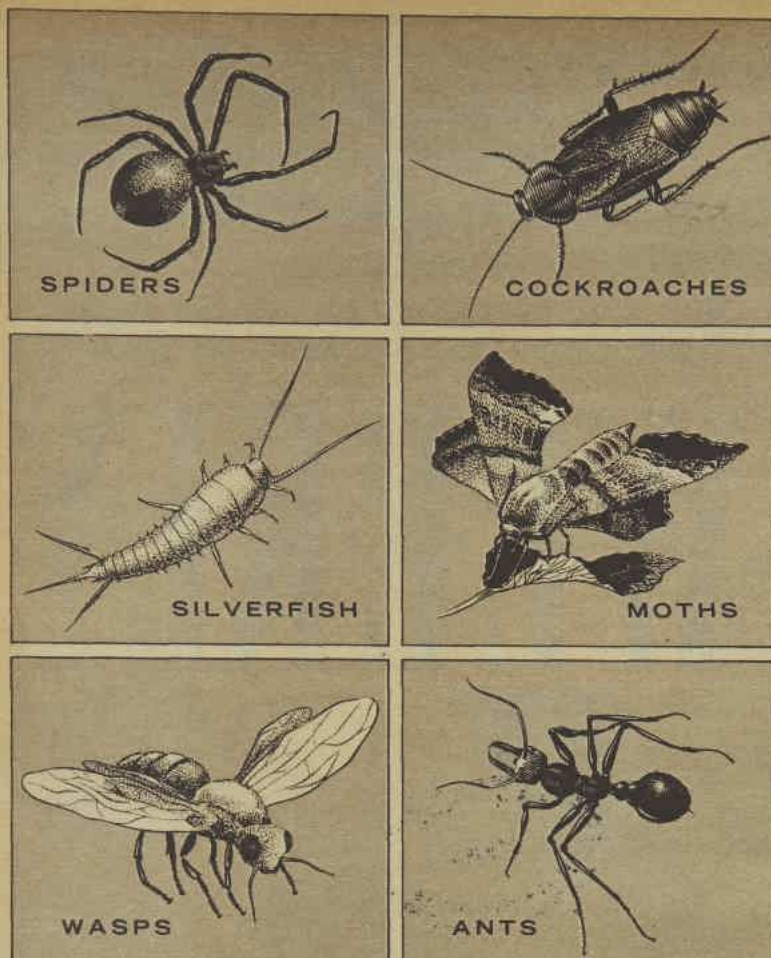
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RINGO AND HIS

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THE LEGS OF 1965

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409V, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

FEBRUARY 24, 1965

Vol. 32, No. 39

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WORTH REPORTING

SYDNEY schoolteacher Peter Roberts has spent three years collecting tapes for two LP records of bird calls.

The first one, issued in 1963, is called "The Birds Around Us" and is a record of the sounds of birds in metropolitan areas; the second is "The Birds of the Outback."

"As a member of the N.S.W. Gould League of Bird Lovers, I thought it was time we made some high-quality recordings to circulate in schools," Mr. Roberts told us.

"In spring, which is the best time for this sort of thing, my wife, Margaret, and I made several bird-watching trips through Western N.S.W., Victoria, along the Murray Valley, and even up as far as Townsville, in Northern Queensland, to collect calls for the outback record."

"Early morning is best, as there isn't much wind to interfere with the microphone, set up in the bushes with about 100 yards of cable."

"One of our best tricks is to catch a few sounds on the tape, then play it back to the birds to draw them nearer—it seems to fascinate them."

Mr. Roberts is particularly proud of his recording of the wedgebill, which few people have ever heard. "We were lucky enough to find some around Broken Hill," he said.

Editing the tapes and sorting out the different calls was a hard and tricky job.

"Especially with the crested bellbird—he's a ventriloquist, you know, and copies all the others around him most of the time."

The first record was issued by H.M.V. and the second by E.M.I. (£1/16/6 each).

OUR COVER

● Fashionably speaking, now's the time to put your best foot—or, rather, best LEG—forward! Colored stockings, lacy stockings, patterned stockings; they're all big news. You'll find details of the cover beauties on page 17, and some stockings you can knit, too. Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



formerly took a chance on "Vacancy" signs.

The Federation plans to extend this free service later to other capital cities.

In Sydney its headquarters are at 219 Miller Street, North Sydney, telephone 92-7922.

The M.F.A. is now affiliated with the European Motel Federation and can give information about European motels.

Gracie slows down

NOW 66 and "taking life as it comes," Gracie Fields plans for more time between concerts in various cities so that she can tour in a more holiday spirit.

During her first ten days in Australia she went sight-seeing around Sydney with her sister, Mrs. Betty Saunders, of Melbourne. (A surf carnival was "fun.")

For more than a week before her Sydney concert almost every seat was sold out. "I guess it means I'll keep on singing until my voice gives out," smiled Gracie, who has scored a tremendous success with a new LP.

On her recent tour of Canada, Gracie was accompanied by her husband, Boris Alperovici. (After a slight illness, he returned to their home on Capri.)

"Friends tell me I speak Italian with a Neapolitan-Lancashire accent, while my husband, who once spoke perfect Italian and English, now speaks both with a Lancashire accent," she said.

● Armed with a portable tape-recorder and a parabolic reflector "dish" (for magnifying the bird calls), Mr. Roberts would lie in wait for birds in one part of the bush while his wife quietly moved about in another, watching for more.

NOVELIST Susan Yorke, who has written several lively features for us, recently drove 3000 miles through Victoria and N.S.W.

It was her first experience of Australian motels, which struck her as very different from American motels. She writes about the contrasts on pages 54 and 55.

The Motel Federation of Australia, which supplied us with the pictures, now has a free booking service in Sydney for motels throughout Australia, and its telephones run hot with requests from travellers who

Science to cut down nurses' chores

● There'll be throw-away sheets, plates, masks, and syringes, and TV cameras to watch the patient



DR. CHARLOTTE SEYFFER.

Pictures by Ron Berg.



GROUP of students outside the N.S.W. College of Nursing, Glebe, N.S.W., are (from left) Miss E. A. Ajoni (Nigeria), Mrs. A. Mathai (India), Ma Khin Phaw (Burma), Miss S. Baptist (India), Miss G. Opi (Nigeria), and Daw Ngam Kywe (Burma). They are among the foreign nurses who are doing postgraduate courses.

THE hospital patient, dressed in a paper nightgown and lying on paper bed linen under a thermostatically controlled blanket, sits up comfortably in his mechanically adjustable bed. At his right is a row of dials.

If he feels lonely he telephones a friend or "talks" to the duty nurse, whose comforting voice comes over a sound-track and whose face appears on the room's television screen.

Another button filters the sunlight, and still another produces selected music programmes.

As he sleeps a duty nurse in an office several floors away turns on her "listening apparatus," which is wired to the back of the patient's bed, and listens to his breathing rate.

The same duty nurse may press another button to have a "closer look" at the patient.

If anything unusual occurs the duty nurse immediately calls — by walkie-talkie —

the matron or the resident doctor, who may be several floors away.

Sounds like something from medical science-fiction, doesn't it?

But by 1970 this should be a typical scene in a private ward in any big community hospital, according to an American nursing educator, Dr. Charlotte Seyffer.

Dr. Seyffer, who has spent more than 33 years as a nursing administrator and educator, was recently in Sydney at the invitation of the N.S.W. College of Nursing, where she delivered a paper on "Tomorrow's Nurse and the Changing World" at a conference with the same title.

Far East

Stationed at present in Kuala Lumpur, where she has been associated with the World Health Organisation in the training of Malayan nurses, Dr. Seyffer has several degrees, including Bachelor of Nursing (Yale), Master of Science in Nursing (Chicago), and Doctor of Educational Administration (Maryland).

Her previous post was Senior Nurse Educator with the W.H.O.'s nursing education project in Formosa.

The standard of nursing in the Far East is gradually improving, Dr. Seyffer said.

"For example, in Malaysia a secondary education is the basic requirement now for trainee nurses.

"A few years ago governments sent their nursing students abroad to train, but now they are realising the importance of training them within their own countries."

Within "five years at least" Dr. Seyffer expects science to release the nurse from many boring and tedious chores which are now part of hospital routine all over the world.

"A recent survey discovered that nurses spend more than a quarter of their working time counting things — taking inventories of stocks and equipment — and sterilising instruments."

This is a "complete waste of time when nurses, one of the most valuable commodities in any hospital," could be put to more important use.

"That is the caring for

and getting a patient from the dependent to the independent stage of recovery by using sympathy, understanding, and tact," explained Dr. Seyffer.

Some of the innovations could include:

The widespread use of throwaway hypodermic needles and syringes; disposable operation sheets; throwaway plates, utensils, and bedpans; disposable caps, masks, and paper shoes; disposable paper bed linen, nightgowns, and towels.

By ANNE OLSEN

"At one hospital they are using throwaway pillows — made of a cheap kind of foam, which are discarded when a patient is discharged," said Dr. Seyffer.

The hospital bed of a few years hence will be so mechanical that a patient will be able to adjust its height or position.

There will be complete privacy for really sick people — "we know such cases are better off in single units."

Instead of the patient's traditional chart hanging at the end of the bed, there will one day be a small recording device which will store certain data at the touch of a button.

"In some hospitals the duty nurses already record

the patient's daily chart information directly into a dictaphone machine, which is then transcribed."

Comfortable, well-decorated TV and reading lounges will pamper the convalescing patient.

"I am sure, too, that they will be showing good-quality movies in hospitals very soon. That will be a marvelous thing — there should be much more entertainment in hospitals."

Switches to adjust light, sunlight, and heating will be controlled by the patient from his bed.

Individual soundproofed rooms, colored and furnished according to the patient's degree of sickness, will have comfortable chairs for visitors.

"Studies have shown that red is a bad color for hospital decor, as it excites and irritates really sick people."

"However, in children's wards reds, blues, and greens — colors which children recognise and enjoy — are found to have a good effect in keeping them happy."

For really ill people Dr. Seyffer recommends the use of cool blues or green (never orange).

For elderly convalescents such colors as peach, mauve, some shades of grey or beige are good, while sunny yellow has a good effect on younger people.

Soft, peaceful, filtered music — controlled from a central unit — and flowers are other aids hospital administrators use to create a relaxing atmosphere, Dr. Seyffer said.

"The doctor who operated recently on the Duke of Windsor uses music while he is in the operating theatre. He finds it helps him and his nurses."

Dr. Seyffer believes that the mechanical devices for exercise to help a particular patient's disability should be, wherever possible, brought to the patient.

"Very often it's a tiring process getting a patient into a wheelchair and along the maze of corridors to the special section."

Science will play its part too, in the choice of the "right" kind of nurse for the right job, Dr. Seyffer said.

"Soon intensive personality and aptitude tests will reveal that one nurse is suited better to children's ward nursing, while another has the ability to handle psychiatrics."

And what does Dr. Seyffer think about the nurse who bursts into a room with a cheery "And how are you today?", looks round, and goes out again before the patient can collect his wits?

"It's a good idea to treat a patient's room with the same courtesy as if it was his own living-room."



COLORFUL national costumes are worn by foreign students at the N.S.W. College of Nursing, Glebe, N.S.W. From left: Mr. D. O. Okpumo (Nigeria), Miss N. Dinshaw (West Pakistan), Mrs. V. Nyingifa, Miss B. C. Okoye, and Mrs. A. A. Bankole, all of Nigeria. All were among 100 nurses at lectures by leading medical experts in a week-long conference entitled "Tomorrow's Nurse and the Changing World" held recently in Sydney.



NEXT WEEK

- You'll be right
on the
fashion
target



—like this girl, who
is wearing one of the

FAMILY HANDKNITS

... in next week's eight-page liftout

There are 14 new designs, in styles
to suit all ages, to keep the family
smartly warm in winter.

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while another flops?*

International journalist Frederick
Sands — who describes himself
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the battle of the sexes"—believes
he has found the answer.

You'll read all about it in . . .

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popularity; you
will find these
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tasty) recipes in

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"There are many fresh ways to
look," says fashion editor Betty
Keep; you can see what's fash-
ionably what in three pages of

Paris Autumn Fashions

Yeah! Ringo goes



RINGO and his drum. Paul McCartney was the
only Beatle who didn't go to the wedding. He
was on holidays. But John and George went.

- In a surprise wedding in
London, popular Beatle drum-
mer, Ringo Starr, 24, married
his eighteen-year-old sweet-
heart, Maureen Cox—the girl
he has been true to all along.

RINGO met Maureen, a former
hairdresser, the very week he
became a Beatle, and despite pleadings
and proposals from girls all over the
world never really looked at anyone else.

When touring America he used to phone
her nearly every day.

Like Ringo, Maureen comes from Liver-
pool. Her father is a ship's steward.

The bridegroom used his real name,
Richard Starkey, at the ceremony in Caxton
Hall. Only eight people were in on the secret
and present.

WORLD'S richest man, J. Paul Getty, with
Ringo (below). A wit called them respectively
"Pop of the Tops" and "Top of the Pops."



off—and here's the lucky girl



IS RINGO PROPOSING? Is Maureen accepting? Here are the pair at a party. They always enjoyed each other's company. Ringo once took Maureen holidaying to the Caribbean resorts.



THE WEDDING: Maureen wore a white suit, Ringo a dark one, plus a tie. Honeymoon was interrupted for Ringo to do some filming.

MAUREEN (right with Ringo) didn't let on to a soul about the wedding. Last year Ringo said there'd be no wedding but Maureen would be his secretary.



SHE'S A TWICE-A-DAY-TEK GIRL



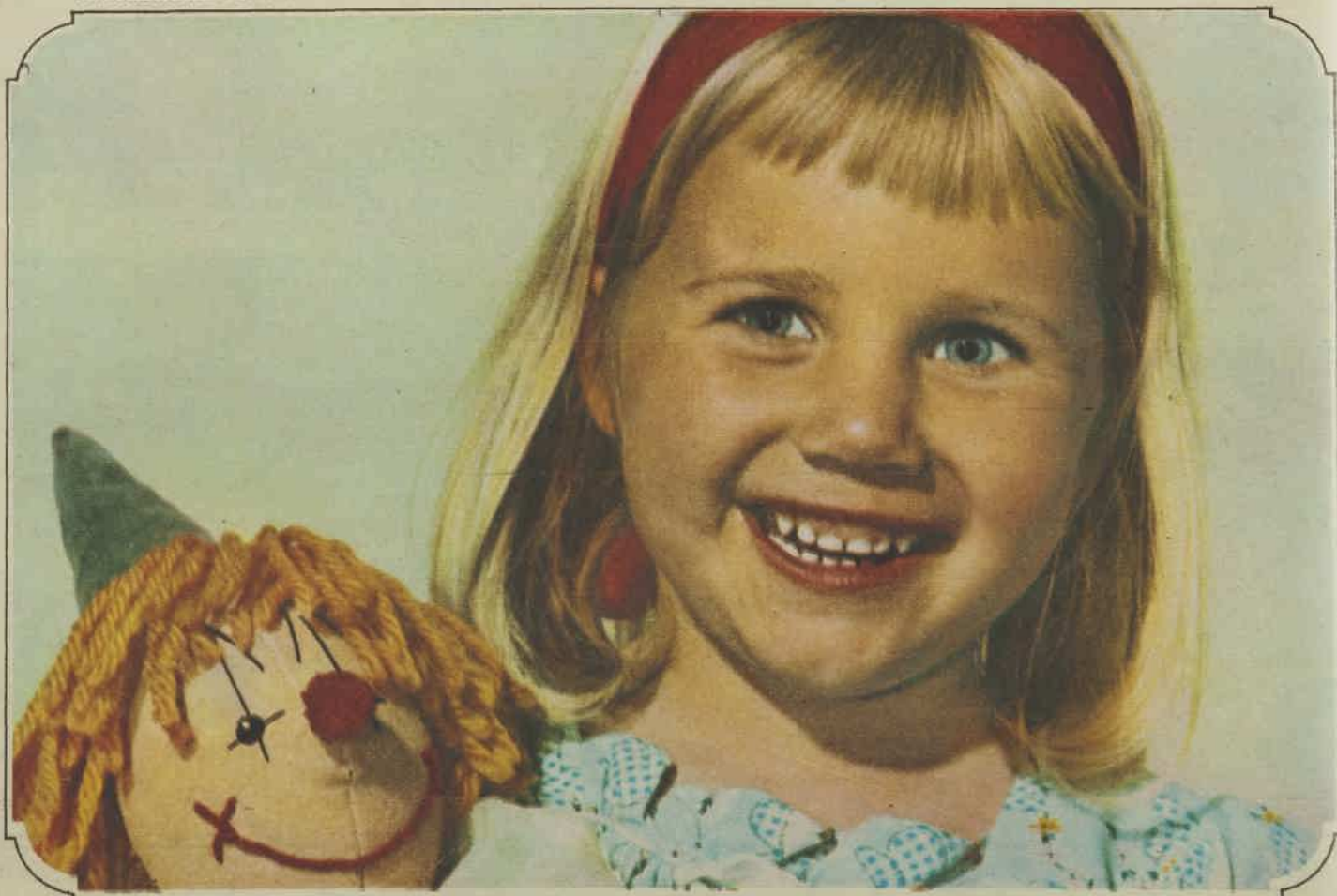
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The good old days of farce



BEN TRAVERS

BEN TRAVERS will be 80 next year, but his most famous farces, "Cuckoo in the Nest" and "Rookery Nook," still delight audiences.

Recently he visited Melbourne to stay with a member of the family which founded the first firm he worked for, the Bodley Head.

That was from 1910 to 1914, but it wasn't until after he was demobilised from the Royal Naval Air Service in 1922 that he began writing novels and plays.

His heyday came in the 1920s and 1930s.

He's still experimenting and writing.

"But now I scrap what I've written. Times change, idioms change, tastes change, and you've got to accept that," said Ben. "If you can't change with them you should stop."

"I'm certainly not going to blot my copybook by giving people the chance of saying I'm writing stuff that was outmoded 20 years ago."

"Unless I can come up with something right for the times I'll just go on scrapping what I write."

"But I'm not disgruntled about not producing anything new. I'm exceedingly happy — especially with kind friends enabling me to escape the English winter, as they have done for the past 12 years."

Revivals

And why would he be disgruntled when "Cuckoo in the Nest" and "Rookery Nook" are still being played by repertory and amateur companies?

"But you must remember that 'Rookery Nook' has only one set, which is, of course, a tremendous economic asset to reps. and amateurs," said Ben.

Last year "Cuckoo in the Nest" was played at the Royal Court Theatre in London, sandwiched between John Osborne's new play, "Inadmissible Evidence," and "Julius Caesar."

"I told John he was in very good company," Ben said. "He must have agreed, for he insisted on playing in 'Cuckoo' — he took the role of the deceived husband."

"John is a wholly delightful chap, natural, unspoilt, charming, and enthusiastic. He is a man of great compassion and great under-

standing, and that is why his plays have created such great interest in modern theatre."

"He really is a leading light and, to my mind, the man who most exemplifies the difference between the theatre of today and when I was writing."

"In my day we were concerned with nice people. Our heroes might have been fools, but they engaged the sympathy of the audience and everything came out right in the end."

"All we set out to do was to tell a story, make a plot, unravel it, and entertain while we did it, in nice surroundings and lovely clothes."

In his time he has written 19 original productions for London West End theatres, starting with "The Dippers" (produced by Sir Charles Hawtrey, the leading comedian of the day, with Cyril Maude and Binnie Hale as stars) at the Criterion in 1922.

In 1925 came the start of the famous Aldwych Theatre series of Ben Travers farces.

"Tom Walls was running The Aldwych then, with Ralph Lynn as co-star and Yvonne Arnaud as leading lady," said Ben. "He ran out of subjects for farces and came across 'The Cuckoo'."

"Tom Walls. A good producer of farces, but once the show was going perfectly he had an upsetting habit of leaving his part to his understudy and dashing off to the races. He was very, very witty and had a great sense of humor, which overcame everything. Many's the time I've gone up to London determined to have it out with him over something I thought was going wrong. I knew exactly what I was going to say and do to him. Within minutes he'd have me laughing and having a drink with him, and he'd got away with it again."

"Robertson Hare. Still going strong — he's a youngster compared with me, he's barely 70 — and still being victimised as he always was in my farces. He's now the little man who has to run round the forum in 'A Funny Thing Happened'."

"Yvonne Arnaud. A wholly charming and delightful creature, and a clever one, too. She'd lived nearly all her life in England, but she always kept her French accent and manner, for she knew the power of its attraction. A theatre just built at Guildford, where she lived, has been dedicated to her and is to be opened this year, probably with a revival of one of my farces."

"Mary Brough. Wonderful old trouper. Her popularity was more physical than anything else. She had such a lovely big fat personality."

After The Aldwych days Ben Travers wrote "Banana Ridge" and "Spotted Dick"



YVONNE ARNAUD

for the Robertson Hare-Alfred Drayton partnership.

Then there was "She Follows Me About," played at the Garrick during World War II, and about eight years ago he wrote "Outrageous Fortune" and "Wild Horses" for Robertson Hare and Ralph Lynn.

Eight of the original Aldwych farces were filmed, and Ben himself adapted the scripts. He also wrote 19 original film scripts.

Many of his plays have been shown on TV—"but I don't ever see them that way if I can help it," he said.

"Hotch-potch"

"TV is an utterly dismal, hotch-potch form of entertainment, excellent for factual things such as sport, news, and interviews, but that is all."

"I'm convinced that the only genuine, and the best, form of entertainment is the living theatre."

The theatre was not in the Travers family blood until Ben made it his life. His

great-grandfather, Benjamin Travers, was a celebrated surgeon, President of the Royal College of Surgeons and Sergeant Surgeon to Queen Victoria.

But Ben's children have inherited his love of the theatre.

His elder son, Benjamin Travers the Eighth, was manager of the New Theatre, Oxford, before World War II and is now with the B.B.C., and his second son, once assistant manager of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, is now with the London branch of an American theatrical firm.

His daughter, Josephine, was a character actress and appeared in her father's "Banana Ridge" and "Spotted Dick" before giving up the stage for marriage.

Andrew Morgan, the eldest of Ben's 13 grandchildren, has just passed through the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Here's hoping Ben Travers will give actor Andrew the chance to appear in yet another of his farces.

By FREDIA IRVING

"Plots hardly ever occur in modern plays. The people the plays are about are always unpleasant characters. All the 'angry young men' try to do is show audiences the conditions against which they are rebelling. And all in the most low-life surroundings."

"This makes for some extremely interesting and novel plays, but not for entertainment."

"Personally, I want entertainment when I go to a theatre. I hate low life on the stage."

"Actually there is quite a feeling abroad that the old type of play, with a story, a plot, and nice surroundings, is due for a comeback."

Several of his farces were written originally as novels.

"I wrote nine farces for Tom and The Aldwych. After the 'Cuckoo' there was 'Rookery Nook,' 'Thark' (someone asked for it in Turkish last year), 'Plunder' (financially and artistically the most successful — it has good prospects of being revived this year), 'A Cup of Kindness,' 'A Night Like This,' 'Turkey Time,' 'Turkey Work,' and 'A Bit of a Test.'"

Ben has some nice potted descriptions of the stars of those farces:

"Ralph Lynn. Absolutely the greatest farce actor I've ever known, with a wonderful gift for improvising and timing. He always saw the funny side of everything. He always got the best out of every situation, and every line."



"ROOKERY NOOK" at the Aldwych Theatre. From left: Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Stella Bonheur, Robertson Hare, Ethel Coleridge, Vere Gerald, Sydney Lynn, Mary Brough, Ena Mason.



INIMITABLE Tom Walls with Winifred Shotton. Ben Travers confesses that he could never stay cross with bluff, witty Tom Walls.

Get more when you pour . . .

**No other tea regardless
of price can match
Bushells for consistent
flavor, freshness and
all-round quality.**



Remember what the Tea Council of Australia says:
"One good spoonful for everyone and one for the pot—that's the secret of good tea!"



FIRST VIEW of Australia for Lord Charles Raynham (left), Adrian Drewe, and Sandy Leisk, from the deck of the freighter *Golden Wonder*. The three Englishmen earned their passages from Singapore to Sydney working "jolly hard" in the *Golden Wonder's* engine-room. After eight months in Australia they plan to visit Japan, Canada, and America before returning home to Great Britain.



M^r LORD THE BUTLER!

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

● Escaping the rigors of an English debutante season, Lord Raynham set out with two friends on a round-the-world trip by Land-Rover. They stayed in a luxury villa on the French Riviera, were chased through Iraq by bandits, and worked in the engine-room of a freighter from Singapore to Sydney.



LORD RAYNHAM

LORD RAYNHAM, 19, son of the seventh Marquis Townshend and heir to an 8000-acre family estate in Norfolk, plans to spend eight months in Australia jackarooing and kangaroo-hunting.

Then he wants to go to America — to work as a butler!

"I've been told Americans are mad about having English butlers," he said, "and I'm sure it's something I'd be good at."

"You see, although we've always had butlers at home, my parents insisted that my sisters, Carolyn and Joanna, and I learn how to do things properly."

"So I thought butling would be a fun way to make use of this knowledge—and to meet people and be paid for it at the same time."

"But from what I hear, Australians are much too down-to-earth for that sort of thing. So I'll be spending my time here jackarooing and kangaroo-hunting."

Lord Raynham (he likes to be called Charles) arrived in Australia recently as a crew-member on a freighter from Singapore with 19-year-old Adrian Drewe, a fellow old Etonian, and former Rugby student Sandy Leisk, aged 20.

Calling themselves "Vikings World Expedition" (after the Vikings Rowing Club at Eton, of which Charles and Adrian were enthusiastic members) the three left England last June equipped with one large Land-Rover, a set of spare tyres, and 500 tins of food (gifts from well-wishing manufacturers). Each also had a £500 loan from his parents.

Since then they have driven 17,000 miles overland, through 18 countries from Denmark to India, en route to Australia.

The "Turnip"

"Adrian and I originally dreamed up the adventure two years ago as a sort of comparative study of agriculture in the countries we would visit," said Charles, who will take over management of the family seat, Raynham Hall, in Norfolk, on his return to England next year.

(The property was bought by the first Marquis Townshend early in the seventeenth century. It was made famous by Charles' favorite ancestor, Charles "Turnip" Townshend (1674-1738), a brilliant farmer who made great advances in agriculture. He introduced at Raynham the three-year crop rotation system which is used by agriculturists all over the world to this day.)

"At first we met with parental trouble — in fact, they all gave flat 'no' answers to the idea. Eventually they agreed to make the £500 loan, strictly on the condition that we repaid them before we returned home."

"So far the expedition has held all the excitement, fun, and hard work that we anticipated," he said.

"For instance, we've been chased across the desert from Iraq to Iran by bandit tribes after money and food, we've spent a week of luxury on the French Riviera at English newspaper tycoon Sir Roy Thompson's fabulous villa, and we've worked jolly hard in the engine-room of *Golden Wonder* earning our passage from Singapore to Sydney."

"But I expect the Australian outback to prove the most interesting of all — such a contrast to the lush farming land at home."

Magnificent Raynham Hall is noted as an outstanding example of elegant English Georgian architecture and for its priceless collection of family portraits and old leather-bound books written in Latin, which date back to the sixteenth century.

Built in 1627 by famous architect Inigo Jones for the first Marquis Townshend, Raynham Hall has 49 rooms. Charles, as though reading

low, and Elizabeth married Brigadier Sir James Gault.

"I'm not sentimental about many things," Charles said, "but that home means just about more to me than anything in the world. It's awe-inspiring and grand, and at the same time it's homely."

"You see, in spite of its vast size, my mother always insisted that it be kept open and completely lived in, which made it great fun for my sisters and me to grow up in."

Queen's room

The house has several famous rooms, including:

- The Royal Bedroom, which still has the oak bed Queen Anne slept in during a visit, with red silk hangings embroidered with her gold coat-of-arms.

- The Orange Room, where William of Orange is said to have stayed.

- The Monmouth Room, once occupied by the Duke of Monmouth, who often came to hunt at Raynham.

Charles said the house also has its traditional ghost. Known as the "Brown Lady" (she usually does her haunting dressed in a brown habit), she was the wife of the fourth Marquis Townshend, and still regularly wanders the vast corridors "just to keep an eye on things — in a friendly way of course."

When the boys return to England next year via Japan, Canada, and America, Sandy (known as the "brains" of the outfit) will write a book about their experiences.

"It will be a sort of humorous and subtle contrast to life as we know it in England," he said.

For instance, the Deb Season.

Far from becoming extinct, the boys say the English debutante is becoming more of a headache to her over-anxious mother every year.

Charles said that before he left home last year he received 53 invitations to coming-out parties and had met no more than eight of the party-givers.

"You see, mothers compare 'lists' at luncheons and other get-togethers," he said, "and if you are young and eligible they swap names and addresses and invite you quite unabashedly, whether they know you or not."

"Although some of them would have been fun, I can tell you I was glad to be able to say I couldn't attend as I would be in Afghanistan or some other far-away place!"

"Sometimes," he added, "I'm embarrassed about having inherited the title of Viscount — but that's only when people feel they should make me feel I am something special. Usually, I forget it, and the 'Lord' before my name might just as well be another Christian name."



IN JERUSALEM Adrian Drewe (left), Sandy Leisk, and Lord Raynham dressed as Arabs.

*In response to many requests
following last month's feature:*

MORE LABELS FOR



LILAC PERSIAN CAT AND WHITE KITTEN

NAME _____
SUBJECT _____
SCHOOL _____

NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

POODLE



NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

MALTESE TERRIER



NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

CURIOUS CAT



NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

DACHSHUND



NAME

SUBJECT

SCHOOL

WELSH CORGI AND PUP



EXERCISE BOOKS

PAGE 29—
Decorative bookmarks



PARTY CAT

NAME _____

SUBJECT _____

SCHOOL _____

NAME _____

SUBJECT _____

SCHOOL _____

BULLDOG



NAME _____

SUBJECT _____

SCHOOL _____

AIREDALE TERRIERS



NAME _____

SUBJECT _____

SCHOOL _____

SIAMESE KITTENS



NAME _____

SUBJECT _____

SCHOOL _____

SEAL POINT SIAMESE



NAME _____

SUBJECT _____

SCHOOL _____

CHINCHILLA KITTENS





I HATE DIRT!



that's why
I LOVE FAB

Fab, the modern power detergent, is **stronger than dirt**. Fab makes the hardest-working suds known to washday. Suds packed with detergent power . . . washing, working . . . beating everything at getting clothes clean—whites dazzling white.



H2805

SOCIAL By Mollie Lyons ROUNDABOUT

THE historic corridors of St. John's College at Sydney University will ring to the sound of female voices on February 25 instead of the usual male chorus.

However, it will be only for one day, when the ladies' group of the Johnsmen's Association hold a luncheon and inspection of the college for members and their friends.

The conducted tour, which will follow luncheon in the dining-hall, will take in the lovely Gothic chapel with its huge-beamed roof and stained-glass windows, which was part of the original design by William Wardell in 1859.

The impressive tower, which was also part of the original design, was not built until 1938, when Countess Freehill bequeathed the money for its construction.

Also to be on display is the college's extensive collection of paintings, which includes an 18th-century oil of the Assumption and works by contemporary artists including John Coburn, Robert Hughes, and Lloyd Rees, and the library, which has many old first editions on the shelves.

A TELEPHONE call on February 6 from their daughter, Mrs. Geoffrey White, in the Civic Hospital, Ottawa, told Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fairfax of the birth of their first grandchild—a boy. Mr. and Mrs. White (the former Sally Fairfax) have not yet decided upon a name for the baby, but have narrowed the choice down to three names. Sydney friend Miss Margaret Boasman, a Karitane nurse, is at present staying with the Whites and will help look after the new baby when he comes home.

DATE for your diary . . . the party arranged by the women's committee of the National Trust in the newly designed Tank Stream Room at the French Tavern on February 24.

ROYALTY may plant trees to commemorate their visits, but Gracie Fields this week planted (at the hotel in Edgecliff where she has been staying) the most obvious reminder of her last visit to Australia—an aspidistra. (N.B. for the younger generation. One of her most famous songs was "The Biggest Aspidistra in the World.")

ADMIRE the tall figure of Mrs. John Excell in town mid-week in a sleeveless tangerine linen dress with a round neck and slim skirt, which showed off her flattering tan to perfection. Her toque was in exactly the same shade, banded with ribbon a few shades darker.

BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Carter at the reception at the Toorak home of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Smith, which followed their marriage at St. John's Church, Toorak. The bride was formerly Miss Judith Barrow, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Barrow, of Rose Bay.



TWO weeks at Newport for Mr. and Mrs. Ron Heath, of "Hartfell," Gunterbury, and their daughter, Maryjane, before they left this week for an eight-month trip around the world. In Paris they'll collect a new car, and in Naples will be joined by their elder daughter, Jennifer, who has been living there for a year. Other countries they'll visit include Greece, Belgium, and Scandinavia.

WEEK'S stay in Sydney for the John Bowans, of Canberra, to say farewell to their friends before they leave by air on February 22 for Lagos, Nigeria, where he will take up his post as third secretary. They are staying with Mrs. Bowan's grandmother, Mrs. Harry See, at Edgecliff.

I HEAR that every one of the members of the Black and White Committee is bursting with curiosity over the big surprise promised at midnight on February 17 at the supper party following the gala premiere of "The Carpetbaggers." Not one of them knows what it is—they've simply been given tantalising descriptions like "spectacular" and "fantastic" to whet their appetites.

HOW lucky are the 300 people who've received invitations to the State Reception at Menzies Hotel to meet Lord Mountbatten and his daughter, Lady Brabourne, on March 3—the only evening they'll be in Sydney.

"BRING your boat and bring your barbecue" is the invitation extended by the O.K. Dinghy Association and the International Finn Association to sailing enthusiasts for their annual picnic at Gibson's Beach on February 21. Boat owners will exchange boats for one race in the morning and a second in the afternoon, following the barbecue luncheon, and then take over their own boats for the final race.

LONDON visitors Mrs. Bernard Werall and Mrs. Hugh Barker will be guests of honor at the luncheon party for 20 guests which Mrs. Alvin Burton-Taylor is giving at her Warrawee home on February 23. They will arrive with their husbands on a business-cum-pleasure trip a few days before the party.



ABOVE: Guests Miss Jane Creighton and Mr. Ian Palmer (left) with newly engaged Miss Kerry Henderson and Mr. Trevor Spry at the party Kerry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson, of Killara, gave to celebrate the engagement. Trevor is the son of Mr. Norman Spry and of Mrs. Marjorie Spry, both of Toorak.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Wits with their attendants, Miss Sally Vickery, of "Nandoul," Boggabri (left), Miss Libby Sevil, of "Bobadil," Willow Tree, flowergirl Susie Wits and pageboy Robert Wits, outside St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Audrey Codrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Codrington, of "Benalabri," Boggabri. The groom is the son of Mrs. M. Lenehan, of "Picardy," Emerald Hill, and of the late Mr. Les Wits. A reception followed at the Australia Hotel.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hordern photographed in the car leaving St. Andrew's Church, Brighton, Victoria, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Helen Nutchey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Nutchey, of Middle Brighton. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hordern, of Killara.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Cordell with their attendants (from left), Mr. David Ritchie, Miss Celia Doig, Mrs. Walter Sullivan, and Mr. Douglas Sturkey, pageboy Mark MacWhite, and flowergirl Fiona Sullivan, after their marriage at All Saints Church, Ainslie, Canberra. The bride was formerly Miss Roslind Doig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Doig, of Griffith, A.C.T. The bridegroom is the only son of Archdeacon and Mrs. O. T. Cordell, of Roseville.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Shelley outside St. Paul's Church, Cooma, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Pamela Hain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Hain, of "Gunya," Cooma.

AT RIGHT: Just-wed Mr. and Mrs. John Hayter at the reception at Duntryleague Golf Club, Orange, following their wedding at the Holy Family Church, Orange. The bride was formerly Miss Dinah McGregor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McGregor, of Orange. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hayter, of Bellingen. They plan to live in Orange.



INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Foundation garments

By MARY BROKER

● One subject I have never touched on which is dear to the hearts of most — if not all — women is the foundation garment industry.

It was brought to my notice this week by reports from two companies, Berlei and the Lovable Brassiere Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

Berlei had a really excellent interim report, with profit up substantially compared with the previous corresponding half year, following on a good year in 1964.

The Lovable Brassiere Co., in which you unfortunately cannot buy shares, is connected with the Lovable Brassiere Co. of the United States. Reporting on the year to July 31, 1964, it announced a rise of 21.2 per cent. in profit to £59,000, giving an earning rate of well over 200 per cent. on ordinary capital.

One can see that although the industry is full of complaints about competition being so very keen, profits are still there to be made.

BERLEI UNITED LTD. is one of those Australian companies, like Ready Mixed Concrete Ltd., which has successfully expanded to the United Kingdom and raised a thriving subsidiary in what many call "the home country." (The R.M.C. subsidiary has, of course, since been sold.)

You all naturally know that Berlei produces the Berlei range, but you may be surprised to learn that it also brings out:

(1) "Sarong" garments. This franchise was acquired in 1955 when Sarong Foundations Pty. Ltd. was taken over.

(2) "Le Gant" products, through a subsidiary, Warner's "Le Gant" Pty. Ltd., which distributes the range wholesale in Australia under licences from the Warner Brothers Co., Bridgeport, U.S.A.

(3) "Maidenform" brassieres, the subject of the "I dreamed I was" advertisements. This contract was negotiated during the 1958/59 year. At that time this was the best-selling bra in America.

The company's history dates back before 1920, when Berlei Ltd. (in liquidation) was acquired. Dividends were paid throughout the Depression, and since 1936 the ten per cent. rate just changed has been in force.

Shareholders have not been forgotten with issues, either. Since 1957 there has been a bonus and a par issue.

The company is very strong financially, with ordinary capital of £1.3 million backed by reserves of £1.9 million, and very strong liquid resources.

Net profit last year rose by 33.5 per cent. to £242,000, giving an earning rate of 18.4 per cent.,

compared with 13.8 per cent. in the previous year.

One hundred 10/- shares at 26/- would cost you £132. Your dividend, at the expected 15 per cent., would be £7/10/-, giving a good yield of 5.8 per cent.

Shares in the second company, **FORMFIT OF AUSTRALIA LTD.**, give you an even better yield of 6.1 per cent. in what is at present essentially an income stock.

Compared with Berlei it is only a child, having begun business in 1939.

Its original name was the Merica Manufacturing Company, and it was not until 1956/57 that the word "Formfit" had anything to do with it.

In that year the company negotiated a contract with the Formfit International Company of the United States to manufacture their garments in Australia.

The American company took an option to purchase shares in the Australian company. It now owns 28 per cent. of capital.

This is a much smaller company than Berlei, with capital of only £250,000. Profits have been fairly static at just over £50,000 for the past three years, giving a good cover to the steady ten per cent. dividend.

One hundred 5/- shares at around 8/3 would cost approximately £43, and your dividend would be £2/10/- per year.

A third company, **THE HESTIA COMPANY LTD.**, is the baby of them all as far as Stock Exchange interest goes, being listed as it is now only in April, 1963, after taking over a civil engineering company, Holyman Woods Ltd., which was in receivership.

If you think this combination of activities strange, I must tell you that far stranger things do happen in the world of finance. Hestia, of course, was not the slightest bit interested in civil engineering, but this was a fairly simple way of attaining public company status.

This is a very profitable little company, with a small capital of £300,000. Net earnings in 1964 almost trebled, going from £45,000 to £130,000, and giving an earning rate of 42.3 per cent. on capital.

Until now directors have been concentrating on building up reserves and working capital, so that no dividend has yet been paid. However, this position is expected to be remedied in the current year.

By paying 15/8 for the 5/- shares the market is buying results and playing on expectation. One hundred would cost you around £80. As yet, of course, I cannot tell you your dividend return.

Embassy will be "like home"

— But it was movie-set style for Marilyn Monroe . . . Rustic for Mike Todd . . . Western for Walt Disney, complete with buckshot to "antique" the bookcase.

SYDNEY-BASED

American interior decorator Jim Swartzman, who has designed homes for many film stars, is supervising the redecoration of the Australian Embassy in Buenos Aires.

Mr. Swartzman, of Vauluse, is home furnishings co-ordinator for a Sydney department store.

The furnishing and color-scheme suggestions presented by his firm were chosen above the many submitted by Australian, American, and British rivals.

Throughout the 14-room Georgian mansion, he tried to create "a truly Australian atmosphere." He used "more traditional furnishings" downstairs (where the am-

By ANNE OLSEN

bassador will entertain) and an informal modern decor in the upstairs residential rooms.

"We weren't just finishing a house," said Mr. Swartzman. "We wanted to produce an atmosphere which would reflect the versatility and excellence of Australian design."

"Consequently, every item in the house is something that an average Australian might buy for his own home."

The decor was planned in Sydney, based on photographs, ground plans, and measurements of the building, supplied by the Department of External Affairs, but Mr. Swartzman is spending a month in Buenos Aires seeing the plans carried out.

Now in his early thirties, Mr. Swartzman is a qualified architect. He did post-graduate studies at Fontainebleau in France and at the American Academy of Art in Athens.

Rustic

Later he worked for a leading American firm of architectural design consultants on jobs which took him all over the U.S.

One of his more exciting commissions was to supervise the redecoration of the ranch-style home of film producer the late Mike Todd and his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, in Burbank, California.

"They were quiet and good people to work for," he recalled. "He had a very flamboyant public image, but for his home he liked the rustic 'country gentleman' look."

MR. JIM SWARTZMAN (right), who planned the redecoration of the Australian Embassy (below) in Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina.



"She liked French antiques and unusual curios."

"Elizabeth flavored his ideas with French sophistication."

"I'd say that they were among the first film stars to use the idea of mixing old and new."

Marilyn Monroe's agent called him late one Friday, asking him to decorate a new home for her.

"You see, they had a big star on their hands, but she didn't have a star background, and the agent had to create this image for her in a hurry," he explained.

"In the space of a month I had to execute a decor for her new image."

The big rambling ranch-style house ("unbelievably large—perhaps 100 squares") was just like a movie set, he said.

"The day she moved in we were putting up pictures when this blond girl in jeans and an unironed blouse walked in. She looked just like a little overawed girl who had wandered accidentally into Buckingham Palace."

Mr. Swartzman says that at the moment Hollywood is going through a classic revival in decoration.

"The stars are living in more restrained surroundings than they used to."

"Their swimming-pools are of a more ordinary size now; they don't need binoculars to see guests swimming at the other end."

Another home he decorated was Walt Disney's.

"He has such a fantasy taste," he said.

"His study was in Western Victorian style. Yet you walked a few rooms away to his kitchen and it was like something from outer space—all electronics, push-button gadgets, and so on."

"He is, of course, an excellent designer and he knew what he wanted."

Worm-eaten

"For example, he wanted a mid-Victorian antique bookcase—complete with that worm-eaten look. So, after the carpenter had finished it, he made him fire buckshot into it to make it look authentic."

And what does Mr. Swartzman think of Australian design?

"At the moment I'd say—undecided. All the best points and ideas from many different nations are being thrown into the melting-pot out here, and something good is bound to come out of it."

He advises women who are thinking of changing their home decor not to be too serious about it.

"Always be versatile. Never believe that your taste is constant . . . it is as fickle as your heart."

To illustrate his point, Mr. Swartzman recalled that when working on sketches for the Buenos Aires embassy he became so "infatuated" with the comfortable "Australian traditional" ("that means the best of the pre-Victorian English period") that he threw away

all his contemporary furniture and redecorated his flat at Vauluse accordingly.

Here are his impressions of national design and decoration:

BRITAIN: "The English are so satisfied with their decor. Why, even when they go in for really modern furnishings they take that satisfaction there, too, so that the end result is terrible. I guess they are too comfortable-conscious."

FRANCE: "They hate organisation. Everything must be out of balance for a Frenchman to think it's good. You get the feeling that you must go and straighten something."

ITALY: "The Italians have such gay minds that their design and decor tend to have unrealistic humorous qualities, perhaps even an ecclesiastical gaiety."

SWEDEN: "The Swedes have by far the highest overall standard of design of any country I know. They have an inbred sense of balance, nothing is ever there for no reason at all."

SPAIN: "Art's the thing. Even the most average home will have a beautiful painting, with simple, rustic furniture used to surround it."

MOROCCO: "These people have the ability to blend colors and materials for a marvellous effect, and yet have very little furniture (the industry there is so poor). Their use of sheer fabrics and polished floors is superb."

SHOWMAN OF SCIENCE

(Galileo, Euclid)
(are his "stars")

By PATRICIA KENT

● "Great Moments In Science," which premiered last week on Channel 9 (Sunday, 2 p.m.), is going to attract a vast audience of the young (and old) who are fascinated by the history of science.

AND it's going to attract admirers of Professor Julius Sumner Miller, who conducts the programme.

Professor Miller, who delighted television audiences last year with his provocative demonstrations of physics problems, is a man with an incredible amount of knowledge.

More important, he is a man who can communicate his own excitement and fascination for learning to others.

His programmes, taped for Channel 9 last year, will delve into the beginnings of scientific thought, and tell something of the lives of men like Euclid, Archimedes, Galileo, Pythagoras, and their theories still in constant use today.

But if you expect a neat, logical, dry lecture — don't. Professor Miller wanders all over the place, dropping a quotation here, a snippet from the private lives of great men there. But if you sit back and let it all flow, the rewards are there.

The first programme in the series showed Professor Miller talking with David Paterson from the "Tonight" show. It was fascinating fare, and gave a brief rundown of what was in store over the next weeks.

Mr. Paterson, in his element demonstrating paint, was less at ease with Professor Miller, and I found his

"yes," "mmm," "fancy," "good" a trifle irritating.

I understand that Professor Miller insisted on having someone in the studio with him. Perhaps that's all that was expected of him.

Card tricks by psychology

"THE Amazing Chan Canasta" it's called, and amazing it is indeed.

The show (first of a series of eight half-hour programmes) premiered on Channel 2 last Thursday at 8.30 p.m.

Chan Canasta is a Polish magician who has studied psychology, and his programme shows a series of experiments dealing with memory, suggestion, and transmission of thought.

Television

It is by no means a serious show — it is like a series of fascinating psychological parlor games, with Chan Canasta master of ceremonies.

Each programme has a panel — last week saw Bob Sanders, Keith Smith, actresses Jacqueline Kott and Gwen Plumb, and radio personality Hal Lashwood in the hot-seat.

They were asked to assist Mr. Canasta in various ways — for instance, two of them chose a card from two

separate packs, sight unseen, and "willed" them to be the same card. They were, and Mr. Canasta, who had not seen either, could name the card.

It is all to be explained in later programmes, and I for one can't wait.

* * *

A COUPLE of weeks ago I wrote about Don Lane, fill-in compere for "Tonight" (Channel 9, Thursday, 9.30 p.m.).

A likeable fellow, I reported, and one who knew what he was about. I liked his polish, but said he should tighten up his interviews and cut down on the vaudeville-type routines.

In last week's show the charm was still there, and there's no doubt that Mr. Lane has the kind of professional ease badly needed on Australian television.

But, like most "show biz" people, Don Lane holds firmly to the opinion that there is absolutely nothing in the world more fascinating than "show biz" and show people.

A Mr. H. F. Green, an American actor at present playing in Sydney, appeared in the show at the beginning, and Don kept him firmly in his chair to the end.

He interviewed Mr. Green once, which was interesting enough, then spoke to him again, again, and again, which was not interesting at all.

If Don identifies himself more with the interests of his audience, disciplines his interviewing so that what is interesting emerges, and what is dull is forcefully nipped in the bud, and banishes the high "show-biz" content, he could have a first-class show.

A shadow of himself

HEAVILY five-o'clock shadowed, Bob Sanders last week led viewers through what must have been the most boring edition of "People" I've seen.

Now screened on Channel 2 on Tuesdays at 7.30 p.m., "People" was, in its infancy, a favorite programme of mine.

It may have been in those days the novelty of seeing a trained interviewer at work, or it may have been the odd-



PROFESSOR JULIUS SUMNER MILLER, who discusses important scientific discoveries by great men in "Great Moments in Science." The livewire professor has made several visits to Australia.

balls he interviewed — for instance, the gentleman who wanted the Australian Government to "energise" mountain tops so that any passing Martian spaceship would be able to refuel.

Toward the end of last year there must have been a dearth of interesting people around, for I remember becoming vastly bored with the whole thing and watching something else instead.

Blackmail

On the first 1965 "People," Mr. Sanders spoke to a Mr. S. Baltinos about migrants being blackmailed; about photography with photographer Laurie le Guay (a rather pointless discussion, I'd like to know what Mrs. le Guay thinks of the luscious models her husband photographs all day); with returned traveller Merall Lawler, who said nothing that hasn't been said a hundred times before; and with Professor David Wong, a scientist who escaped from Red China and who now works in Taiwan — who would have been fascinating if I had understood one word he said.

Let's hope Mr. Sanders brings us something a little more lively in future programmes.

"SEVEN DAYS" (Channel 7, Mondays, 10 p.m.) came into its own last week, with a fascinating programme on the drinking habits of Australians called "Time Gentlemen, Please."

The reporter this time was Keith Smith, whose one-time radio programme, "A Word From Children," was an institution.

It was a well-rounded, well-scripted, excellently produced programme, and Keith Smith would, I think, be one of TV's best and most persistent interviewers.

He spoke to people in pubs in Sydney and also in Melbourne (where six o'clock closing still applies) about their own drinking habits, why they drank, were they satisfied with drinking conditions?

He revealed that ten-o'clock closing in New South Wales had improved drinking conditions out of sight.

He spoke with a man who had been an alcoholic for nearly 30 years. The superintendent of a clinic for alcoholics told him that men are three times more likely to become alcoholics than women.

If I were in charge of "Seven Days," I would bind Mr. Smith to the production team with bands of steel.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Mamma once said, when I asked her how she knew Dad was getting serious about her and was about to propose, "My dear, they were just little things — things like buying me one rose instead of a bouquet, calling me when he should have been working just because he wanted to hear my voice, the secret jokes we had together that no one else could understand. There were a million and one things, my dear, but I really knew he was getting serious, and you will, too, when this happens to you . . ."

Mamma's moral: You know a man's getting serious when he sends you an electric blanket for Christmas — with dual controls.

HAY FEVER?

Then get quick relief with tried and proven

Bethal TABLETS

When your eyes smart and the poor old nose twitches and itches with irritant Hay Fever . . . be sure to have your Bethal Tablets handy. Thousands of sufferers have proved Bethal's effectiveness over many years. This effectiveness is soon noticed as Bethal Tablets work swiftly through the bloodstream. Bethal Tablets are easy to carry and easy to take . . . two tablets bring quick, long-lasting relief. Try them! See your chemist today and dry up Hay Fever sniffles with Bethal Tablets, only 2/9, 6/3 and 19/6.

Bethal Tablets for HAY FEVER

Bethals also give wonderful relief from Asthma & Catarrh



POLISH-BORN magician Chan Canasta appears in a series of eight half-hour programmes, "The Amazing Chan Canasta," on Channel 2.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1965

Kinky stockings

They're dashing, they're smashing. They're
high-stepping, hand-knitted, textured stockings
— the zaniest idea yet for winter '65.

You can make them in two lengths, long
and lacy — or, as seen on page
18, short and sporty.



NEW THROAT-TO-TOE LINE in flowing color, broken only by the shortest of short skirts, is seen at left in a lacy pair of stockings with a jacket to match. The stockings are knitted on two needles and joined at the back. The stitch is a wheat-ear design. See hand-knitting directions on page 17.



FROM PARIS: The leggy look in fancy stockings is matched to a glowing cardigan top. Directions for making this brilliant pair are on page 17.

“YOU won't have a leg to stand on this winter if you don't own a pair of fancy stockings,” writes Marcelle Poirier from Paris.

Indeed, to catch up with the newest Paris rage, you need a whole wardrobe of stockings with a few pullovers to match.

Parisiennes, with or without budget problems, are busy making their own stocking-and-jersey sets. Some prefer very fine wool with an all-over lace pattern like the ones shown on this page. Others are knitting thick wool socks and sweaters like those on page 18.

Practically every couturier in Paris has fallen for the leggy look.

Cardin's stockings are made of gay floral printed cashmere to match long-sleeved jerseys and are topped by a short, slightly flared skirt in a fabric which picks up the major color note in the print.

Heim puts handknit stockings with sports outfits. A knee-tipping white jersey chemise, topped by a camel-hair coat lined with white jersey, and equally short, goes with beige-and-white thick wool stockings and white shoes.

Fine lace is very popular for cocktail and evening stockings. These are most often teamed with transparent yokes and long sleeves of matching lace.

Black lace stockings, covered with sparklers, are worn with a slinky black evening sheath designed by Heim, which is slashed to mid-thigh length so that the stockings are not overlooked.

Even Balenciaga set a seal of approval on the fashion with tartan stockings for sportswear.

-newest fashion kick

Wheat-ear lace

● Purple yarn and an up-dated wheat-ear pattern stitch make the spectacular stocking set opposite.

Jacket

Materials: 17 balls Villawool Starlite Crepe; 1 pr. No. 10 needles; No. 10 crochet hook; 7 button moulds.
Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust; length, 22½in.; sleeves, 13½in.
Tension: 7 stitches to lin.

PATTERN

(Multiple of 12 sts. plus 1 st.)
1st Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * 2 y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 1, y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 2, sl. 1, 1/2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 10 sts., k 2, y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 1, y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 1, k 2 tog.
2nd Row: Purl.
* Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.
13th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * 1 y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 3, y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 1, sl. 1, 1/2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 10 sts., k 1, y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 3, (y.f., k 2 tog.) twice.
14th and All Even Rows: Purl.
15th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 5, y.f., 1/2 tog., y.f., sl. 1, k 2 tog.

p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 10 sts., y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 5, y.f., k 2 tog., k 1.
17th Row: K 2, y.f., k 2 tog., * y.f., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 1, y.f., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 9 sts., y.f., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, y.f., k 2.
Rep. 17th and 18th rows 4 times.
27th Row: K 3, * y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 3, rep. from * to last 10 sts., y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 1.
29th Row: K 4, * y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 5, rep. from * to last 9 sts., y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.f., k 2 tog., y.f., k 2.
30th Row: Purl **
Rep. from ** to ** incl.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 133 sts. and knit 1 row. Change to patt. incl. Cont. until work measures 15in. (or length required), ending on purl row.
To Shape Armholes: Cast

off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. (109 sts.) Cont. until armholes measure 7½in. on straight, ending on purl row.
To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 7 sts. 10 times, 39 sts. once.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 73 sts. and knit 1 row. Change to patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 15in., ending on purl row.
To Shape Armhole: Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row (61 sts.). Cont. until armhole measures 5½in., ending at front edge.
To Shape Neck: Cast off on neck edge at beg. of next and every 2nd row 10 sts. once, 3 sts. 3 times, 2 sts. 1 st. 3 times. At the same time when armhole measures 7½in. on straight, ending on purl row.
Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 7 sts. 5 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 73 sts. and knit 1 row.

Change to patt. incl. Inc. 1 st. each end of 11th, then every 6th row thereafter until 101 sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until sleeves measure 14½in. (2in. allowed for setting in to square armhole) or length required, ending on purl row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open. Sew up side seams. Press seams. Sew up sleeve seams to within 2in. of top. Press seams. Set sleeves into square armholes.

Beg. at right front lower edge, work 2 rows double crochet round outer edges of cardigan, making 7 buttonholes on right front on 2nd row, 1st ½in. from lower edge, 7th at neck edge and 5 more evenly spaced between.

To Make Buttonhole: 4 ch., miss 4 d.c.

Work 2 more d.c. rows.
Work 3 rows d.c. round lower edges of sleeves, then 3rd row as given for outer edge of jacket.

Button Covers (7): Make 3 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 9 d.c. in ring.
2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. (18 d.c.).

3rd Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c.

4th Round: * 1 d.c., miss 1 d.c., rep. from * to end of round. Fasten off. Place moulds in button covers,

draw up and fasten off. Sew on buttons.

Stockings

Materials: 10 balls Villawool Starlite Crepe; 1 pr. No. 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit an average foot.
Tension: 7 sts. to lin.

PATTERN

(As for jacket in multiple of 12 sts. plus 1 st.)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 97 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in., then cont. in patt. incl. Cont. until work measures 5in. from beg. On next row dec. 1 st. after 1st st. and 1 st. before last stitch, then dec. in same way every ½in. 10 times altogether (77 sts.). Cont. straight until work measures 17in., then dec. 1 st. each end as before every ½in. until work measures 23in. Cont. straight until work measures 25½in. altogether. On next row inc. 1 st. inside 1st and last sts., then every ½in. until work measures 27½in. (55 sts.). Work further ½in. (28in. altog.).

TO FORM HEEL

With wrong side facing, slip on to spare needle all but last 16 sts. Cont. in st-st.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch neatly sew back seams. Press seams.

Orange cardigan and stockings

● A Paris design adapted to Australian yarn, the orange stockings and cardigan opposite are in a four-row pattern.

Cardigan

Materials: 15 (16, 17) balls Villawool Midway; 1 pr. No. 9 needles; No. 10 crochet hook; 7 button moulds.
Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 22in. (all sizes); sleeves, 12½in. (all sizes).
Tension: 6 sts. to lin.

PATTERN

1st Row: K 2 * y.f., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.f., k 3 rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.
2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: K 2, * k 3, y.f., k 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.f., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.
4th Row: Purl.
Rep. these 4 rows inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 106 (112, 118) sts. and purl 1 row. Change to patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 14in. (or length required), ending on purl row.
To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row 5 times. Cont. on rem. 86 (92, 98) sts. until armholes measure 7½in. on straight, ending on purl row.
To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 4 (5, 6) sts. twice, 7 (7, 7) sts. 6 times, 36 (40, 44) sts. once.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 52 (58, 64) sts. and purl 1 row. Change to patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 14in., ending on purl row.
To Shape Armhole: Cast off 5 (5, 9) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. on armhole edge every row 7

times, 42 (46, 48) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 4½in., ending at front edge.
To Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 6 (9, 10) sts. once, 2 sts. 3 times, 1 st. 5 times. Cont. until armhole measures 7½in. on straight, ending on purl row.
To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 (5, 6) sts. once, 7 (7, 7) sts. 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 70 sts. (all sizes) and purl 1 row. Change to patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end of 11th and every 8th row thereafter until 92 sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until sleeves measure 11in. (or length required), ending on purl row. Cast off at beg. of every row 2 sts. 14 times, 64 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Sew up shoulder seams. Press seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set sleeves in smoothly. Beg. at right front lower edge, work 4 rows of double crochet round outer edges of jacket, making 7 buttonholes on right front on 4th row, 1st ½in. from lower edge, 7th at neck edge, and 5 more evenly spaced between. To Make a Buttonhole: 4 ch., miss 4 d.c. 5th and 6th Rows: Work in treble.
7th Row: * 6 d.c., 4 ch., sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook (picot), 1 ch., rep. from

*, omitting picot on left front. Work 4 rows d.c. round lower edges of sleeves and then 5th and 6th rows as given for outer edge of jacket.

BUTTON COVERS

Make 7

Make 3 ch., join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 9 d.c. in ring.
2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. (18 d.c.).

3rd Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c.

4th Round: * 1 d.c., miss 1 d.c., rep. from * to end of round. Fasten off.

Place moulds in button covers, draw up and fasten off. Sew on buttons.

Stockings

Materials: 10 balls Villawool Midway Crepe; 1 pr. No. 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit average foot.
Tension: 6 sts. to lin.

PATTERN

1st Row: K 1, * y.f., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.f., k 3, rep. from * ending k 1.
2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: K 1, * k 3, y.f., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.f., rep. from * ending k 1.
4th Row: Purl.
Rep. these 4 rows inclusive.

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 86 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in., then cont. in patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 5in. from beg. On next row dec. 1 st. after 1st st. and 1 st. before last st., then dec. in the same way every ½in. 10 times altog. (66 sts.). Cont. straight until work measures 17in., then dec. 1 st. each end as before every

½in. until 23in. worked (42 sts.). Cont. straight until work measures 25½in. altog. On next row inc. 1 st. inside 1st and last sts., then every ½in. until work measures 27½in. (52 sts.). Work further ½in. (28in. altog.).

TO FORM HEEL

With wrong side facing, slip on to spare needle all but last 14 sts. and cont. in st-st. on these 14 sts., for 2½in., ending on purl row.

Next Row: K 6, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., turn, sl. 1, purl to end.

Next Row: K 6, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., turn.

Cont. dec. in this way until 7 sts. rem. Leave these sts. on holder. Return to rem. sts., beg. at side edge, work on 1st 14 sts. as for other side in reverse. Pick up 16 sts. down side of heel, knit across 24 sts. of instep, pick up 16 sts. on side of heel.

Next Row: Purl.
Next Row: K 21 sts., k 2 tog., knit across 24 sts., work 2 sts. tog., knit to end.

Next Row: Purl. Cont. to work in st-st. and dec. each side of centre 24 sts. every 2nd row until 44 sts. rem. Cont. straight until foot is required length.

TO FORM TOE

Next Row: K 9, k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 18, k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 9.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. to dec. as before on next 5 rows. Work 1 row. Thread yarn through rem. sts. and draw up firmly tog.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch neatly sew up back seams. Press seams.



OUR COVER

● The textured stockings on our cover are some of the wide range that will be on sale in the shops throughout Australia in March.

The stockings are numbered for easy identification. They are, with prices:

1. Hi-Ho's, royal-blue stretch orlon stockings (Hilton), 15/11.
2. Black, olive, and red Argyle stretch nylon stockings (Hilton), 14/11.
3. Purple and black jacquard stretch nylon stockings (Hilton), 14/11.
4. Black stretch lace stockings (Prestige), 29/11.
5. Yellow and black jacquard seamless stretch nylon tights (Hilton), 29/11.
6. Magnolia, honeycomb-weave high-bulk stretch nylon stockings (Kayser), 14/11.
7. 9. Brown and magnolia Magic-lace stretch helanca stockings for evening (Kayser), 32/6.
8. White stretch nylon stockings (Prestige), 13/11.

Only one pair, No. 8, is without a pattern, and to this you can add your own embellishments. We trimmed these plain white stockings with pearl clusters. Each leg took 18 drop pearls and 72 seed pearls, and the design was marked lightly on the stocking with a soft lead pencil.

To make a cluster: Using a beading needle and strong thread, insert needle through stockings, take up 2 seed pearls, 1 drop pearl, and 2 more seed pearls, pass needle through to back of stocking, pull firmly through and fasten securely.

... and socks



JAUNTY, tassel-trimmed cap and socks are striped with contrasting embroidery. See directions on opposite page.

● More leg news: Here the knees have it! Chunky socks and sweaters are mated with skirts that barely tip the top of the knee. If you are older and not knee-minded, make the socks only, as dazzlingly different bedsocks. Directions for the two sets at left are opposite; see page 54 for set below.



THE SPORTIVE LOOK (left) that has set Parisian knitting needles a-clicking is carried through here in blue knee-socks and V-neck sweater. Color is the big excitement in the newest new look — black is only for the odd remaining beatnik. Knitting directions on the opposite page give sock sizes 9½, 10, 10½ in.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER — casual, feminine socks and sweater outfit shown above. The socks are ribbed diagonally, with the rib repeated on the body of the crew-neck sweater. Sleeves knitted in plain stocking-stitch provide a contrast in texture; they follow the trend to squarer shoulders. Directions, page 54.



for neat knees

TASSELLED SOCKS AND CAP

● Embroidered stripes on white socks and cap can be color-matched to any outfit. See picture opposite.

Striped Cap

Materials: 3 balls main color (m.c.), 1 ball contrast color (c.c.), Patons Totem knitting yarn; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit an average-sized head. Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in. in width.

With m.c., cast on 113 sts. and work 1in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 7in., ending with purl row.

To Shape Top: K 2 tog., * k 1, slip 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 13 sts., k 1, k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Purl. 3rd Row: K 2 tog., * k 9, slip 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 11 sts., k 9, k 2 tog.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Cont. dec. thus until 21 sts. rem. Break off yarn, thread end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP

Press. With c.c. 1 embroiderer as illustrated. Sew up seam. With several strands of c.c. 1 and m.c., make a plait

about 7in. long and sew to top. Make a tassel and attach to end of plait. Finally press all seams.

Socks

Materials: 7 balls main color (m.c.), 1 ball contrast color (c.c.) Patons Totem knitting yarn; set each Nos. 8 and 9 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 9, 9½, 10in. foot; length of leg with cuff turned down, 15in. Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in. in width.

Abbreviation: t.b.l., through back of loop.

With No. 8 needles, cast on 52 sts. loosely (18 on 1st needle, 18 on 2nd needle, 16 on 3rd needle).

1st Round: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st round for 4in., dec. once at end of last round (51 sts.).

Cont. in st-st. until sock measures 12in. from beg.

With No. 9 needles cont. in st-st. until sock measures 17in. from beg.

To Shape Heel: K first 15 sts. of round on to one needle, slip last 14 sts. of round on to other end of same needle.

Divide rem. sts. on to two needles and leave for instep. Proceed as follows on heel sts.

1st Row: * P 2, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Sl. 1 knitwise, k to end.

3rd Row: Sl. 1 purlwise, p to end.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 7 times.

To Turn Heel: K 13, k 2 tog., k 1, turn; p 6, p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 1, turn; k 7, k 2 tog., k 1, turn; p 8, p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 1, turn; k 9, k 2 tog., k 1, turn; p 10, p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 1, turn; k 11, k 2 tog., k 1, turn; p 12, p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 1 (14 sts.).

Knit back 7 sts. (thus completing heel), slip all instep sts. on to one needle again.

Using another needle, k rem. 7 sts. of heel, then k up 10 sts. along side of heel, with a second needle k across instep sts., using a third needle k up 10 sts. along other side of heel, then k rem. heel sts. (56 sts.).

To Shape Instep — 1st Round: Knit.

2nd Round — 1st needle: K to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2. 2nd needle: Knit. 3rd needle: K 2, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end of needle.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rounds until 11 sts. rem. on 1st and 3rd needles.

Cont. without shaping until foot measures 3½ (6, 6½) in. from side of heel where sts. were knitted up.

TO SHAPE TOE

1st Round — 1st needle: K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. 2nd needle: K 1, slip 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. 3rd needle: K 1, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end of needle.

2nd Round: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rounds until 20 sts. rem. in round.

Divide sts. evenly on to 2 needles and graft. Work another sock the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Using c.c., embroider as illustrated. Fold cuff in half. Using c.c. and m.c., make a pompon and sew to side as illustrated.



Drop-stitch stockings

● The design is shown above.

Material: Ten balls Villawool Starlite Crepe; 1 pr. No. 11 needles.

Measurements: To fit an average foot.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviation: "Tw.2." Twist 2: Knit into 2nd st., then into 1st st. and slip both sts. off needle tog.

PATTERN

1st Row (wrong side): Sl. 1, * p 2, y.r.n., p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 2, y.r.n., p 2, sl. 1.

2nd Row: Knit into back of 1st st., * k 6, p 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 5, knit into back of last st.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, * p 2, y.r.n., p 3, k 2, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 2, y.r.n., p 3, sl. 1.

4th Row: Knit into back of 1st st., * k 6, p 2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 6, knit into back of last st.

5th Row: Sl. 1, * p 2, drop next 2 sts. 4 rows down, p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 2, drop next 2 sts. 4 rows down, p 2, sl. 1.

6th Row: Knit into back of 1st st., * k 1, Tw.2., k 1, p 2, rep. from * to last st., knit into back of st.

Rep. these 6 rows inclusive. Using No. 11 needles, cast on 102 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in., then cont. in patt. incl. Cont. until work measures 5in. from beg.

On next row dec. one st. after 1st st. and 1 st. before last st., then dec. in same way every ½in. 10 times altog. (82 sts.). Cont. straight until work measures 17in., then dec. 1 st. each end as before every ½in.

until work measures 23in. Cont. straight until work measures 25½in. altog. On next row inc. 1 st. inside first and last sts., then cont. inc. thus every ½in. until work measures 27½in. (60 sts.). Work further ½in. (28in.).

To Form Heel: With wrong side facing, slip on to a spare needle all but last 14 sts. and cont. in st-st. on these 14 sts. for 2½in., ending on purl row. Next Row: K 6, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., turn, sl. 1, p. to end. Next Row: P 6, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., turn.

Cont. dec. thus until 7 sts. rem. Leave these sts. on a holder. Return to rem. sts., beg. at side edge, work on first 14 sts. as for other side in reverse. Pick up 16 sts. down side of heel, work in pattern across 32 sts. of instep, pick up 16 sts. on side of heel. Next Row: K 23 sts., k 2 tog., patt. across 32 sts., work 2 sts. tog., k to end.

Next Row: Purl. Cont. dec. each side of centre 32 sts. every 2nd row until 64 sts. rem. Cont. straight until foot is required length.

To Form Toe — Next Row: K 14, k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 28, k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 14.

Next Row: Purl. Cont. to dec. as before on next 7 rows.

Next Row: In addition to dec. as before, dec. 1 st. each side of middle st.

Thread yarn through rem. sts. and draw firmly tog.

Press on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew back seam.

Socks and sweater for winter weekends

● Blue casual outfit to wear in any city, or in any country town on any winter weekend. Picture opposite.

Sweater

Materials: 18 balls Patons Totem Knitting Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 8 knitting needles; a cable needle.

Measurements: To fit 36in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 21½in.; sleeve seam, 16in.

Tension: 14 sts. to 2in. in width measured over pattern. Abbreviation: Twist 7, slip next 4 sts. on to cable needle and hold at front of work, k 1, p 1, k 1, slip 4th st. on cable needle back on to left-hand needle; p this st., then k 1, p 1, k 1 from cable needle.

BACK With No. 10 needles cast on 136 sts. and work 1½in. in k 1, p 1 rib. With No. 8 needles proceed thus:—

1st Row: * P 2, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2 (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 2, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 2, k 2, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 2, p 2, k 2.

3rd Row: * P 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., p 2, (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., p 2.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. these 4 rows once.

5th Row: * P 2, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2, Twist 7, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 2, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2.

10th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows once.

13th Row: As 9th row.

14th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows once. Rep. first 4 rows once.

Rep. from ** to ** 3 times.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 104 sts. rem.

Cont. straight until armholes measure 7½in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 1½in. in garter-st. on rem. 46 sts. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until front measures same as back to armholes, right side facing.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

1st Row: K 2 tog., patt. 57 sts., k 1, place a colored marker to mark centre front, k 1, patt. 57 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Patt. 58 sts., k 2, patt. 58 sts.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., patt. 55 sts., k 4, patt. 55 sts., k 2 tog. 4th Row: Patt. 56 sts., k 4, patt. 56 sts.

Dec. once each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 104 sts. rem., at same time working 1 more st. in garter-st. each side of centre st. at centre front in next and every alt. row until there are 18 sts. in garter-st. Work 1 row straight.

Next Row: Patt. 41 sts., work 2 tog., k 9, turn.

Cont. on these sts. only dec. 1 st. at neck edge (inside border of 9 sts.) in every foll. 4th row until 38 sts. rem.

When armhole measures same as back armhole shape shoulder: Cast off, in rows that start from armhole edge, 7 sts. 3 times, 8 sts. once, 9 sts. once. Fasten off.

Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 60 sts. and work 1½in. in k 1, p 1 rib.

With No. 8 needles cont. in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in 7th and every foll. 8th row until 82 sts. on needle. Cont. straight until sleeve measures 16in., ending with purl row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of needle

in next and every alt. row until 46 sts. rem. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves. Press seams.

Socks

Materials: 10 balls Patons Totem Knitting Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; set of 4 No. 8 needles; cable needle.

Measurements: To fit 9½, 10, 10½in. foot.

Tension: 15½ sts. to 2in. in width, measured over patt.

Abbreviation: Twist 7, slip next 4 sts. on to cable needle and hold at front of work, k 1, p 1, k 1, slip 4th st. from cable needle back on to left-hand needle, p this st., then k 1, p 1, k 1 from cable needle.

With No. 10 needles cast on 58 sts. and work 1½in. in k 1, p 1 rib. With No. 8 needles proceed thus:—

1st Row: * P 2, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2, (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 2, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 2, k 2, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 2, p 2, k 2.

3rd Row: * P 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., p 2, (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., p 2.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. these 4 rows once.

5th Row: * P 2, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2, Twist 7, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 2, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2.

10th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows once.

13th Row: As 9th row.

14th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows once. Rep. first 4 rows once.

Rep. from ** to ** until work measures 13½in., ending with right side facing.

Divide for heel thus: K 13, slip these sts. on to double-pointed needle, patt. and slip next 32 sts. on to st-holder,

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By **FRANCES and
RICHARD LOCKRIDGE**

SHE was uncomfortably hot and her head ached. She awakened to that and to dizziness. I've fallen asleep sitting up, she thought. What's happened to me? I'm dreaming that I am waking here, hot in the sun.

She opened her eyes and found herself sitting on a park bench, holding on to the iron arm of the bench. Bryant Park, behind the library. On the bench across the path a fat man was dozing in the sunshine. He wore a dingy shirt, open at the neck, and a cardigan, unbuttoned. Beyond him, across the park, toward Fortieth Street, she could see the tall, narrow office building.

I must have started to walk through the park, she thought, and sat down here and fallen asleep. That is how it must have been. Like the fat man, the ugly man, his face dirty under a grey stubble of beard. This is shameful. I'm sick, that's what it is. I've had — something dreadful has happened to me. I've—

She looked at the watch on her wrist. Twenty past five. Twenty past five in the afternoon, the sun still high. I must have been here almost two hours. Uncle Alex left the office in time to catch the three-thirty to Stamford to get in a round of golf and I must have left a little after that.

No, she thought, I don't remember that. I don't remember going back to the office at all after lunch. Then she did remember.

"I'm leaving early," her uncle said. "Get in a round of golf. No need for you to come back. Nothing that won't keep until Monday."

To page 36

Cream away
Underarm Hair
the smooth gentle way



In minutes you feel elegant,
carefree—more confident

Every girl has to solve the problem of unsightly hair—and the simple answer is Veet 'O'. Fragrant Veet 'O' is as nice to use as a beauty cream—leaves no tell-tale depilatory smell. You just smooth it on and—in minutes every trace of hair melts away. Veet 'O' leaves skin satin-soft, makes underarms immaculate, arms and legs fuzz-free . . . leaves no shadow, no coarse stubble. At chemists. Tubes 4/-. Large size 6/-.

Veet Odourless
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MACKENZIES MENTHOLDS
FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

They both realised there was
no way of evading the issue
. . . a short short story

UNHAPPY RETURNS

By JOHN
BALDWINSON



WHEN I set up in business for myself, I reckoned it was the smartest move I ever made. Better than working for wages. It's not just that you get the profits yourself . . . There are all sorts of opportunities. Expenses, all that kind of thing.

It started when I was in my teens, really. I bought this car, a right old banger, and because I was useful with my hands I was able to do it up into quite a smart little motor.

I used it myself for a while, and then someone made me an offer for it — just about three times what I had paid.

Soon I had built up a profitable hobby, and when the day came that it was earning me more than my office job . . .

Well, what would you have done? I threw in the office job.

You need a lot of capital to open a shop or a garage, but second-hand cars are different. All you need is somewhere to park them.

By the time I had been in business a year, the money was fairly rolling in. I had given up working on the cars by now, too. If a car had much wrong with it, I wouldn't touch it. Buying and selling, that's all. That's how you make money.

As I say, after a year I really was in business. I even had to hire a part-time secretary.

And that was what started all the trouble.

No, it was nothing like that. She was attractive enough, but she had a hard look about the eyes that put me off trying for a more personal relationship. It was strictly business. She wanted a part-time job, I wanted somebody to type letters and file things away and make tea.

I still did all the accounts myself. Especially the tax returns . . .

But after she had been working for me a couple of months, I must have got careless. One day I left the safe open when I went out. I came back to find her studying a couple of sheets of paper.

"I see you sent in a tax return last week," she said.

I tried to snatch the papers from her, but she hid them behind her.

"Naughty," she said. "Mustn't assault young ladies." She had hard eyes, all right.

"Your tax return says you sold a car on the 27th for £100. And here in your day-to-day accounts book . . ." She looked at the other sheet, torn out of a book. ". . . it says you got £250 for it!"

"What's that got to do with you?" I said.

"Oh, nothing. But it might have a lot to do with a tax inspector, don't you think?"

She folded up the sheets of paper very small and then tucked them into her blouse. She sat down and crossed her legs.

"I've been thinking," she said casually. "I'm not exactly what you might call overpaid, am I? I would have thought I was worth, oh, at least £20 a week to you . . ."

"Twenty a week!" I said. "Are you crazy?"

She patted the hidden papers and smiled. "No," she said. "Are you? You've got until lunchtime to think about it . . ." And she went out.

Well, I couldn't give in, that was obvious. Soon it would have been £25 and then £30, and who knows where it would have ended? I had to do something about her, and I had to do it fast.

After I had sat and thought for a few minutes, I knew how to set about it. I locked up the little office and went in search of Slow Joe.

Slow Joe was one of those characters who hang around doing odd jobs. It was hard to tell anything about him — he could have been any age, he could have come from anywhere. He was born lazy. He only worked when he was hungry, and then only long enough or hard enough to make the price of a meal.

Sometimes, though, I had the feeling he wasn't all that slow in the head.

Anyway, I told him as much of the story as I thought he ought to know. Then I suggested how she might get her deserts.

Joe was only too willing to help. I reckoned it was the easiest job he had ever been offered.

When she came in at lunchtime, I was at my desk by the open window. She sat down and patted the front of her dress and smiled at me.

"Well," she said, "have you been thinking?"

I put on a good act.

"You'll never get away with it," I said loudly. "Do you mean to tell me that unless I give you £20 a week, you will tell the income-tax people I've been working a fiddle on car sales?"

"That's exactly what I mean," she said, and I got up.

"O.K., you can come in now," I said through the window to Joe. When I looked at her, her eyes were no longer hard at all, but very scared.

"What's all this?" she said.

"It's the end of the ride," I told her, as Joe came round and into the office. "And this is a witness who heard every word and he will say so in court if necessary. Isn't that right, Joe?"

He nodded.

"Now I'll have those two bits of paper," I said. She dug them out without a word and Joe plucked them from her fingers.

"Now get out," I said, "and don't ever let me see you again."

In silence, she collected a few things from her desk and almost ran from the office.

I reckoned we deserved a drink, Joe and I, so I got out the bottle I keep for customers who look as if they might spend a lot of money. And I gave Joe a fiver with his scotch by way of appreciation.

He sat down and sipped his whisky lovingly. I don't think he drank good whisky very often. "She was silly, wasn't she?" he said. "Letting you put it all into words like that when anyone could have been listening . . ."

"Very silly," I agreed happily.

"And asking for £20 a week," he said. "I ask you, wasn't that ridiculous?"

"Ridiculous," I said.

Slow Joe took something out of his pocket. It was two sheets of paper, folded very small. As soon as I saw them, he tucked them out of sight again.

He leaned forward and looked at me. He said quietly:

"I reckon you're good for much more than that . . ."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1965



What a World said the Bicycle Rider

It seemed a crazy adventure, but pointed a
moral for Dan and Susan . . . a short story

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

GOING around the world on a bicycle is no longer enough—the daredevil has got to go around the moon on a pogo stick with one arm tied behind him if he wants to get his picture in the paper.

Maybe that's why I wasn't impressed when Amshavir Shamavoor came to my door in Paris, removed a trouser-clip from his right ankle, stepped back, his eyes on fire with excitement, and didn't speak, waiting for me (I presume) to get the full picture, which in fact I did and didn't like.

This has got to be another nut from Fresno, I thought. And while I was trying to think who it might be, he began to speak at last.

"Dan, we went to Emerson together. Amsho? Shamavoor? A block and a half back of your house on San Benito? The little green house by the railroad tracks? In front of the brewery?"

"Heck, Dan, here I am, on my way around the world on a bicycle, and here you are a world-famous picture painter on this high-tone street in the one and only city of Paris, hobnobbing with lords and dukes and high muckamucks. What a world. Amsho?"

I was afraid I might actually know him, might have known him, one of perhaps 300 Fresno boys I had known thirty years ago, because if I did know him I would have to make something of it, and this just wasn't the time for it. But no matter how hard I tried to fix him somewhere in the past, I was relieved that I couldn't.

He came from Fresno, all right; there was

no question about that, but to me he was a total stranger. I couldn't even vaguely remember him—name, face, height, weight, voice, excitement, eyes, or manners, which were the traditional high manners of the kids of immigrants in Fresno—comedy, confidence, amazement, health, and a determination to be superior in any competitive activity of America.

He was of my mob all right, but I didn't know him, and I was glad I didn't, because my wife had just left me.

At four in the afternoon of that magnificent August day she had announced in a kind of nervous frenzy that she had at last found true love and was going straight to him. Would I call a taxi, please? No, I would not call a taxi, but I would like to know what the heck she was talking about.

Love, that's what she was talking about—in the person of Al Poufrique, a black-bearded American poet from Greenwich Village we had met at a sidewalk table at the Deux Magots a couple of weeks ago. Well, if I didn't know how to be civilised and call a taxi, she would go out into the street and hail one.

Our two boys and two girls were all over the house about the big surprise they were going to spring on their mother on the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of her marriage to their father—me. They had let me in on the surprise while she had been out shopping.

So now she was back and she had packed an entirely ridiculous-looking little checked suitcase, and I wanted to know one thing—

Regardless of her husband and children, Susan hurried away from their home.

To page 58

What advice should a mother give to her daughter about pain?

(AND PAIN RELIEVERS)



The right advice at the right time will help establish a lifelong pattern of sensible use

WHAT IS PAIN?

Pain is the term applied to unpleasant sensations or discomfort arising from the skin or deeper organs, which includes vital organs. Naturally, everyone seeks to dispel such unpleasant discomforts even though, in some instances, they may not be aware of the cause.

Many pains or discomforts are, however, not due to any disease but to spasm or fatigue of normal organs. All healthy girls and women experience such pain of greater or lesser degree at certain times.

When pain is suspected as an indication of some disease, the logical thing to do is to consult a physician. When there is nothing of significance to rectify directly, the customary course is to seek relief from pain with the aid of a pain reliever, technically known as an analgesic.

HOW DO ANALGESICS WORK?

The process is, of course, highly complex, but can be expressed briefly as follows. After absorption in the blood stream, the active ingredient in the analgesic acts by NEUTRALISING the pain sensation in the pain organ (the thalamus) at the base of the brain.

GETTING THE MOST FROM AN ANALGESIC

Though it will surprise many, it is a well-established medical fact that analgesics act best when combined with exercise, good hygiene and zestful living. It definitely does not pay to inactively and dolefully accept the situation, expecting an instant miracle from the analgesic. As in many other health matters, one's mental attitude is an important contribution.

CHOICE OF ANALGESICS

Analgesics can be grouped into several general classes. There are those in the narcotic class, for very severe pain, which are administered by doctors. Then follow others which, although they can be purchased over the counter, are not advisable for everyone to take; and there are others again which have a wider application. The important thing for the public to realise is that there is a marked difference in analgesics—not so much in the way each works against pain, but in aspects involving habituation and other undesirable side-effects.

APPROXIMATELY 900 MILLION DOSES OF ANALGESIC TAKEN IN A YEAR IN AUSTRALIA

This staggering total of doses of tablets and powders was arrived at by a survey of the pharmaceutical industry and general retail store outlets. It can be regarded as reliable. Mostly these analgesics are taken for "every-day" pains and discomforts, in many instances with unnecessary regularity. It would be safe to say that only a minute percentage of people know much, if anything, of the analgesic of their choice, or of its characteristics. The fact that recently Sweden and Switzerland saw fit to have certain ingredients removed from some analgesics warrants an understanding of the analgesics in use in this country.

Analgesics obtainable over the counter in Australia today contain various additives to their base substance, and these include Codeine, Narcotics, Caffeine, Barbiturates and Stimulants. Some of these additives are less harmful than others, but because some of them are habit forming when used to excess, the danger of over-use is ever present. A glance at the table below will show the

side effects characteristic of each drug in conditions of over-use.

THE ADVANTAGE OF 'ASPRO'

The great advantage of 'ASPRO' can be summed up in a simple sentence. Taken as directed, it possesses absolutely *no disadvantage*, while doing all that can be asked of a pain reliever. But there are other accompanying reasons for the wisdom of using 'ASPRO'. With the pace of living in 1964, the soothing way in which 'ASPRO' works is a great help. 'ASPRO' action can be best described as a "sympathetic" action, steadying in its effect and kind to the nerves. 'ASPRO', therefore, is more valuable under today's living conditions than at any other period in its fifty years service.

Furthermore, those who need to take analgesics frequently or fairly regularly can keep on taking 'ASPRO', knowing that their system will not become accustomed to its effect. This does occur with some analgesics and medicines. 'ASPRO', even after years of use, is always one hundred per cent effective each time it is taken.

THE 'ASPRO' TABLE OF COMPARATIVE ANALGESIC SAFETY

'ASPRO' does not contain NARCOTICS	therefore 'ASPRO' does not create a habit
'ASPRO' does not contain CODEINE	therefore 'ASPRO' does not affect regularity
'ASPRO' does not contain CAFFEINE	therefore 'ASPRO' does not agitate
'ASPRO' does not contain BARBITURATE	therefore 'ASPRO' does not cause drowsiness
'ASPRO' does not contain STIMULANTS	therefore 'ASPRO' does not irritate
and 'ASPRO' is NON-TOXIC	therefore 'ASPRO' does not harm heart, arteries or lungs

'ASPRO' FOR PERIOD PAIN 'ASPRO' can help you through those difficult days before you are due. In this way you can lessen depression, tension and nervousness and do all that can be done about the pain. The purity of 'ASPRO' conforms to the standard of the British Pharmacopoeia, the guiding authority of the medical profession.

'ASPRO'

'ASPRO', tried and proved for: headache, nerve pains, muscular pain, neuritis, colds and flu, sore throats, toothache, sleeplessness, periodic pains.



Published by the Research Department of Nicholas Pty. Ltd., manufacturers of 'ASPRO'.

Cathy had no alternative but to defy convention . . . an amusing story

THE

Shape of things to come

By DEIRDRE HILL

WHEN Cathy Brown was eighteen the twentieth century was only just beginning, but even then a girl's shape was a most important thing. To be a success she needed ample proportions in front and an equally ample amount behind. Cathy found, as she passed through to late teens, that this was quite possible in front, but the back! No!

So her dresses were made according to fashion, with the line at the back successfully filled by the use of a pad tied around the waist and removed each evening.

Cathy was young, she was happy, she was fashionable, and, above all, modern. She worked in an office. Her job took her into the city each morning on the eight-thirty ferry across the harbor and allowed her to return to the family home each afternoon on the five-thirty.

During the hours she was in the office she was required to sit at a desk and perform clerical duties, but as there were two hundred men on the staff and ten young ladies, her duties were quite often interrupted.

One of the other young ladies on the staff was her elder sister, Alice, and at this particular time a problem had arisen between them. They were both in love with the same man. His name, Douglas Brewster. He was twenty-three, parted his hair in the centre, had a wonderfully substantial moustache, and wore a gold chain across his waistcoat. He worked on the first floor.

To complicate their problem further the annual office ball was soon to take place and the job of pinning the announcement to the notice board had been given to Cathy's sister. Alice's boss was the entertainment officer and he had asked her to come to his office at 9 o'clock on the morning of May 10, when the notice would be ready and all details available for the staff.

With one-third of the two hundred men single and ten available females right on hand, the whole thing had to be manoeuvred carefully, and Alice was very aware of this fact.

At 8 on the morning of the tenth the two sisters were dressing. Their bedrooms overlooked the blue waters of the harbor and through their window they could follow the voyage of the little green-and-white ferry that took them across to the city. When it rounded the bend to the east they had to leave.

They were almost ready. Cathy's black silk skirt and starched white blouse lay on the bed; she had buttoned her shoes and walked over to her bedside chair for her padding. It was not there. She looked carefully around the bed, then began pulling out boxes and drawers and finally called out in desperation, "I can't find it. It's gone . . . Mother, it's gone."

Cathy's mother was a tall, quiet woman who saw her family off in the mornings and then had a cup of tea before she commenced her day's activities. "What have you lost, Cathy?" she asked, as she entered the room.

"My padding, I can't find it anywhere."

"Have you asked your sister?"

"Alice, have you seen it? My padding has disappeared."

"What would I want with it?"

"I just want to know if you've seen it."

"I saw it last night."

"You know what I mean. I want it now. We have to leave. Mother, how can I go without my padding? I mean I can't do it . . . I'd die."

"You haven't a spare one?"

"No," Cathy wailed.

"Have you a spare you can lend, Alice?"

"No, Mother."

"Then there's no alternative. You will have to go without it, and on your way up George Street stop at the draper's and buy another."

"Can't I wear yours. How can I ever catch the boat and face everybody . . .?"

"Well, as long as you face them you'll be all right," Alice said, and she leaned out of the window and called, "The ferry's turned the point. I'm not going to rush, Cathy. I'll meet you at the wharf."

Cathy could not wear her mother's. She was lunching with Mrs. Davis in the city. If she did not hurry she would miss the boat, and if she missed the boat she would not be at the office when her sister pinned up the announcement of the ball. Life's grey shadow fell about her. Even if she caught the ferry, she would have to wait until nine o'clock for the draper to open and she would still be late.

It was no use; fate had weighed its hand heavily against her.

She finished dressing slowly and went downstairs toward the front door, amply proportioned in front and quite flat behind.

She held the skirt in one hand at the back, as now it dropped almost to the floor, said goodbye, and walked down the path to catch the eight forty-five.

Her wide-brimmed hat sat high on her piled hair, her white blouse shone, and she crossed the fingers of her black-gloved hand and prayed that she would meet no one she knew. At the wharf the ferry was pulling in, and she waited behind the group of people before walking quickly toward the gangway.

"Why Cathy, you're late this morning."

It was Mrs. Davis. "Good morning, Mrs. Davis," Cathy smiled. "You're very early. Mother said she was lunching with you in the city." They walked across the gangway together and Mrs. Davis took her arm as Cathy headed toward the ladies' compartment.

"I'm sitting on the deck, dear," she said, "I have my nephew with me."

The moment of panic came and passed as Cathy looked across at the tall, smiling young man at Mrs. Davis' side. "This is my nephew Richard Court. Richard — Mrs. Brown's daughter Cathy."

They found seats on the outside deck. "I noticed you as you came on to the wharf," he said, "my aunt tells me you work in the city."

Coming on to the wharf, she thought, her brain whirling. Was he in front or behind? They must have been on the wharf with the crowd. "Yes," she answered.

"I'll be with my aunt for a few months. I have a job in the city, too."

"How nice."

He was nice, he was terribly nice. Cathy, secure now in the fact she was seated for the next fifteen minutes, chatted gaily. He was living in the next street, just around the corner. He was handsome and she had met him first.

The ferry pulled into the city quay and the three rose to disembark. It was no use, Cathy knew. She could never leave the boat, walk up George Street, go into the draper's, and stay behind them all the time.

So, holding her skirt she left the boat, walked with them up George Street, said goodbye outside the shop, entered and emerged some time later a highly fashionable young lady with the required amount of padding at the back of her skirt.

She was quite late at the office and when she sat at her desk she found that Alice had already accepted Douglas Brewster's invitation to be his partner at the dance. During the day Cathy received thirty-one invitations and refused them all. She added the columns, filed the correspondence, spoke not a word to her sister, Alice, and caught the five-thirty ferry home.

Her mother was in the living-room; she helped her unpin her hat and gave a little smoothing pat to the back of her daughter's dress. "I see you've been to the draper's," she said.

"Yes. Did you find the other one, Mother?"

"Well . . . as a matter of fact I did, and I intend speaking to Alice very severely about it."

"I knew she took it. As soon as I saw her looking gooey-eyed at Doug Brewster, I knew. Well, I'm sending her the bill, even though it's more than money she owes me. She has deprived me of my entire future."

Her sister, walking into the room heard her name and looked guiltily across at her mother. "Why me?" she asked.

"You know perfectly well why, and I hope your conscience allows you to enjoy yourself at the office ball." Flinging these words at her sister, Cathy gathered her belongings and prepared to leave the room.

"Oh, Cathy," her mother called.

"Yes, Mother?"

"I had lunch with Mrs. Davis. She said she had met you on the ferry."

"Yes. I was doomed."

"Nothing of the kind, you've always been fond of Mrs. Davis."

"She had her nephew with her. Young, handsome, debonair, and I . . ."

Alice's eyes darted across to her sister, and their mother spoke, "That's just what I was going to say. He joined us for lunch and asked my permission to call on you, Cathy. He is a young man with very definite ideas, I found. He seems to have formed a great admiration for you."

"In fact, he commented to his aunt that not only were you an extremely pretty girl, but you had defied all convention to become the first girl he had seen in this city with the same shape nature had given her. I gave him my permission to call. Is that all right, Cathy?"

"All right! Mother, what about my shape?"

"I brought home the new magazines you may like to see. They tell me in the city skirts are going to be straight this season and four inches from the ground."

"No padding, Mother?"

"None. I don't know what the young people are coming to. Four inches from the ground! The ankle will be completely visible."

"The ankle," Cathy whispered, and raising her dress from the tops of her shoes looked down at her slim, tapered legs. "Ankles are in, paddings are out, and Richard Court lives just around the corner. Mother, isn't life simply wonderful!"

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Making a good neighbor

MAYBE, "Still Trying" (W.A.), the neighbors in your street may see this and make you feel more welcome. When my mother first moved to where she is now living, an old lady in the street gave afternoon tea at her home to all the women in that street, with Mother as guest of honor. She was introduced to everyone, and from then on there was no shyness.

£1/1/- to "Maggie" (name supplied), Benteleigh, Vic.

ALL that is really required to become friendly neighbors is a warm smile from both parties. The thing is, one has to break the ice, as at times each is waiting for the other to speak first, then each goes on thinking the other is aloof and standoffish when really they may both be a little on the shy side. So, whoever is bravest, with the other a cheery "good morning." And remember a chat over the fence does more to relax one than the proverbial cuppa.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Marie Matheson, Windsor, N.S.W.

I AM one of those people complained about. I am cautious about making friends of newcomers to our street because one kind word can encourage a stranger to invade your kitchen, thrust her youngsters upon you while she has a hair-do, borrow, and disorganise your work schedule with trifling gossip. I've good friends in my street, but we've become so after viewing each other cautiously over long periods.

£1/1/- to "Old Wine" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

THE only people anxious to make us welcome when we moved to a new town were those who lived alone. Naturally enough they were also the ones who had fewer interests, and had experienced the dreadful experience of loneliness. But there are other people just as friendly once you, the newcomer, seek them out. Best places, I found, were church and flower shows.

£1/1/- to "One Way" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

MANY newcomers readily accept friendship and help extended to them, but make no effort to reciprocate. Unfortunately for "Still Trying," this results in a more reticent attitude to new neighbors. To give a little as well as take, be it in kind or spirit, is the basis of friendship.

£1/1/- to "Given Up Trying" (name supplied), Calista, W.A.

Parents off the chain

MY husband and I have just had our first holiday for 25 years—without the family! It was such a joy that I hope other parents will take the hint and do the same. The wonder of discovering we were still people, and not just Mum and Dad, and of doing what we liked, and finding that we still prefer each other's company, was thrilling. Bang went the savings for a new washing-machine, but I have something so much more precious that I can even feel affection for the old copper.

£1/1/- to "Happy Old Mum" (name supplied), Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Where's the phone?

COULD readers please tell me which is the most suitable room for the telephone? We are moving to a new house, and have a choice. The kitchen would be bedlam, the hall noisier still, with people dashing madly from room to room. The main bedroom, perhaps? But think of trying to lie in bed on Sunday morning with teenagers arranging their outings. There seems to be only the bathroom and toilet left!

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. M. Rodrigues, Balmoral, N.S.W.

Something filling

NOW that school has begun again the old problem of what to put in sandwiches is with us. My children have compiled a list of the filling they like, and this is pinned inside my kitchen cupboard for handy reference while making lunches each morning.

£1/1/- to "Quick-Pack" (name supplied), Burleigh Heads, Qld.

Mother Bear said . . .

HAVE you heard this version of "The Three Bears"? I hadn't until the other day. They went for a walk, came back, and Father Bear, looking at his porridge bowl on the table, said, "Someone's been eating my porridge, it's all gone." Baby Bear said, "Someone's eaten mine, it's all gone, too." Mother Bear said, "Stop complaining, I haven't made it yet."

£1/1/- to Miss J. von Einem, Collinswood, S.A.

A favorite saying

MOST people have a pet saying like "A stitch in time saves nine," and others equally good. Mine has always been, "Don't put it down, put it away." This has helped enormously in keeping my house, especially the kitchen, neat and tidy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Slingsby, Morwell, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE Early Start for a car trip is something one dreams about.

But it is hard to attain. I class it with having a clean desk or eating one slice of toast in the morning—a beautiful fantasy.

We tried once to make an 8 o'clock start for the Blue Mountains, didn't leave till 10.

This time I swore we would get away at 5 a.m. for the long holiday journey. "I'll be on the Hume Highway before the mob if it kills me," I said.

The planning was thorough. All possible bags to be packed the night before. No breakfast before leaving—we would eat it on the road.

I set the alarm for 3.30, I woke a quarter of an hour before then, switched the alarm off—no sense in letting it wake everyone—fell into a drowse and woke again at 4 a.m.

Still plenty of time, three suitcases already packed and stowed in car. Might as well make cup of tea before shaving.

My wife got up, began cutting

SLOW RUSH

sandwiches for breakfast-on-the-road ("no good cutting them overnight, they go too hard"). Children were allowed to sleep longer. "The more sleep they have now the less cranky they'll be later on."

I dressed, made bed, put tricycle under house, locked windows. I remembered paper delivery was not cancelled, wrote note for newsagent.

Children began waking up. Weather was colder than expected; their mother said they must wear cardigans. My second daughter's cardigan was packed in suitcase at bottom of boot. Got suitcase out, unpacked it, repacked, and replaced in boot.

It was going on for 5 o'clock; I told everyone to hurry.

Airline bag had to be packed with last-minute items, toothbrushes, hairbrushes. "I nearly forgot—put swimsuits and towels in the basket in case we stop at that Olympic pool."

My wife suddenly remembered a

lot more things. We must take electric frypan, beach hats, bottles of lemonade and tonic water, doll called Princess Susan.

"We'll never get them in!" I said angrily. I took suitcases out of boot, put them back the other way round, tucked sandshoes and bottles in hole near petrol tank.

Five o'clock had passed; hope of Early Start now fading.

"Where's blankie?" said Baby Pip. Everyone searched for piece of blanket she holds when going to sleep; blankie found under bed.

Last stages now. "Don't forget to hide the transistor!" I put it under pile of shoes, brought folding chair in, turned off electricity. "Wait a minute, I've got to leave the milkman a note."

Everybody was in the car when my son cried: "The chimes! They might get blown down." He jumped out, took down glass chimes hanging near kitchen door.

We got away at a quarter to six. Only 45 minutes behind schedule, but it was too much.

The Highway was crowded with other people making an Early Start.



ONE WORLD



• Scientists prophesy that people of different languages will one day be able to talk to each other by means of pocket-size electronic translators.

*Machines in pocket, ready to translate,
Will men across the world communicate
And will their minds to one another reach
With comprehension matched to ready speech?
Such optimism seems a bit misplaced
Especially when the basic facts are faced—
That genuine understanding's rare among
Those who already speak one mother tongue,
And conversation's useful to conceal
The frightening things that humans think and feel.
With language barriers down, you'll hear them say,
"It's been a nice (or else a nasty) day,"
"It looks like clearing up (or else like rain)."
"You're well, I trust?" "Oh yes, one can't complain."*

*But can't one just! Doesn't it make you blench
To think of that in Urdu, Czech, and French?*

—Dorothy Drain

You must be "with it"

OUR great-grandparents would squirm at some of the expressions used today. If you are old-fashioned, you are told you are a square, and not with it. Courting is going steady, and girlfriends are referred to as birds. A flapper is a mod dressed in way-out gear. Grandfather, in his day a "beau," today would be "my date."

£1/1/- to "Fab" (name supplied), Hurstville Grove, N.S.W.

Too green

IT was in the autumn, and I was out in the garden cutting some hydrangeas which had gone that lovely green when my little son came along and asked, "Mummy, why are you picking those flowers. They aren't ripe yet."

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. McKenzie, Oakleigh, Vic.

If I had a million

I OFTEN wonder what I would do if I suddenly got a lot of money and entered the millionaire bracket. There would be plenty to do with any surplus wealth, but I think that my first object would be to build some comfortable cottages at a holiday resort, where elderly pensioners could take a well-earned holiday. Perhaps other readers have some original ideas on the subject.

£1/1/- to "Poor But Happy" (name supplied), New Town, Tas.



To clear and freshen the complexion, ease away crow's-feet, unwanted expression lines and to put more life into your skin, try complexion steaming. With a towel over your head, steam the face over a basin of hot water to which add a teaspoon of lemon freshener or lemon juice. Beforehand, anoint the skin with oil of ulan so, as the hot water clears the pores, the ulan oil is able to penetrate and nourish. After steaming, pat dry, tone with lemon delf freshener and finish by smoothing in a film of the ulan oil.

... Margaret Merril

Hair beauty consultant writes

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Anne Bryant

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● To make your bookmarks, paste the page carefully on to stiff paper or light cardboard, then cut each bookmark out round the *outside* edge of the black lines. The dotted lines are for name, subject, class, etc. All the pictures are of native wildflowers.



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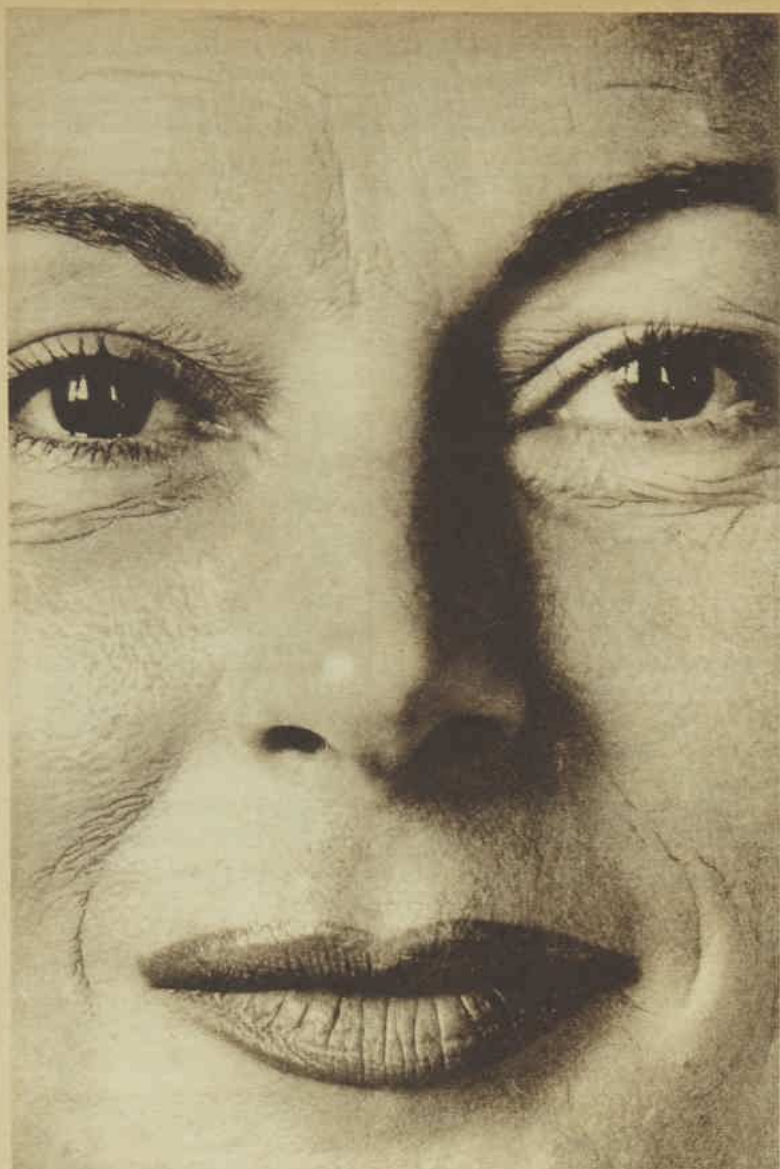
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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Last week's thoughts on the subject of children as hospital patients led me to take out from the local library a book that caught my eye a few days later. It's a collection of letters from parents, telling of their own and their children's experiences in English hospitals.

IT'S my guess, after reading it, that England is ahead of Australia in this matter.

There seem to be more hospitals that have followed the famous Platt Report and who allow unrestricted visiting of young patients or allow the mothers to stay in the hospital and do the routine caring for their children, leaving only the medical treatment to the staff.

But the letters show that there are still plenty of hospitals, even in England, where Mum is regarded as a nit who should be discouraged from asking questions and kept out of the way as much as possible.

The Platt Report was the result of a committee set up in 1959 to investigate the welfare of children in hospital.

Its recommendations were all in the direction of humanising ward practice to protect the mental health of small patients. "Changes of environment and separation from familiar people are upsetting, and frequently lead to emotional disturbances which vary in degree and may sometimes last well into adult life," the report says.

"We hope, therefore, that all hospitals where children are treated will adopt the practice of unrestricted visiting, particularly for children below school age.

"Again, this applies with particular force to the teaching hospitals, in view of their responsibility for demonstrating to medical students the special needs of the child in hospital . . .

"It is, of course, the essence of the practice that the mother should help in looking after the child, including feeding, washing, keeping him entertained, and putting him to bed and getting him up, as well as comforting him during painful or unfamiliar medical and nursing procedures."

All the parents who wrote in agreed that you can't prepare a child under two years old for the experience by telling him that "mummy won't be there" because this is quite outside his real comprehension.

Child experts agree that the great single cause of distress in children is not illness or pain, but separation from his mother in strange surroundings, and they believe that a visit of an hour a day doesn't meet his need for close, continuous contact with her.

Half of the letters are from mothers whose children were either silent or screaming miseries while they were in the wards, and unnaturally timid or unnaturally resentful and aggressive when they got home. The other half are from parents whose children were in hospitals with modern ideas, allowing the mother to spend all or a great deal of her time at the hospital so that the child could sail serenely through whatever had to be done.

It's easier if Mum can go to hospital, too . . .

GOING into hospital with a small child would certainly raise problems for the mother with others at home.

But in an emergency involving her children most mothers can cope with terrific problems, and the other children's need is not, at the moment, quite so great if they can be left in their own familiar surroundings with someone to look after them.

Some English hospitals will even find accommodation for mother and the baby

when the two- or three-year-old sister or brother has to undergo treatment.

Another great cause of complaint from English parents is the difficulty of getting information from the staff about the small patient's progress. All of us have suffered from that, I'm sure!

The doctor tends not to be available when you're there; the nursing staff treats you as though you're some sort of mental defective to be fobbed off with a few soothing words.

"He's doing quite nicely" is no answer to give a mother who has been concerned with a child's welfare during every waking and sleeping moment of his first couple of years of life, and quite rightly wants to know the how, why, and when of what's going on.

Hospitals are intimidating places to inexperienced people, and though most parents resent this treatment they put up with it because they're afraid of provoking the staff.

Another cause of complaint from parents is that hospital staffs sometimes exceed their function and interfere in matters of upbringing which have no bearing on the child's medical treatment. Dummies and pet toys and cuddly rugs are taken away from them, although they're allowed them at home and need their comfort ten times as much in these strange surroundings.

To me it seems that whether or not you approve of dummies is beside the point. If the mother allows it, that's all that matters, and hospital is the LAST place where it should be taken away.

That bottle would have made him feel at home

ONE letter told of a mother who explained to the matron that her 18-month-old son always had a small bottle of milk to settle him down in his cot at night.

"We'll do our best to break him of that habit," the matron said firmly.

They did their best. And night after night the child cried himself to sleep, deprived of the one comfort that would have made things seem, for the moment, "just like home."

The book reprints a leaflet sent out to parents by a hospital in Pembury, Kent, which has embraced the Platt recommendations wholeheartedly and believes that keeping the mother in close contact with the child is not a concession to sentiment but a positive necessity for the patient's well-being. The leaflet says:

"We are sorry that your child has to be admitted to hospital and we hope that its stay in the Children's Ward will be short and happy.

"You may find that we are a little different from what you expected, in that visiting is unrestricted. You may come and see your child when you like, as often as you like, and you may stay as long as you like."

"It is our object to keep you fully informed about your child's progress and you can always see the doctor if you wish to make an appointment."

"We would point out that in many cases there is no dramatic change in your child's condition from hour to hour or even day to day, so that you cannot always expect to be given fresh information, though we have no objection to your asking as often as you like."

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W2

The reluctant Indian prince of Bleecker St.

● *Behind the exotic walls of an Indian restaurant in Greenwich Village, New York, Australian EILEEN CRAMER found a crowd of colorful characters. But despite the aroma of cooking curries and motifs of the Red Fort at Agra, there wasn't a real Indian in the place — so she created an Indian doorman out of a Viking giant.*

I WAS walking up Bleecker Street, which is known in New York as the main artery of Greenwich Village, and turning the corner into Sullivan Street I stopped and looked at some Indian murals painted on a wall. It was a marriage scene I was looking at, of a Punjabi couple, and it looked so authentic that I wondered if I was having one of those time and space adventures I'm always reading about.

It was just as if I'd been transported back a few years to India. The paintings looked exactly like some I'd seen on the walls of a Mogul palace.

After having a good look, I returned and found myself standing under a striped awning, in Bleecker Street, which bore the legend PUNJAB. Underneath the awning was an ornamented door.

The Punjab was a restaurant and bar. A spotlight was shining down upon the heads of all those who entered, mouths watering at the thought of all the mighty fine chilli-hot curry they were going to eat.

So I thought I would have a look at the menu placed discreetly in the window, and it was at that very moment that a hand came out and pulled me in!

This hand belonged to the boss, Peter Punjab himself. Actually, it was only in a manner of speaking, for he did not handle

me roughly or hustle me through a dark passage never to be seen again (as always seems probable in an Eastern bazaar) but sat me down on a stool and invited me to have a drink.

This was placed before me by Tom the barman, a very nice young man who wore a brocaded waistcoat and a watch-chain.

I had a French martini, which is what I always have before dinner in Paris, so you can imagine how confused I was drinking French martinis in an Indian restaurant right in Greenwich Village in New York.

The interior of the restaurant made me feel nostalgic for India and for the little white domes of the palace at the Red Fort in Agra.

Then a girl sitting beside me confessed that she was the sculptress who had made these decorations. I congratulated her on the strong impression they made and how they reminded me of the palace, so she said that she had actually studied photographs of that very palace.

I tried to describe to her how this place looks by moonlight, especially when one is sitting in the garden of the Taj Mahal, which is just across the river.

"You can see it in the distance," I said, "and the tomb itself looks like a gleaming pearl with the mist rising around it, and the fireflies flit about among the cypress trees, while the moon rises like a sister spirit of the Queen who used to live in the palace before she died and was laid to rest in the Taj Mahal."

RED FORT, Agra, looking toward the Taj Mahal: "a gleaming pearl."

PETER PUNJAB was sitting on my other side, and we started having a discussion about Australia.

He wanted to know all about it, and asked if we had anything like Greenwich Village in Sydney or Melbourne. I said we had Kings Cross in Sydney, but I didn't know about Melbourne, although we had, I believed, restaurants to compare with any in New York.

While we were discussing this, the tallest young man I have ever seen came in and said he was reporting for duty.

His name was Conrad, and he wore a tunic of some rough hairy stuff, laced at the shoulders and side seams with cord. His magnificent arms were bare, although his legs were covered and he wore high boots. He was handsome, with even features, thick blond hair, and blue eyes.

"What are you supposed to be?" someone asked, although not rudely, but awe-stricken. And Conrad replied, "I'm a Viking."

I'd seen Conrad before, walking up and down the Village, and he certainly was a striking figure.

"He's going to be my new doorman," Peter Punjab said. "But I haven't got a costume for him. I'm gonna dress him up in a turban and he's gonna stand outside and pull the people in."

Peter spoke with an American accent. He wasn't Indian. His father was an Italian who made a lot of money in the restaurant business uptown in New York.

Peter is an ex-actor and his claim to fame is that he was one of the gangsters with Humphrey Bogart in "The Petrified Forest." He looked very brown, because he'd just spent a few days lying on the beach at Long Island.

"Where am I gonna get a costume to fit you?" he asked, craning his neck to look up at Conrad. Conrad measures 6ft. 11in. in his socks.

"You have pulled the very person into your restaurant!" I told Peter. "I design costumes, and, as a matter of fact, I once designed and made thirty costumes in Australia for a dance-drama about an Indian prince."

"Did you now?" Peter Punjab said, looking astonished. But he believed me, and commissioned me to make a costume for Conrad.

It was a little like a king in a fairy story saying, "Whoever shall make a costume for the giant shall have half my kingdom, and a good Indian curry into the bargain."

Of course, they didn't only serve Indian curries at the Punjab; they served other dishes as well — but I wanted the curry.

So the next day I went up to the public library on Fifth Avenue and made a few studies to refresh my memory. Then I made some designs to show Peter.

He approved and I went forth to Fourteenth Street, where many theatrical people go to buy cloth and junk-jewellery for costumes.

There are a lot of shops there which sell disposal goods. Fourteenth Street is not really part of Greenwich Village. It's on the edge, though.

I got satin for Conrad's Punjab coat and full baggy trousers, and then I went into one of the disposal shops to find some jewellery for him. I also wanted to get sandals for his enormous feet.

IN the shop they sold everything from women's knickers in black nylon to straw hoods for making hats, Japanese sandals, jig-saw puzzles, waffle-irons, and so on. I asked for a pair of sandals about size 14.

"What kinda size is that?" demanded the man in a gruff voice. "Why, lady, I take the largest size there is. This guy must be a giant."

"He is," I replied. "Surely you've got sandals for a giant? You've got everything else."

"What's it for, dear?" asked the man's wife, a kindly Jewish lady.

"It's for a Punjabi costume," I told her. She looked interested.

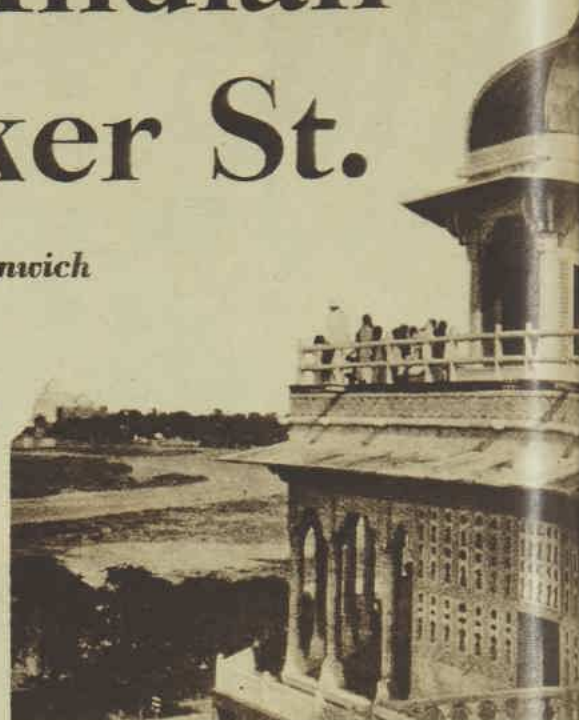
"Oh, don't go away, dear. I want to show you something. A woman makes them. Look, isn't that lovely work?" She showed me a cobwebby arrangement of black jet, the sort of thing they used to wear on Persian Nights costumes in the early 1920s or '30s, when, apparently, fancy-dress parties were so popular.

"Oh, that would never do for Conrad," I said, so she put it back in a glass case and tried to sell me a ruby brooch.

But I had found a roll of lovely stuff, just right for the turban, so I carried it back to the woman and said I would like to have some of it.

There was no space on any of the counters to measure it, so I backed away down the aisle, unrolling it as I went, and she clung on to the other end.

When we had unrolled what we thought was four yards, she folded her way toward me, past the shampoos and the drabble-jips and the twenty-fixies and the clippy-three-in-one-foam-fixies (all things to do with ladies' hair) and finally reached me, resting her folded four yards on the unsinkable canoes which were next to the artificial mice (for frightening people at parties). While I held the cloth taut, she



CITY buildings tower above a quiet old street in Greenwich Village. Artists, writers, beatniks, and others of New York's bohemia are drawn to the Village, which springs into life as night falls.

"Conrad was a sensation in his costume"

cut it through and ended up at the paper chrysanthemums.

Then, when that was wrapped, I purchased a great jewelled pin and my shopping was complete, except for the sandals. I decided that as Conrad had boasted of making his own Viking tunic, I would talk him into making his own sandals. It was simply a matter of getting him inspired.

ANCIENT Vikings, I would say, taught the craft of cobbling to the Persians, who, afterwards, carried the craft to India. I returned to my apartment (where I was staying with an authoress, who is a descendant of General Lee).

It's at the end of MacDougal Street, which is also a famous street of the Village. In the apartment I tore open the package and pulled out the yards of satin and the white material for the baggy pants and draped them all over myself.

Then I got out the material for the turban and wound it around my head. It was a superior kind of cheesecloth of heavenly pink flecked with gold.

I intended to dress Conrad as a Mogul prince in a blue coat lined with white. I started cutting straight away.

The more I cut and tacked the more I liked the idea of what I was making. After a while I became quite jealous because Conrad was going to wear it and not I.

The coat was a magnificent creation, and on me it reached the floor.

Maryat, my hostess, came into the room and we spent some time trying it on and doing our hair in different ways to go with it.

"Perhaps I could wear it to a First Night before you give it up," Maryat said. She's always going to first nights on Broadway.

When it was ready I took it to show Peter Punjab. He liked it very much but the trouble was he hadn't seen Conrad for two days.

"I think, myself, that he's a bit of a fly-be-night," Peter said.

"Well, never mind, if he doesn't come, the costume will fit anyone," I said. "Don't ask me to explain. Just trust me. It'll even fit me."

I tried on the coat, and for one wild moment I hoped that Peter would ask ME to be the doorman. I was so much in love with my own handiwork.

Just then, Conrad came in and I told him to put on the baggy pants, which had been made with a trick waistband so that they could be lowered or made higher.

Conrad did as he was told. He was a very obliging boy and understanding about not crushing the coat when he sat down.

"But he won't be sitting down much," Peter Punjab said, and Conrad looked sad.

He wore his thick boots, which hurt him, and so far no inspiration had come to him about making the sandals, although I had already started telling him about the Persians.

There was only one man sitting at the bar. It was early for customers, but this man had come in from the streets to hide. Somewhere, somehow, he had lost his teeth, and he kept covering his face with his hand while he talked. We kept on telling him that he needn't, but it was quite a long while before he forgot to do it.

While I was winding the turban on to Conrad's head another man came in carrying two beautiful white chrysanthemums. He was an Irish poet in a black duffle-coat and he kept on trying to recite one of his poems to me while I worked.

He said it was called "The Wings of the Beast." I'm sure he said he wrote it, and it haunts me because, you see, I never got to hear it.

He gave me one of the white flowers, and said it went so well with my dress.

I was grateful for the flower, but couldn't pay much attention to the poet. I was still busy with Conrad, and had to kneel on a bar-stool in order to wind his turban.

I pinned it into shape, and when I took it off and tried it on myself, it came down my face like a lampshade.

"Take that thing off," the poet said, "and have a drink."

When I took it off there were several more

people in the bar, and Laurie, Peter Punjab's wife, was on the stool painting a false moustache on Conrad and darkening the hair around his forehead.

"Oh, my feet," groaned Conrad. "These are my country boots I'm wearing. I came all the way from San Francisco on my bike, but it broke down half-way and I had to walk."

"Well, I told you how the Vikings introduced sandal-making into the East," I said.



PETER PUNJAB (of Italian descent) indicates the Indian wedding murals outside his Bleecker St. establishment. It was these which made Eileen Cramer pause to investigate the Punjab Restaurant.

"If your ancestors could do it, you can. Make your own."

"Yes, ma'am, maybe you're right. I made my own tunic, didn't I?"

I left Conrad to think about this, and sat at the bar near the man who had lost his teeth. He told me all about it.

Peter Punjab had disappeared, now that I wanted him to see the finished costume.

"My wife can't bear to look at me without my teeth," the man said sadly. "She's going to have a baby and she's been very impatient with me lately. I don't know what's going to happen. Now she's having some sort of a pre-baby party and she told me not to come home."

"But you look perfectly all right," I told him. It was true. His mouth didn't sink in as some mouths do, and you would hardly have known he had no teeth.

IN fact, he looked very nice. He had sleepy eyes and there was something romantic about him. He said he was a commercial artist, and seemed to have a lot of money to spend on drinks. He invited us all to have a drink with him while he told us more about himself.

"The day I lost my teeth at the Jumble Shop (another restaurant in the Village) I rang my wife and said, 'Now look, dear, I want to be honest. I'm plastered and I seem to have lost my teeth.' And she told me she didn't want to see me and slammed the receiver down. Well, I'm staying out and I'm not going home until three!"

"Oh, everything'll be all right after the baby's born," Laurie said, sympathetically.

She had starry eyes and a feminine manner, but the Irish poet, who had a grudge against American women and was a little drunk anyway, suddenly became very unpleasant and aggressive, and said she was the American Woman in female disguise.

I, for one, was very embarrassed, because I was holding the flower he'd given me, and I had to make a quick decision as to whether I should snub him or not.

if he had to be a giant he wanted to be the tallest one we had ever heard of.

Just then Peter Punjab came back and looked him over.

"Yes, very nice, but what about the socks? I'm not going to have shoes made for him until I'm sure he's going to stay. I still think he's a bit of a fly-be-night, meself."

"Is that true, Conrad?" I said sternly.

"I got to stay, ma'am," Conrad whispered. "I got no money until pay day."

"Anyway, I'm going to make my own sandals," he told Peter.

"OK. But be quick about it," Peter said, and turned his attention to the bar. "Come and have a dab-o'-the-brush when you're ready," he added, kindly.

The Irish poet had gone. The romantic man with no teeth was ordering drinks.

"I've got lots of money," he told us. "I'm not afraid of that. I've already given up one business to try and make a success of my marriage. I'd do it again."

"But I have to stay out so often with clients. That's the trouble between me and my wife. She doesn't like it. But, I tell you, I'm not going home before three. Not any night this week!"

"She's pregnant," Laurie said. "Things will be different after the baby's born."

"Where do you come from?" he asked me. "Australia," I replied.

"You did a good job with that costume."

"Oh, yes, but I've been in India. I know it well."

"Quite a traveller! Come out and I'll show you Greenwich Village."

LAURIE came, too, while Peter Punjab attended to the Indian curry which was stewing in the kitchen.

We walked along Bleecker Street and looked at the off-Broadway theatres and the cinemas where they show foreign films, looked in at a few of the bars, and took an Italian coffee in the cafe on the corner of MacDougal and Bleecker.

The beatniks were beginning to come out, and a few tourists were wandering about. But life wouldn't really begin until much later at night.

We walked right up past Washington Square, and saw the chairs set up in the park for the Monday night open-air concert, for it was summer, and on as far as Eighth Street, the beginning of the Village.

This was a busy street, with restaurants, bookshops, galleries, jewellery shops, and food stores. Everyone knows Eighth Street.

We also saw the paintings propped up against the walls of all the streets around the square, for the Summer Open Air Art Show was in full swing.

Arriving back at the Punjab, we were greeted by Conrad, who looked fine, standing under the awning in the spotlight.

"Oh, my feet!" he whispered to me as we passed him and went in to have our curry. ("I can't eat anything else, you know, until I get my teeth," the man with no teeth said.)

But Conrad was creating quite a sensation in the Indian costume I had made for him. I thought it was a pity he wasn't going to do a dance.

I didn't go to the Punjab for three days, but when I did there was no Conrad . . . no Indian doorman.

"Where's Conrad?" I asked.

"Ah!" Peter Punjab replied in disgust. "Didn't I always say he was a fly-be-night?"

So Peter began to think up some other publicity stunt. Someone suggested auctioning the famous murals.

"Yes," Peter said. "Or else I can sell 'em to a museum. There's a museum here, you know, where they have all sorts of things connected with New York, and I guess they'd be glad to have my murals."

"They're painted on a false wall, you know. I can take them down and put a miniature waterfall there instead. That ought to draw the crowds."

But it is winter now, and the murals are still there.

I'm glad. They are very nice murals, and, as for Conrad's costume, it can be seen hanging up in a small space behind the entrance vestibule.

You can see it if you stand on the Bleecker Street side and look through the glass.



How does she keep her skin so naturally lovely? She keeps it clear and healthy with Rexona's four medicated beauty oils... Cade, Cassia, Cloves and Terebinth. Your skin will look lovelier, too, when you keep it healthy with Rexona Toilet Soap.



VOGUE PATTERN PREVIEW

● This 16-page supplement presents a preview of Vogue autumn and winter patterns.

The designs include clothes for all occasions. There are high-fashion styles by international couture designers and easy-to-follow patterns for the beginner.

In conjunction with David Jones Ltd. and The Myer Emporium, 24 of the designs featured will be paraded by high-fashion mannequins.

We have added six round-the-clock patterns, which are available to readers by mail and in leading stores throughout Australia.

The parade clothes are all made in Australian wool. The patterns and fabrics can be bought in each store in which the clothes are shown.

To order patterns by mail, send orders and postal notes to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. State size required and print name and address in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

PARADE DATES

HOBART:

MYERS, daily, Mon., Feb. 8-Fri., Feb. 12 (except public holiday Tues.), at 12.10, 1.10, 3.

MELBOURNE:

MYERS, daily, Mon., Feb. 15-Fri., Feb. 19, at 11.10, 12.10, 1.10.

SYDNEY:

DAVID JONES' Eliz. St. store, daily, Mon., Feb. 22-Sat., Feb. 27, at 11.15, 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15; Sat. at 10.15.

FARMER'S, daily, Mon., Feb. 22-Fri., Feb. 26, 11.30, 12.15, 1.15, 2.

ADELAIDE:

DAVID JONES, daily, Mon., Mar. 1-Fri., Mar. 5, at 11.30, 12.30, 1.30, 2.30.

MYERS, daily, Mon., Mar. 1-Fri., Mar. 5, at 12.10, 1.10, 2.30.

BRISBANE:

ALLAN and STARK, daily, Mon., Mar. 8-Fri., Mar. 12, at 11.10, 12.10, 1.10.

McWHIRTERS, daily, Mon., Mar. 8-Fri., Mar. 12, at 11.10, 12.10, 1.10.

FINNEY ISLES, daily, Tues., Mar. 9-Fri., Mar. 12, at 11.45, 12.15, 1.15.

TOOWOOMBA:

MYERS, daily, Mon., Mar. 8-Fri., Mar. 12, at 11, 12.30, 1.30.

PERTH:

BOAN'S, daily, Tues., March 16-Fri., Mar. 19, at 10.45, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45.

DAVID JONES, daily, Mon., Mar. 15-Fri., Mar. 19, at 11.30, 12.30, 1.30.



● Cardin-designed coat. Note the new-look tubular belt worn low. Fabric is 54in. burnt-orange wool mohair at 69/11 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Paris original 1369, price 14/- includes postage. See the coat paraded at David Jones, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, and at Finney Isles, Brisbane. Other view of the coat and yardage required on page 13 this section.

Pictures in this supplement by Keith Barlow, staff photographer.

The Australian Women's Weekly

PATTERN SUPPLEMENT — Page 1

YOUNG AUTUMN TREND IN FASHION

THESE four trend-setting fashions are designed with youthful elegance. The clothes will be paraded at David Jones, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, and at Finney Isles, Brisbane.

Other views of the designs and yardage information are on page 13 of this section.



6276.—Two-piece suit (left) has an easy-fit jacket finished with a narrow rolled self-belt below waistline. Straight skirt is dartsed. Fabric is 54in. orange and lilac wool mohair at 89/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6276, price 7/6 includes postage.

1383.—Slim suit and cowl-necked blouse (right). Suit in 54in. check wool mohair suiting by Moylan at 69/6 per yard; blouse in 54in. wool crepe by Debenham at 55/- per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Paris original 1383 by Laroche, price 14/- includes postage.



6191.—One-piece dress (above) has eased skirt below a high-waisted, curved bodice. Fabric is 54in. corn-yellow pure wool frocking by Tissus Michel at 47/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Price 7/6 includes postage.



6287.—Coat, skirt, and blouse. Coat and skirt in 54in. banana muted check wool mohair at 69/6 per yard; blouse in 56in. brown double knit wool jersey at 55/- per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6287. Price 8/6 includes postage.

EYES RIGHT!

It's the bright military look

● Marching into the front line of autumn-winter fashions is the military look. It's a chic fresh look for coats, suits, and dresses. Right in step with it come vivid colors — bright tartans and blazing reds and yellows.

The three examples here will be paraded at Myers, Melbourne, Adelaide, Hobart, Toowoomba; Farmer's, Sydney; Allan and Stark, and McWhirters, Brisbane; Boan's, Perth. Other views of the clothes and yardage information are on page 15 of this section.



1380. — Army-type greatcoat has double-breasted fastening. Fabric is 54in. yellow pure wool boucle at 49/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Paris original 1380 by Ricci, price 18/- includes postage. Hat is Vogue pattern 6020. Sizes 21½, 22, 23, price 5/9 includes postage.

1382. — Military-cut suit (above). Fabric is 54in. red pure wool boucle by Moylan at 59/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Paris original 1382 by Nina Ricci, price 14/- includes postage.

6335. — One-piece dress (left) army-styled from shoulder epaulettes to military flap pockets. Fabric is 54in. pure wool Buchanan Clan tartan at 45/- per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Pattern 6335, price 7/6 includes postage.

The most exciting thing to happen to wool this winter is to find itself in a pastel tweed by MOYLAN.

These pastel tweeds are deliberately very scarce to give you pleasure but you may find one at any of the good retail stores right round Australia.

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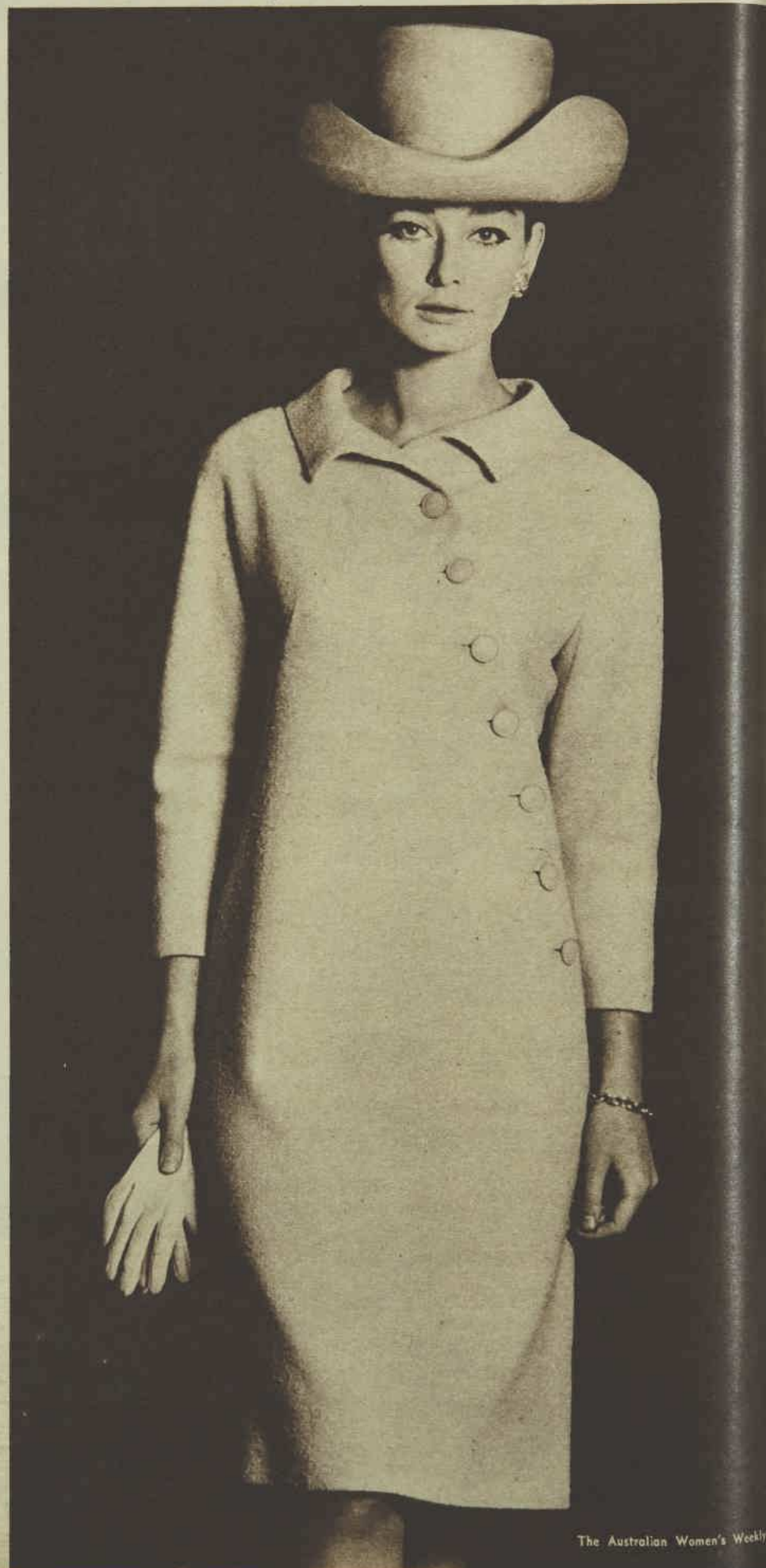
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Page 4—VOGUE PATTERN SUPPLEMENT

WINTER ROUND THE

1391.—Striking one-piece dress (below), chic for any daytime occasion. The dress skims the figure and has a diagonal button fastening from neck to hipline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. Couturier design by Ronald Paterson, of London, 9/6 includes postage.



The Australian Women's Weekly

CLOCK WITH VOGUE PATTERNS



1394.—Poncho and pants. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Requires: poncho 2½yds. 54in.; pants 1½yds. 54in. Vogue couturier design 1394 by Pucci, price 9/6 includes postage.



6200.—Dress and overblouse. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 45in. for dress, and 1½yds. 45in. for overblouse. Vogue pattern 6200, price 8/6 includes postage.

6328.—Easy-to-make afternoon dress (below) has flattering batwing sleeves and gently eased skirt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Vogue pattern 6328, price 7/6 includes postage.

6288.—Allday ensemble, dress (below) and matching jacket with a suit look, dress is slim, jacket self-belted. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, and 42 for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Vogue pattern 6288, price 7/6 includes postage.



● Here are six round-the-clock Vogue patterns planned for elegant home sewing.

Each design is a scoop fashion in its own right. Choose among them for early autumn-winter sewing and make this your most fashionable season yet.

The six designs here are not included in the Vogue store parades.

To order patterns by mail, send orders and postal notes to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

The patterns are also available in leading department stores throughout Australia.

Material quoted for the six patterns illustrated is in size 14.



6316.—Chic all-weather coat (above) features dark with white. The design is straight-cut, has a double-breasted fastening and contrast for collar, cuffs, and lining. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yards 54in. material. Vogue pattern 6316, price 7/6 includes postage.

Rebirth of the Blues



6258.—One-piece dress (left above) has batwing sleeves. Fabric is 54in. heritage blue wool mohair crepe at 59/11 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6258, price 7/6 includes postage. 6297.—Chanel-type suit has pleat-trimmed blouse. Suit is in 64in. blue pure wool double knit jersey boucle by Janalaine at 69/6 per yard; blouse in 42in. pure silk chiffon at 22/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6297, price 7/6 includes postage.

6298.—Easy-fit three-piece suit (above). Suit in 54in. harlequin blue pure wool by Tissus Michel at 75/- per yard; blouse and lapels in 56in. pure wool premier double knit jersey by Janalaine in Hazy at 55/- per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6298, price 7/6 includes postage.



1367.—Smart town and country suit (above) features checks teamed with plain. Jacket and blouse in 54in. ming and mustard check novelty weave pure wool at 49/11 per yard; jacket bands and skirt in plain pure wool, 49/11 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Vogue Couturier design by Michael of London, 12/- includes postage.

They hit a new note

THE new vogue for blue brings jewel and stained-glass window colors into fresh focus. In the blue mood of winter-autumn fashions there are these four superbly designed Vogue patterns. Make one now in one of the

new and exciting Australian wool fabrics.

The clothes will be paraded at David Jones, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, and at Finney Isles, Brisbane. Other views of the clothes and yardage information are on page 13 of this section.

Pastels for day and after dark

● Here we show three examples of a soft new gentle look. The designs are all made in pretty pastel wools.

For the coming season this theme is portrayed in day, late-day, and after-dark fashions.

Be first with the gentle look for autumn. See these three fashions paraded at Myers, Melbourne, Adelaide, Hobart, and Toowoomba; Farmers, Sydney; Allan and Stark, and McWhirters, Brisbane; Boan's, Perth.

Other views of the clothes and yardage required are on page 15 of this section.



6267.—Floor-length skirt; 6282, tuck-in tailored blouse. Skirt in 54in. pale lime textured pure wool tweed by Darlington at 69/6 per yard; blouse in 54in. wool crepe by Debenham at 59/6 per yard. Skirt sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, and 30in. waist; blouse sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue patterns 6267 and 6282, price 5/9 each includes postage.



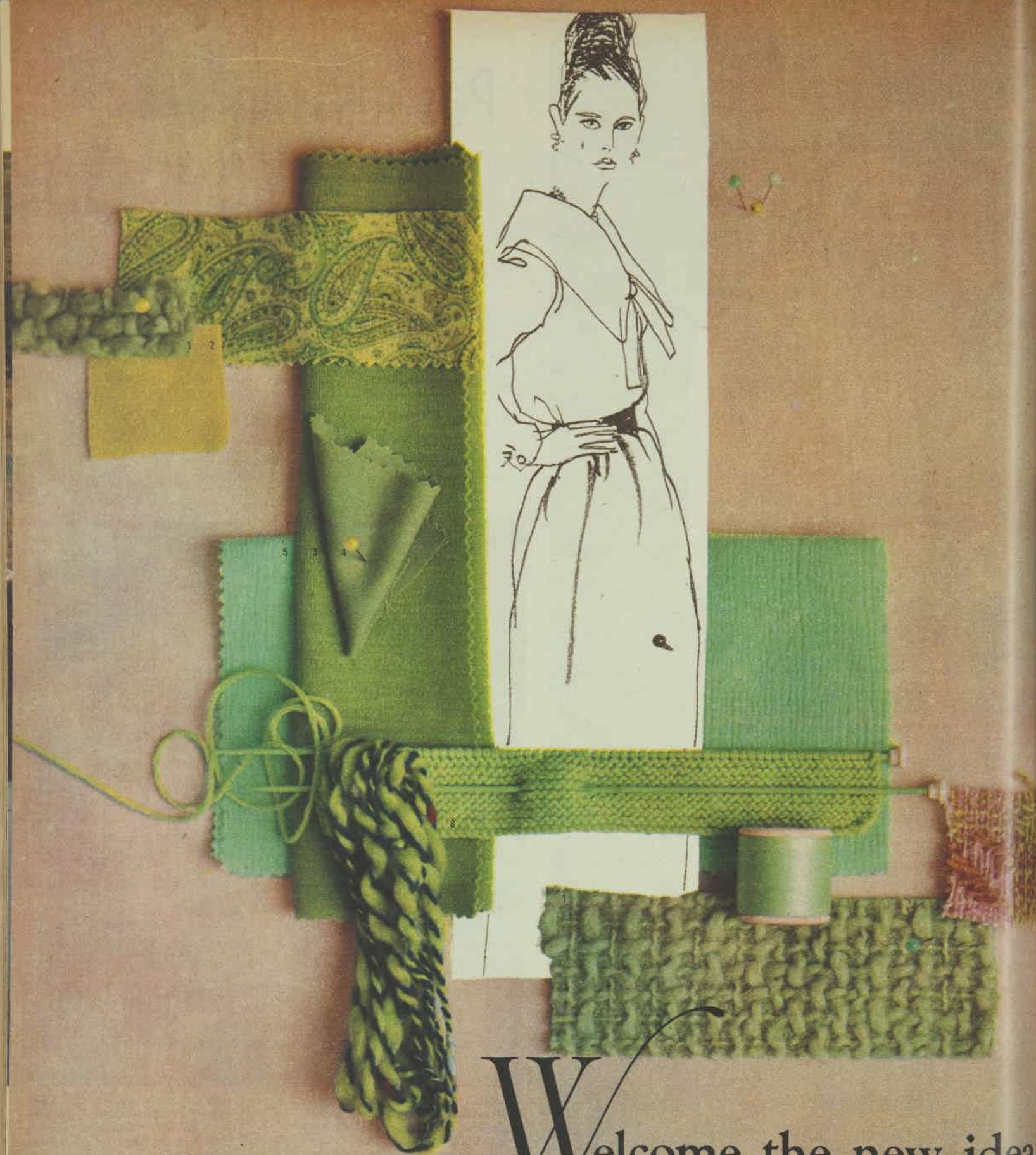
6263. — Two-piece dress. Overblouse has a yoke and sleeves forming a soft tie at neckline; slim skirt has centre-front pleat. Fabric is wool crepe by Debenham at 59/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6263, price 7/6 includes postage.



6244.—Two-piece suit has belted double-breasted jacket and slightly A-shaped skirt. Fabric is 54in. pastel pink and natural wool mohair tweed by Moylan at 65/- per yard. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Vogue pattern 6244, price 7/6 includes postage.

TO GET PATTERNS BY MAIL:

Send orders and postal notes to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Please state size required and print name and address in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Welcome the new ideas

SELECTED WINNERS FROM THE 1965 WOOL TEXTILE AWARDS: 1. THICK AND THIN RUVING YARN A. R. DARLINGTON 2. MACHINE-WASHABLE PRINTED AND PLAIN WOOL CO-ORDINATES, WARPING TEXTILES 3. PURE WOOL DOUBLE KNIT TARDIS LANA-KNIT 4. WASHABLE LIGHTWEIGHT WOOL BELMERING 5. PLEISSI CHIFFON WOOL DESSWEAVE 6. TEXTURED WOOL IN ABSTRACT PATTERN A. R. DARLINGTON 7. VILLAWOOL MATHILDE TWEED KNITTING YARN 8. PATON'S BLUEBELL CREPE 9. PATON'S BIG BEN CREPE 10. HOMESPUN TWEED A. R. DARLINGTON 11. TOWN AND COUNTRY TWEED WENZEL SKETCHED PATTERNS ARE FROM THE 1965 VOGUE COLLECTION: SKIRT NO. 5426, BLOUSE NO. 6282, DIOR LONGER JACKET-SUIT NO. 1201



GOOD TEETH FOR LIFE

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February 24, 1965

● **THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY** presents a 16-page liftout in conjunction with The Dental Health Education and Research Foundation, University of Sydney. The book is sponsored by the Australian Dental Association.

JUST HOW BAD IS THE 'NATIONAL' TOOTHACHE?

- Ninety-eight per cent. of Australians have tooth decay at some time in life.
- Less than 20 per cent. visit a dentist regularly.
- Schoolchildren in this country between the ages of six and 15 have 14 million decayed, unfilled teeth at the present time. These need treatment. It is easier and cheaper to prevent decay.
- There are at present 50 million infected teeth requiring filling. These could lead to serious infections potentially affecting the whole body.
- There is an annual increase of 15 million teeth requiring fillings.
- In addition, two million patients require treatment for mild and serious periodontal (gum) disorders.
- A million patients under 18 require correction of teeth positions to enable them to chew and speak more effectively and to improve their appearance.
- Fifty per cent. of Australians over 40 now wear full or partial dentures.
- Twenty per cent. of all Australians wear full dentures.
- There are two million Australians who are completely without natural teeth.
- Almost 100 per cent. of 21-year-olds and older have lost some permanent teeth.

**Will YOU keep your own teeth for
life? Start caring NOW**

● **The Dental Health Education and Research Foundation . . .**

WHAT?

- The Dental Health Education and Research Foundation is an organisation dedicated to the improvement of the dental health of the community. To teach people the value and benefit of having and maintaining good oral health throughout life is its principal aim.

WHO?

- More than 1000 N.S.W. dentists are contributors. The Foundation, operating under the auspices of Sydney University, was formed in 1962 by the Australian Dental Association (N.S.W. Branch) and the Dental Alumni Society of the University of Sydney.

WHY?

- The need in this community for a greater public understanding and appreciation of good oral health and of good dentistry has been felt for decades by dentists and health educators. Previous efforts to stimulate proper attitudes have been almost ineffective at the public level. The state of dental disease in the community, disinterest in treatment, even in elementary oral hygiene, and a need for more extensive research into dental problems have given rise to the creation of this Foundation.

HOW?

- The Foundation has raised £100,000 from members of the dental profession to train dental research workers and to carry out the work of community education.

Information on the care of teeth is available from the Foundation in the form of films, illustrated talks by qualified experienced lecturers, pamphlets, and displays. Material for use by dentists in teaching patients at the chairside is also supplied by the Foundation. For further information please contact the Dental Health Education and Research Foundation at St. James Building, 109 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

"TALL" TEETH TALES

A root of parsley hung from the neck is a talisman against toothache.

A child is destined to travel far if his teeth stand far apart, or to remain at home all of his life if his teeth stand close together.

Dental diseases are caused by worms in the teeth.

If the godfather fasts on the day a child is baptised, until the ceremony is over, the child's teeth will be healthy and protected against worms.

Rubbing the brains of a hare on the gums makes it easier for a child to cut his teeth and will make an adult's teeth grow again where they have been lost.

Tooth powder should be made from burnt hare's head and three mice (this was the prescription of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine).

If you have a piece of bread in your pocket while you are taking part in a funeral, you should not eat the bread. If you do eat it your teeth will become hollow and fall out.

Cut the gums with an iron nail until they bleed and drive the nail, with the blood upon it, into a wooden beam. Then you will never have a toothache again.

Test your knowledge ...

WRITE
'TRUE'
OR
'FALSE'

1. There are 16 teeth in a child's first set. (Write answers in space right, with question numbers)
2. Adults have 32 permanent teeth.
3. Pregnancy increases tooth decay.
4. A mother loses a tooth for every child.
5. It's not important to take care of baby teeth because they will be replaced anyway.
6. Drinking lots of milk prevents tooth decay.
7. Teeth decay because they are soft and/or chalky.
8. Eating foods with plenty of vitamins and minerals will prevent tooth decay.
9. Eating too many sweet, sticky things contributes to tooth decay.
10. People need sugar for quick energy—the average Australian eats nearly 1lb. sugar per week.
11. "Six-year" molars are eventually replaced by permanent teeth.
12. The best times to brush the teeth are before breakfast and before going to bed.
13. Toothbrushing completely prevents the deposit of tartar on the teeth.
14. A soft/medium brush is the best kind to use.
15. Brushing your gums hurts them and makes them bleed.
16. A toothache does not necessarily require the attention of a dentist, since it will often disappear by itself.
17. When a toothache occurs it is too late and the tooth must be removed.
18. It is not important to replace a back tooth that has been extracted because it does not show and you have so many others.
19. Everyone can expect to lose his teeth and to wear dentures eventually.
20. A blow to a baby tooth will damage the underlying permanent tooth.
21. Bad breath is a sure sign of tooth decay.
22. If dental decay has reached the nerve, the tooth has to be extracted.
23. Fluoride will eliminate tooth decay.
24. Fluoride is good for adults.
25. Fluoride is unnecessary if you eat the right foods.
26. After fluoridation you will be able to eat anything you like and throw away toothbrushes.
27. Cleaning of the teeth by the dentist thins out the enamel.
28. Ugly front teeth can be remodelled and do not need to be extracted and replaced with a plate.
29. Dental X-rays are dangerous. Dentists should be able to find cavities without using X-rays.
30. Tooth size and crooked teeth are inherited.

Answers to quiz questions (see page 5)

Cut along here; match with first column, page 5

Your teeth can look whiter
— cleaned of all stains!

NEW PEPSODENT WITH LINDENT A GIVES YOU WHITER LOOKING TEETH IN 12 DAYS

PROOF THAT YOUR TEETH CAN LOOK WHITER. If you have ever had your teeth cleaned by a dentist, you know how much whiter they can look. That's because the dentist uses a special polish to remove the stained film from your teeth.

New Pepsodent contains Lindent A, a remarkable new dental polish that also removes this stained film. That's how Pepsodent can make your teeth look whiter, just as the dentist does.

HOW LINDENT A WORKS. Mucin Plaque, the film that builds up daily on teeth, gets stained by certain foods, tea and coffee, and smoking. This stained film makes your teeth look dull. Lindent A benefits you in two ways. Firstly it dissolves away stained film, removing the major cause of tooth dullness. Then it polishes the enamel to give your teeth a shine and sparkle.

ONLY NEW PEPSODENT HAS LINDENT A. Lindent A was developed by scientists working to improve toothpastes. Only New Pepsodent contains Lindent A, so only Pepsodent can promise you whiter looking teeth. You'll see an improvement from the first time you brush with New Pepsodent. And there's a bonus for you too. Pepsodent has a new, fresh, minty flavour and a superior foaming action that leaves your whole mouth feeling refreshed.

IMPORTANT. Dentists agree that the two essential elements of dental care are regular visits to your dentist and thorough brushing after every meal.

You'll find that it is better to brush with Pepsodent because only Pepsodent has unique cleaning action. That's why only New Pepsodent with Lindent A can promise you *whiter looking teeth in twelve days!*

WHAT MAKES TEETH DULL

Everyone can't start off with sparkling white teeth. Natural teeth vary in shades of whiteness. Yet, in 8 cases out of 10, the natural whiteness is clouded. That's because a film, which dentists call Mucin Plaque, builds up on teeth daily. This film dulls the natural whiteness of your teeth because it gets stained by smoking, eating and drinking. You think you're seeing the natural colour of your teeth because this stained film builds up so slowly. Only New Pepsodent with Lindent A can get rid of this film and restore the natural whiteness of your teeth.



Answers to quiz questions

(See page 3)

1. FALSE: Twenty teeth in a child's first set (see diagram, page 6).
2. TRUE: Thirty-two permanent teeth — but only one person in one hundred reaches middle age with all 32 "permanent" teeth.
3. FALSE: If tooth decay increases during pregnancy, probably it is because of poor mouth hygiene or increased eating of sweets.
4. FALSE: There is no foundation for this statement. It is not true.
5. FALSE: It is important to take care of baby teeth. They are needed for chewing, for speech, and for appearance. They also maintain shape of the jaws, ensuring that permanent teeth erupt in the proper position.
6. FALSE: Milk is an excellent food, but it does not prevent tooth decay. Milk provides calcium, which builds teeth and bones. Teeth are calcified by the age of 13. The bones require calcium throughout life. Once tooth decay starts, no amount of milk will repair the cavity or stop the decay.
7. FALSE: There is little difference in the hardness of teeth, and the difference rarely has bearing on tooth decay.
8. FALSE: After the teeth are formed and calcified, diet has little effect on them. However, a balanced diet is needed throughout life for the health of all body tissues.
9. TRUE: When sweet and sticky foods are eaten, decay-producing acid forms on the surface within moments. Immediate brushing is best way to prevent this damaging acid action.
10. FALSE: Australians consume sufficient natural, unrefined sugar in the daily diet from fruits, vegetables, milk, and other basic foods. The average Australian consumes well over 2lb. of refined sugar per week — far in excess of bodily needs.
11. FALSE: "Six-year" molars are permanent teeth, the first back teeth that appear in the mouth. They will never be replaced except by artificial teeth.
12. FALSE: To be effective, brushing should be done IMMEDIATELY AFTER EATING. Bacteria in the mouth quickly turns fermentable carbohydrates to acids which attack teeth enamel. To prevent formation of acid, food particles should be removed immediately.
13. FALSE: Brushing alone will not prevent tartar completely, nor can it remove hardened tartar, the main cause of gum disease. Only a dentist, using special instruments, can remove the hardened tartar.
14. TRUE: A hard brush can damage teeth and gums, and since the bristles are less flexible, may hinder correct cleaning, particularly between the teeth and at the gum-line.
15. FALSE: If your gums bleed when you brush them, this is an early sign of gum disease. It usually means that you have not been massaging your gums correctly while brushing. If this persists, see a dentist.
16. FALSE: A toothache is nature's warning that something is wrong. Even though the pain may go away for a time, a dentist should be consulted. Decay may have started and is working its way toward the pulp containing the nerve. If the pain stops after a few days the pulp and the nerve may have been destroyed. Or pain may be caused by pressure of an abscess or gum disease.
17. FALSE: This sometimes may be so. Often the tooth can be saved by proper treatment—but seek help quickly.
18. FALSE: If a missing tooth is not replaced with an artificial tooth the other teeth tend to drift into the empty space. Once they are out of their proper position there is likely to be too much stress on certain teeth, causing further displacement and injury to bone and tissues. Also, foods become packed into spaces between irregular teeth — leading to more decay and certain gum trouble.
19. FALSE: Teeth are meant to last a lifetime. And they will with proper home and professional care.
20. TRUE: This is entirely possible, especially if the injury occurs early, while permanent teeth are forming.
21. FALSE: Tooth decay is one cause of bad breath. There are many; for example, disorders of the stomach or other body organs, but check with your dentist if in doubt.
22. FALSE: Not necessarily. There are several techniques of treatment.
23. FALSE: It will reduce it by 60 per cent. if taken in diet from birth. Older users of fluoride will receive some benefits.
24. TRUE: Many people believe fluoride will only help the very young — but adults in fluoridated areas have only one-third as much decay as the Australian average in similar age groups. Fluoride also strengthens bones and reduces possibility of fractures for older people.
25. TRUE: You would not have tooth decay at all if you always ate the right natural foods. Addition of fluoride to our diet throughout life would strengthen enamel of our teeth to withstand the acids created by eating sweet, sticky foods. Where fluoride in the correct proportion exists naturally in water, people avoid 60 per cent. of tooth decay, despite eating patterns similar to Australians'.
26. FALSE: Fluoride will not cure all dental diseases. To avoid decay watch your diet and clean your teeth. Fluoride will not affect gum disease — only massage keeps gums healthy — so don't throw your toothbrush away.
27. FALSE: The enamel, in fact, is the hardest structure in the body, and the cleaning materials that the dentist uses are effective stain removers, but not in any way harmful to the enamel.
28. TRUE: Ugly, chipped, or stained teeth can be capped to look (and feel) like natural teeth — or an artificial tooth may be supported by natural neighbors in a "bridge." Sometimes a plate is necessary, but your dentist can advise you best in this.
29. FALSE: Dental X-rays are, of course, quite safe and are standard approved procedure today. They assist the dentist in many ways, three of which are: (1) Cavities between the teeth impossible to see with a mirror or feel with a probe; (2) Cavities minute at the surface (where the enamel is hard), but large inside the tooth where tissues are less resistant to decay; (3) Teeth below the gumline sometimes grow incorrectly (impacted molars). Early X-rays can save pain and trouble.
30. TRUE: Either large or small teeth may follow family patterns. Current evidence indicates that crooked teeth and abnormal bite may run in families. Habits, such as thumb or finger sucking, continued after the age of six can result in an improper bite.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TEETH:

- Chewing
- Speaking
- Appearance

1. WHY YOU HAVE TEETH

TEETH serve us in three special ways . . . in chewing, in speaking, and in maintaining facial appearance. Teeth bite and chew food into small particles to enable swallowing, and to aid the process of digestion to take place more easily and effectively.

In speaking, your teeth, in association with your tongue, assist in the production of speech sounds. Badly decayed, crooked, or missing teeth interfere with the pleasing quality of your voice and diction.

For good, attractive appearance the teeth are vitally important, as they preserve the contour and youthful appearance of your face. Your own teeth keep creases from appearing at the corners of your mouth, and make a really big difference to the shape of your face.

Early loss of teeth can cause a sinking-in of cheeks, a reduction of the size of the lower jaw, and a prematurely aged appearance.



2. FUNCTIONS OF THE DIFFERENT TEETH

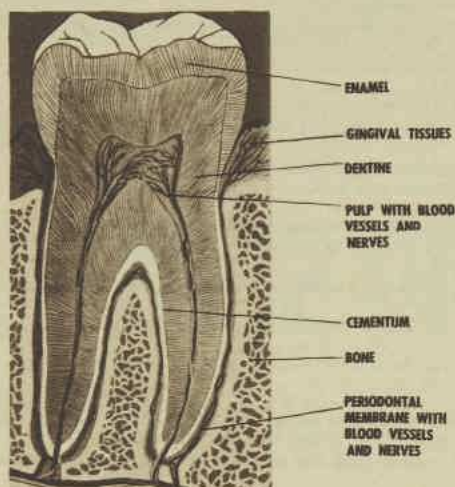


DIFFERENT teeth have different jobs to do. That is why they have different shapes. Broadly speaking they fall into two groups. There are six front teeth in each jaw which have a cutting edge to allow you to bite off pieces of food. These are the incisor and canine teeth.

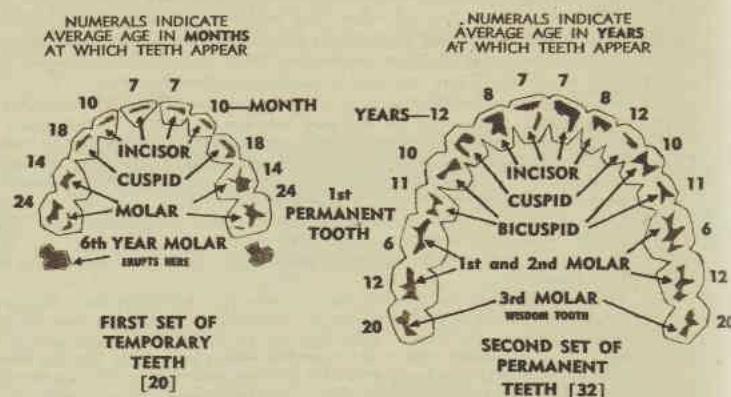


THE ten teeth behind the incisor and canine teeth in each jaw have a biting surface from which cusps project. These are the premolar (or bicuspid) and molar teeth. They chew and grind the larger pieces of food into smaller pieces for easy swallowing.

3. A HEALTHY TOOTH



4. WHEN TEETH APPEAR



When (and how) to CLEAN TEETH

CLEAN TEETH WHEN DIRTY — RIGHT AFTER EATING

TEETH are cleaned because they are dirty. Just as dishes are washed, so teeth should be cleaned immediately after a meal. Toothpaste will help you clean your teeth, but it is the way you use your brush that counts.

Time yourself. Most people take less than 30 seconds. Yet the average, normal mouth cannot be cleaned in less than two minutes.

Ask your dentist to check your toothbrushing methods, seek his advice to achieve best results.

Your dentist will tell you also if your brush is suitable (see below, **WHAT TYPE OF TOOTHBRUSH?**).

Children should be supervised, helped, and encouraged in learning correct toothbrushing routine. Parents should check results and methods used.

Bacteria in the mouth live on sweet, sticky foods and make the acid which decays the teeth and inflames the gums. Acid forms within minutes of eating foods containing refined flour and sugar. Therefore, don't delay cleaning.

How to use your toothbrush

- Keep bristles firmly in contact with tooth surface all the time
- Clean every surface of every tooth
- Carefully check progress in mirror.

● 1. The groove where gum and tooth meet is semi-circular. Food particles collect in this region. This groove is best cleaned using a circular action. At the same time a circular action cleans the tooth surfaces and massages the gums. To clean the surfaces between the teeth a vibrating, wriggling action should be used, working some of the bristles between the teeth.



● 2. Use a scrubbing action on the chewing surfaces only. No other surface is scrubbed.

● 3. Close your teeth lightly together and begin with a circular action from the back, working toward the front. The gums are being massaged as the teeth are cleaned.



● 4. Access to the tongue surface is more awkward. Insert only enough of the brush so that the bristles at the tip reach the gum margin, and use that circular action again. Clean your teeth the same way every time and you will not miss any tooth surfaces.

RINSING IS IMPORTANT

THE mouth must be rinsed vigorously, forcing water between the teeth to remove all loosened food. Do this two or three times. Rinsing can remove 60 per cent. of food particles and debris. Rinsing is a good substitute for toothbrushing at school or in the office.

WHAT TYPE OF TOOTHBRUSH?

USE a medium to soft brush. A hard brush can injure the gums and teeth. Use one with a small head. This is easier to use and more effective than a larger brush. Bending the brush handle can sometimes help you to reach normally inaccessible areas in your mouth. Always have two brushes to allow one to dry while you use the other.

GOOD FOOD for sound teeth and good health

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES GOOD FOOD MAKE?

WHOLESOME health foods provide energy, build strong bone and muscle, and give your skin a clear, smooth glow and an attractive appearance. Good foods do not stick to your teeth and do not cause tooth decay.

AVOID STICKY SWEETS, CAKES, AND BISCUITS

STICKY sweets, cakes, and biscuits are of little or no value for health and growth. Soft, mushy sweets and cakes only dirty your teeth, they don't massage your gums or provide exercise. They will stick to your teeth and ferment in your mouth, forming acids which destroy the tooth surface and result in cavities, disfigurement, and pain. Limit IN-BETWEEN meal snacks to foods such as fruit, nuts, celery, savory wheatmeal biscuits, wholemeal bread spread with vegetable extracts, peanut butter, cheese, or sugar-free jam, drinks of milk or pure fruit juices.



BODY-BUILDING FOODS To grow and develop you must have these foods each day:



- **MILK.**
One pint every day.
This valuable drink provides calcium, protein, and vitamins.



- **MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS, or CHEESE.** All these provide protein, vitamins, and minerals

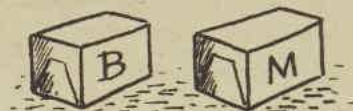
- **BREAD and CEREAL FOODS,** especially wholemeal bread and oatmeal porridge, provide calories, vitamins, and minerals.



- **VEGETABLES, FRUIT.**
These are good to eat and supply Vitamin C and minerals.



- **BUTTER or MARGARINE.**
These are very good sources of fat and Vitamin A.



Most of these foods contain, in unrefined form, carbohydrates which do not cause tooth decay.

USING YOUR TEETH

STRONG, well-developed jaws enhance the beauty of the whole face. To grow and develop fully the jaws and jaw muscles must have exercise. So if you would like the brightest smile, it is important to choose foods which need chewing. Avoid the soft, sticky things.



WRONGLY



CORRECTLY

YOU will enjoy meat, crisp apples, celery, all kinds of fresh and dried fruits, and raw carrots. These are some of the tasty "detergent" foods which will provide health and exercise for teeth and gums.



● *The use of fluoride is a much-discussed facet of dental care today. Here are facts about it.*

WHY FLUORIDE?

WHAT IS IT?

FLUORIDES are natural salts found in the body, as are iron, iodine, copper, and common salt.

Fluoride salts occur naturally in the soil, in plants, and in animals. The fluoride content of soils varies around the world and the amount of fluoride occurring in water supplies varies accordingly.

While fluoride in drinking water is at an adequate level, people have 60 per cent. less tooth decay than those drinking fluoride-deficient water.

Fluoridation of water is the replacement of the deficient element in a measured amount of one part fluoride to one million parts of water.

Today, fluoridation is recognised as the most effective preventive measure to fight tooth decay. Recommended by medical and dental authorities around the world, it has the support of the World Health Organisation.

You eat and drink fluoride every day — in tea, vegetables, fish, and beer — but you don't get enough this way.

WHAT DOES IT DO?

FLUORIDE taken as part of diet or applied to the teeth forms tooth enamel which is harder and more resistant to decay. Fluoride is a trace element like iron and iodine and is required in minute quantities to develop tooth and bone structure.

It strengthens the enamel of the teeth, making them more resistant to acid attacks. It combines with calcium, phosphorus, and other elements in the enamel, and gives inbuilt protection to the tooth structure.

Fluoride is most necessary during tooth formation (until early teenage) because it is most effectively combined into the enamel during the early years of life.

When taken in fluoridated water or used on the surface of the teeth it gives additional

tooth protection even for adults, who, moreover, benefit also in terms of stronger bone structure.

Adults who have had sufficient fluoride from birth and continue to drink fluoridated water go through life with two-thirds less dental pain, disfigurement, and cost.

The absolute safety of the measure has been clearly demonstrated for generations, since fluoride salts exist naturally in water in many parts of the world.

Fluorides are not man-made drugs, nor is the use of fluorides a recent innovation. In the late 19th century, an Italian named Morichini painted fluoride on to teeth because he believed it would harden the enamel against decay.

HOW IS

1. During formation of the teeth the whole tooth is strengthened by supplying fluoride in the diet of the expectant mother until her child's birth, then in the diet of the child after birth. This is achieved by:

(a) Fluoride in water: Using a public water supply containing fluoride at one part per million, tooth decay can be reduced by 60 per cent. Sydney has approved water fluoridation; Canberra is already drinking fluoridated water. In the U.S.A. 60,000,000 people are drinking fluoridated water.

(b) Fluoride in tablet form: Tablets can be used if your water supply is deficient in fluoride.

Daily dosages are — for expectant mothers, 1½ tablets; children (to one year), ½ tablet; children (1-14 years), 1 tablet.

If your water supply becomes fluoridated in the future, it is not necessary to take the fluoride tablets also. The protection given by fluoride taken daily throughout life is the most effective.



IT USED?

2. Application to teeth of fluoride:

When teeth are erupted, further strengthening can be achieved by applying fluoride solution to the outside of the teeth in the following manner:

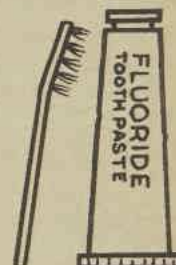
(a) Painting a solution of fluoride on to the teeth. Your dentist will do this.

(b) Diligently rubbing in fluoride toothpaste.

A number of fluoride dentifrices are available and all have been found to strengthen tooth enamel in laboratory examination.

It would appear that these dentifrices have a beneficial effect.

These methods are less effective than fluoride in the diet, but it is worth considering that application of fluoride to the teeth gives valuable additional benefits in reducing tooth decay.



Regular dental visits save teeth and money

● Are you one of those who "simply can't afford" to go to the dentist? Here are facts that should change your mind . . .

The high cost of dental neglect

TO YOUR HEALTH:

EVERY cavity is caused by germs. Tooth decay is the breaking down of the tissues and every infected tooth is potentially a source of infection to other parts of the body.

You would not leave an open infection untreated in any other part of the body, but, strangely enough, people DO leave infected teeth untreated.

Every item of food taken into the body can come into contact with the infection and is potentially a cause of illness.

Compare these costs



● This family care for their teeth.

They go to their dentist every six months. They follow a sensible diet. They clean their teeth after eating. The children take fluoride tablets regularly.

THE COST: Between £5 and £10 per year per person.

THE TREATMENT: For each an examination, a thorough cleaning, a small filling (perhaps two) once a year, X-rays every year or two, instruction in dental care.

THE VALUE: They look healthy, eat well, have no pain — well worth the money outlaid.

Page 10 — GOOD TEETH FOR LIFE

TO YOUR POCKET:

IT is false economy to put off dental treatment until it becomes unavoidable. The person who waits while small cavities become larger or waits until pain forces a dental visit makes these mistakes:

1. Teeth with large cavities are more difficult to save.
2. Infected teeth can infect their neighbors.
3. It is NOT cheaper to have dentures made. Well-maintained natural teeth are worth the money and effort.
4. In the long run six-monthly visits to your dentist will save you money.

● This family just doesn't care.

They go to their dentist only when they can't stand the pain any longer.

For instance, last time the mother went she hadn't been for three years. She was lucky it cost her only £30 this time. She thought about dentures — which would have cost more — but she didn't like the idea anyway.

The dentist saved her teeth, but if she doesn't make regular visits from now on she may lose all her teeth next time.

Meanwhile all the family have toothache, poor appearance, trouble chewing, bad digestion, far less chance of avoiding false teeth, far greater costs in the future.

ROUTINE dental check-ups are important if tooth decay is to be controlled. Decay may start as soon as the child has teeth and it can increase rapidly. Children should have their first dental examination around two and a half years of age. Early visits to the dentist will give your child confidence.

Very little work needs to be done and it is an opportunity for the dentist to meet his new patient in a happy — almost a play — situation.

The first teeth should remain in place and should not be lost, because of neglected decay, until the permanent ones are ready to erupt.

The first teeth, like the permanent ones, are needed for proper chewing of food, for speaking, and for appearance.

But, in addition, the first teeth are the foundation teeth and are needed to maintain the space for the permanent teeth.

The beginning of tooth decay is hard to detect because the spot is small and may be in a place that is difficult to see.

To find such hidden cavities it is often necessary for dentists to make X-ray examinations of the teeth of both children and adults.

It is important also to have your teeth cleaned periodically by the dentist. This cleaning is called dental prophylaxis. This prevents injury to the gums and helps the dentist find early signs of decay.

When tooth decay is treated early, restoring the tooth causes little or no discomfort. Less of the tooth has to be restored than if you wait for the danger sign of a toothache before going to the dentist.

It is less costly in the long run to have regular check-ups involving perhaps little operative work than to wait until extreme pain forces a visit to the dentist — perhaps after a three-year break, during which time decay has become widespread and the cost of repair is dramatically greater.

The dentist is trained to recognise many diseases and abnormalities beyond ordinary tooth decay. He may detect early signs of cancer and thereby save many lives.

Eighty per cent. of oral cancers are detected, in the first instance, by dentists during routine examinations of teeth and supporting tissues.



**More teeth are lost through
bad gums than decay, but . . .**

GUM DISEASE CAN BE AVOIDED

- Periodontal disease (gum disease) affects a large portion of the population.

MANY people are not aware that they have the early symptoms of this disease, since it is rarely painful in its early stages.

If left untreated, periodontal disease usually results in loss of teeth and often adversely affects general health. But the disease and the resultant loss of teeth can be prevented.

Though it is mainly adults (over 25) who begin to experience gum disease at a time when tooth decay is less pronounced in their lives, children suffer from it, too.

The cause is almost invariably poor oral hygiene habits, lack of proper brushing, lack of stimulation of the gums, which become soft, flabby, bleed readily, and so are likely to be infected more easily.

It is conceivable that if people do not eat tough foods and do not massage their gums, they will be unable to avoid this very common complaint.

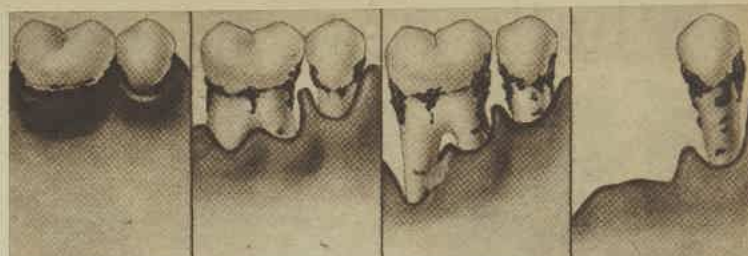
MANY CAUSES OF INFLAMMATION

It is possible that, in ten to 20 years' time (when fluoridation will be a matter of course) perfectly sound "fluoride-hardened teeth" may be lost through neglect of gums.

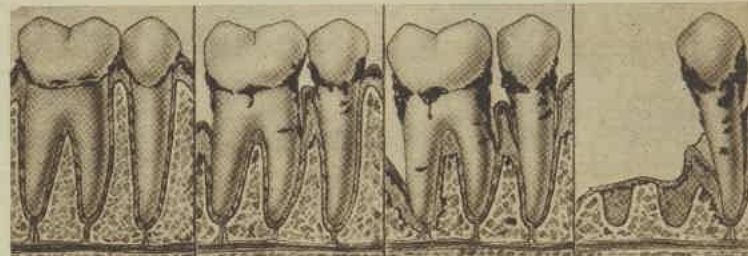
Inflamed gums (gingivitis) may accompany certain general metabolic disturbances, diabetes, catarrh, measles, and other fevers, and sometimes occur during pregnancy.

Usually this gingivitis is only temporary, and will clear up with the passing of the illness.

It is not difficult to prevent these inflamed gum conditions if you carry out regular and thorough cleaning and massage with a toothbrush to remove all the debris before it irritates and inflames the gums.



PROGRESS of gum disease. Above: As seen in mouth. Below: In cross-section.



Periodontitis means the inflammation and infection of the tooth's supporting tissues. These supporting tissues are not only the gums but also the thin layer of tissue (periodontal membrane) between the root of the tooth and the bone itself.

This condition is usually preceded by a gingivitis which has damaged the gum margin, producing an opening or pocket between the gum and the tooth.

This pocket becomes filled with food debris and bacteria which attack and destroy the bone supporting the teeth, forming deposits of pus.

A term sometimes used in the past for this condition was pyorrhoea, which literally means pus in the gums.

If this condition does not receive immediate expert attention from a dentist, the teeth become loose and are finally lost.

The poisons produced in the mouth are absorbed into the blood stream and stomach, thus affecting the general health, often seriously.

Again, oral hygiene is the answer. Regular dental inspection and a good diet, rich in green vegetables and fruit, will prevent gum disorders.

In all such conditions, it is essential that the dentist be consulted at once for advice and treatment.

METHODS OF PREVENTION:

1. Use of fibrous foods — vigorous chewing helps ensure healthy gums.
2. Brushing the gums — meticulous oral hygiene removes irritating retained food.
3. Interdental massage may be advised by the dentist to help clean spaces between the teeth. (Interdental, dental floss, stimulators.)
4. Removal of calculus deposits—should be carried out when necessary by the dentist.

What's new in dentistry? EVERYTHING!



LEFT: In 1821 "Punch" cartoonist George Cruikshank saw dental treatment in this manner — and, indeed, things were terrifying 150 years ago.



RIGHT: Modern Australian dental surgery. The patient is comfortable, the dentist sits, too. Equipment operates by push - buttons. Drilling equipment is concealed.

● These are vital points in the new approach by dentists . . .

Preventive dentistry, patient psychology

THE whole approach is different today. Now it is the dentist's aim to save as many natural teeth as possible, since it is clear that no artificial appliances can take the place of natural teeth.

The dentist is developing a completely different technique with patients because much more is known now about the patient's fears of dental treatment. Much more can be done to counteract these fears.

From the moment you enter a dental surgery today you are being calmed, removed from the rush of modern life by soft music, goldfish bowls, and atmosphere.

There is even a difference in what is said to patients by the modern dentist and his specially trained dental assistants.

Chairside education

TODAY the dentist teaches his patients dental health, discusses the benefit of having natural teeth for life, keeping them in good order and, as a result, patients are saved considerable pain and disfigurement.

To this end dentists have learned new techniques and are using specialised teaching aids to help them explain dental conditions and procedures at the chairside.

Illustrated books, models of teeth showing restorations, bridges, and dentures are discussed with patients. The Dental Health Foundation has prepared kits of educational material to assist dentists in this work. Pamphlets, slides, and posters assist dentists in the surgery and in talks and lectures to community groups.

A complete dental service

THIS is the new theme of modern dentistry — a complete dental service from birth to old age. Your dentist seeks to help you to keep your teeth healthy, without pain and at minimum cost, for life.

The idea of going to the dentist only when you are in extreme pain will be a thing of the past. Dentists are tired of being considered "repairers," when they are an integral part of the community's health and medical workforce.

The barriers between dentists and patients are being investigated and will be overcome by education of both dentists and patients and by a better public understanding of what dentistry has to offer.

New methods, research

DURING the past ten years enormous developments have been made in the fields of anaesthesia, so that today's patient can have a local anaesthetic rubbed on to the gum before an injection.

Even the sting of the needle has been reduced. Much-improved drilling equipment has reduced both the pain and the time factors involved in restoring decayed teeth. The dentist can cut away decay and prepare a restoration in a fraction of the time it took ten years ago.

Incidentally, this reduces not only strain on the patient but on the dentist. Water sprays keep teeth cool during the drilling and reduce the pain factor.

New materials used in filling teeth, and new methods of fusing porcelain and gold to cover ugly, stained, or broken teeth, have been perfected.

New ways of constructing replacements for missing teeth are being used, and research continues into various aspects of dental treatment. Prevention of decay is still the main area in which dental science is conducting most vigorous research.

Recent Press reports awakened the hope that the decaying acids caused by sugar and white flour may be prevented. Natural chemicals lost in modern refining are being replaced. Experiments with this additive have shown a marked reduction in decay.

However, it may be some years yet before the community will benefit from what appears to be a major food technology breakthrough for preventive dental science.

PROVED CONCLUSIVELY!

37% FEWER CAVITIES

WITH **COLGATE** STANNOUS FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTE

Large groups of children took part in a two year study conducted by leading dental scientists in Alabama, U.S.A. Results of this study proved conclusively that the children using Colgate Stannous Fluoride toothpaste had 37% fewer cavities than those who brushed with an ordinary toothpaste.

Now your children can have
FEWER DRILLINGS, FEWER FILLINGS with

COLGATE

STANNOUS
FLUORIDE
TOOTHPASTE

M283



GOOD LOOKS with good teeth



● She is a pretty girl — until she opens her mouth and reveals uncared-for teeth. Soon she may need dentures, not completely successful replacements.



● Your own teeth maintain your facial contours and youthful appearance. They keep creases from appearing at the corners of your mouth. Yes, teeth make a really big difference to the shape of your face.

YOUR own GOOD teeth give you added confidence in social and business contacts. There is no embarrassing moment when you smile, speak, or laugh. With well-cared-for teeth breath will be fresh unless there is an internal disorder.

In short, your natural teeth are best. **DENTURES ARE NOT THE ANSWER.**

Dentures are by far the best artificial appliance known to modern medicine. It is fortunate that the art of making dentures has advanced to a stage where those unlucky enough to lose their natural teeth can now continue to enjoy life with very few apparent disadvantages.

Two hundred years ago, and even today, in some primitive communities, the loss of natural teeth could mean a severe shortening of lifespan. Available foods in primitive societies usually required strong teeth and jaws.

Today the wearer of false teeth can eat almost any foods, and it is a credit to dentists that false teeth not only work effectively but can be made to look so natural that it is sometimes difficult to pick a denture wearer.

DRAWBACKS WITH DENTURES

However, there are some things you just can NOT do with dentures. Ask someone who wears them (preferably someone close to you, or you may find this embarrassing) when he last enjoyed the delightful sensation of crunching into a crisp apple.

Tough steak presents problems occasionally and you can be sure that the circus performer who supports an acrobat from a rope held between his teeth does not wear artificial teeth.

There are still a lot of small social embarrassments associated with dentures, too. The jokes, cartoons, and nightclub acts are not really so funny to the denture wearer.

Occasional mishaps to young sportsmen, superbly fit and athletic in every other way, who have lost their teeth in the surf, broken them by dropping them on the bathroom floor, etc., are only some of the problems.

The first time your boy- or girl-friend learns that those teeth are readily removable can be an enormous disappointment. Yet the number of young people who think that false teeth are either inevitable or preferable is staggering.

Hundreds of girls each year ask their dentists to remove perfectly sound, healthy teeth

to replace them with dentures, because they think that this will solve dental problems for the rest of their lives.

Some say they want this done before marriage to avoid becoming a dental "burden" to their husbands. But denture wearers know that artificial teeth need regular attention, refining and sometimes remaking, every few years.

This is because the jawbones which previously supported the teeth resorb (shrink). This change in the bone structure allows the cheeks to sag, causing a prematurely aged appearance.

Dentures must be altered to compensate for bone shrinkage, or appearance and function will suffer. An early sign of a disturbance in chewing efficiency is pain at the pivot of the jaw (mandibular joint) just below the ears.

With good natural teeth you can clamp down with enormous force—300-400lb. of pressure can be applied by the human jaw. Your teeth are attached to the jawbone by hundreds of fibres which absorb pressure and cushion shock. The teeth can actually move up and down slightly.

Dentures rest on a thin layer of gum tissue covering the bone. As you exert pressure on a denture, so it squeezes this gum between itself and the jawbone. The amount of pressure you can apply is limited by the pain produced by this squeezing and so the average denture wearer can exert about 35lb. pressure between the jaws.

MORAL: Think twice before you contemplate losing your natural teeth—the decision can be made only once. The general rule is that you should seek dentures only if there is no other way and certainly only on the advice of your qualified dental practitioner.



● Premature ageing of the face (right) because of loss of teeth. Shrinking of bones which previously supported teeth causes changes in the shape of the face.



Cosmetic dentistry plays an important role

- Teeth are subject to abnormal development and anomalies of form just as are other parts of the body.

1. THUMB SUCKING: The normal action of the tongue, lips, and cheek muscles helps to guide the teeth into proper position. Any habit that interferes with the normal action of these muscles may result in irregularity of the teeth.

The pressure resulting from prolonged thumb or finger sucking may cause misplacement of teeth.

The use of pacifiers—teats, teething rings, dummies—for long periods may push the jaws

can usually be corrected, or at least greatly improved.

Many cases of crooked teeth and malformed jaws can be prevented by giving the young child proper dental care and by breaking bad habits before they become harmful.

Most cases of malocclusion can be successfully corrected by orthodontic treatment (the regulation of tooth positions). In most instances this is carried out between the ages



AID FOR CROOKED GRINS

BEFORE

and

AFTER

out of line and cause irregularity of baby's teeth.

Mouth breathing, lip biting, lip sucking, and tongue and cheek biting are undesirable habits and may cause malocclusion (irregularities of teeth position).

2. HEREDITARY ABNORMALITIES in occlusion: Hereditary factors govern the size of the jaws, and of the teeth.

For example, overcrowding can result when a child inherits large teeth but small jaws.

3. If the BABY TEETH ARE LOST EARLY or are allowed to become badly decayed, the growth of the permanent teeth can be badly affected.

Retention of the first teeth long after they are normally shed may also cause the permanent teeth to erupt out of position.

Regular dental examination will enable the dentist to help retain the deciduous teeth and give you advice concerning the healthy growth of your child's teeth and jaws.

4. CASES of CORRECTION: Regardless of the cause giving rise to the irregularity, it

of three and 16. The most favorable age depends on the nature of the case.

It is possible to straighten the teeth of children over 16, and in many cases to correct unsightly dental irregularities in adults.

Cleft palate or cleft lip are the most common types of congenital deformity and can cause varying degrees of defective speech, deformity of the face, absence of teeth, and psychological maladjustment. These together constitute a most serious handicap.

The removal of this handicap, or its improvement, requires the combined services of the surgeon, the pediatrician, the dentist, the speech therapist, and the psychologist.

Children who suffer from speech defects or from ugly appearance can become maladjusted. Everyone talks about little —'s buck teeth, but the little girl feels it more deeply than many people realise. The results achieved in this field of cosmetic dentistry have often astounded the orthodontists and psychologists themselves.

This is an important contribution which dentistry is making, not only to the dental but also the mental health of the nation.



Mothers' Guide:

GOOD TEETH NEED PRE-NATAL CARE

- Most mothers do not realise that their babies' teeth form from the earliest months of pregnancy.

AS early as the sixth week there are the first signs of teeth to be seen in the tiny growing embryo. At about nine weeks, tooth buds, one for each of the milk teeth, are formed in the beginning of baby's jaw.

At five months the hard enamel cap which covers the crowns of the teeth is already beginning to form, and two months before birth more enamel forms on the teeth.

The enamel, of course, comes from the salts supplied through your bloodstream and that is why it is so important to baby's first teeth that your diet should be well balanced.

One of these most important salts is fluoride and, where the public water supply does not contain this salt, it is suggested that during the last five months of pregnancy the expectant mother take 1½ fluoride tablets per day so that the enamel of her baby's teeth will be more resistant to acid attack (see page 9).

CARING FOR THE "FIRST" TEETH

THE "first" teeth of a child are very important. Most mothers think that a child's baby teeth need no care, as they will all be gone by the time he is twelve years old. They think that it is only with the grown-up teeth (permanent teeth) that care is needed.

But if proper care is not taken of the milk teeth a child's permanent teeth can be adversely affected. Decay in milk teeth often means that a child loses some of his baby teeth too soon.

The adult teeth are not yet ready to appear, so the teeth on each side of the space left by an extraction will grow inwards, causing the whole pattern of the child's teeth to become crooked (see page 15).

The milk teeth can be looked after by following three golden rules: 1. The right foods (see page 8); 2. The right tooth-cleaning routine (see page 7); 3. Frequent visits to the dentist (see page 10).

LOOKING AFTER TEENAGERS' TEETH

IN their teens all children, boys and girls alike, begin to discover the importance of their appearance. One of the most important assets to a growing child's looks is the teeth.

By the age of 12 most children have 28 adult teeth—the last four molars (or wisdom teeth) will probably not come through until the late teens.

Now is the time to see that those teeth are cared for and stay healthy for the rest of their lives.

The problems of our modern soft diet seem to strike teenagers most of all. Teeth and gums need rough, hard, fibrous foods to retain good health.

But teenagers often have a specially "sweet" tooth and the foods that are worst for the teeth are often their favorite diet.

Mothers should take special care to see that teenage sons and daughters understand that this age-group is most vulnerable to tooth problems, which could affect the rest of their lives.



The Australian Women's Weekly — February 24, 1965



Everything! Everything! The wools you knit, the wools you sew. (And the wools you buy ready made!) All kinds of wools in all kinds of textures, colours, weaves and knits now come in go-together colours. The wonderful warm-hearted

colours of wool. Lots of colours! As fresh and vibrant as Young Green. As rich and earthy as Copper Kettle. As warm and friendly as colours can be. Start right now. Knit and sew a warm welcome to winter in the go-together wools.

Everything goes together in WOOL

Everyday . . . everywhere
be young, fun and lively in

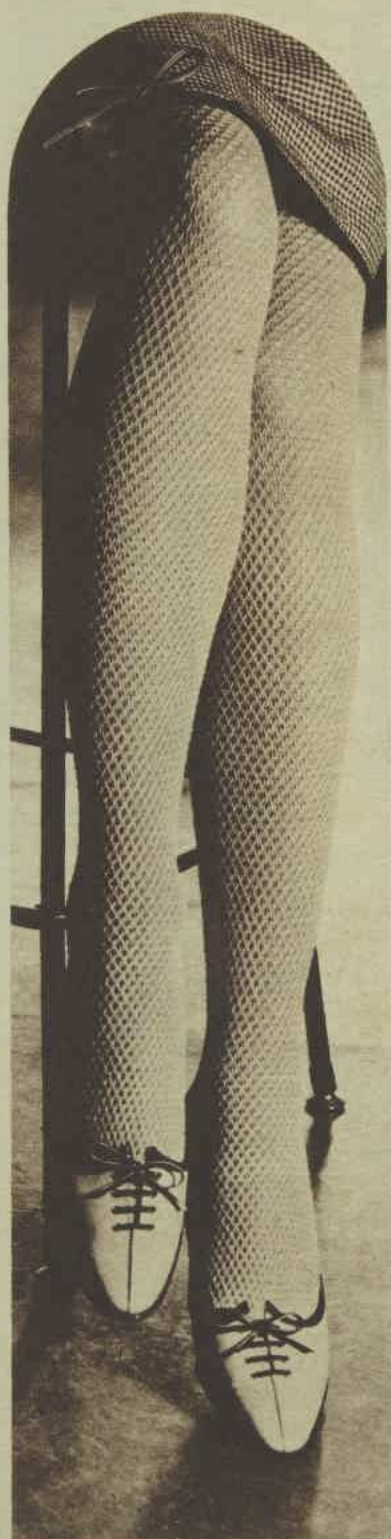
KAYSER

textured nylons

(in magical 'Bri-Nylon')



Unders) Beguilingly sassy — boldly textured! In new autumny colours that really sing with "Sta-put" elasticised tops. In Bri-Nylon. 12/11. 14/11 Honeycomb.



Overs) Town and country casuals — high styled for today's girl-going-places. S-t-r-e-t-c-h fit that really does fit, so colorfully! In Bri-Nylon with cotton. 12/11. 14/11 Honeycomb.

Unders and Overs) Red, Winter Green, Cyclamen, Oyster, Pumpkin Pie, Green/Black, Gold/Black, Red/Black, Briar, Brushwood, Magnolia, Black, White.

Stepping



6313. — Semi-fitted A-shaped dress (left) has double-breasted closing and bracelet-length sleeves. Fabric in 54in. red textured weave pure wool by Moylan at 37/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6313, price 7/6 includes postage.



1390. — One-piece (left) has kimono sleeves and fake centre-front button closing. Fabric is 58in. white pure wool double knit jersey at 59/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Couturier design 1390 by Jo Matli, price 9/6 includes postage.

out in Autumn Colors



THE interesting fabrics shown in these six designs are just as important as the silhouettes. The fabrics are chosen from a wonderful range of Australian wools.

The wools feature fascinating new textures and weaves. Note the importance of the new browns and burnished golds.

The six fashions will be paraded at Myers, Melbourne, Adelaide, Hobart, and Toowoomba; Farmer's, Sydney; Allan and Stark, and McWhirters, Brisbane; Boan's, Perth. Other views of the clothes and yardage information are on page 15 of this section.



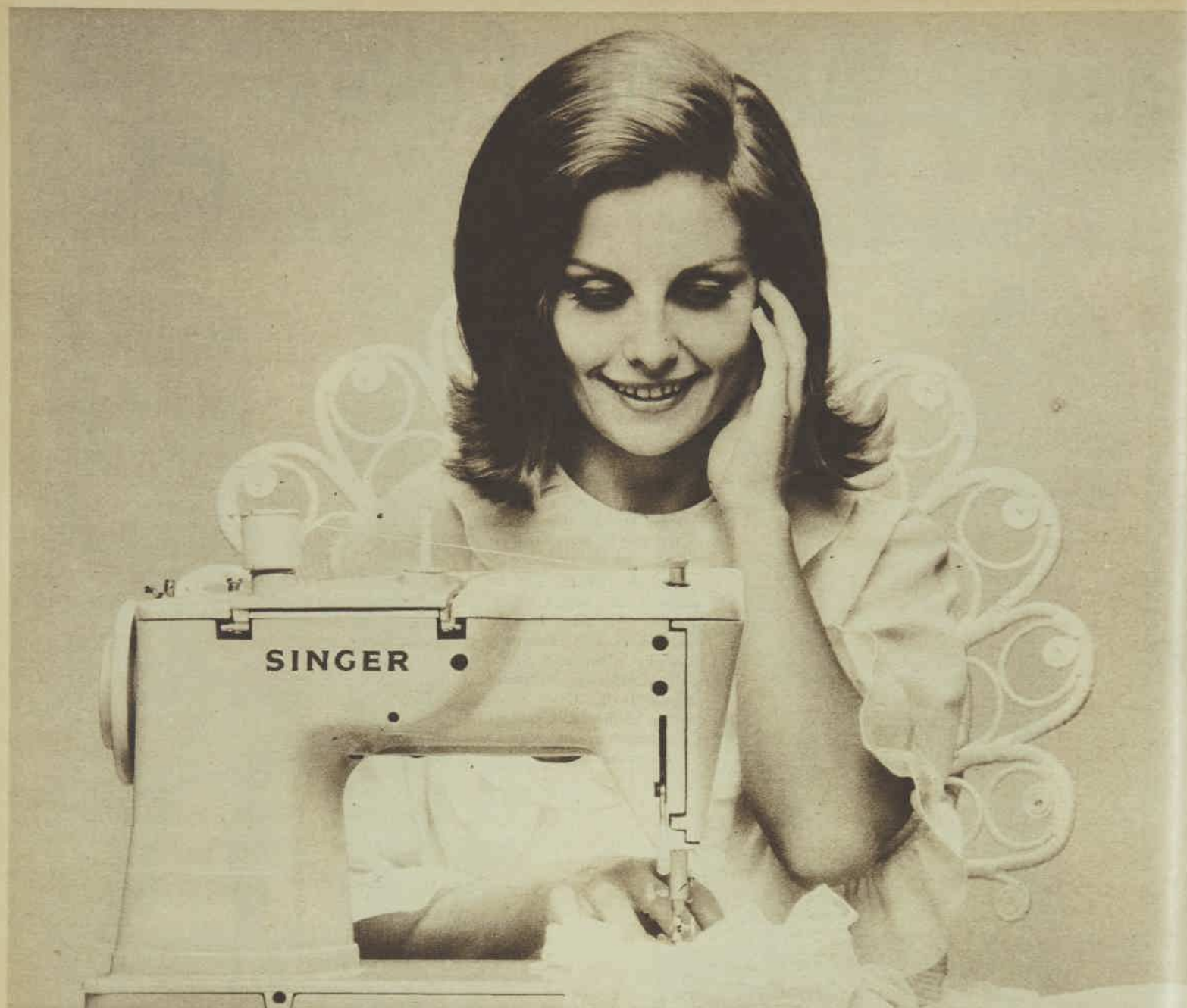
6270.—Smart winter two-piece (above) teams double-breasted tunic and matching skirt in beige copper pure wool textured tweed by Darlington at 69/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6270, price 7/6 includes postage. Chic pill-box, Vogue pattern 6021, in head sizes 21½, 22, 23, price 5/9.

6286.—Sleeveless low-cut jumper and box-pleated skirt (right) are worn with 6064, an easy-fitted turtle-neck overblouse. Jumper and skirt in 58in. dark brown double knit jersey at 57/6 per yard; overblouse in 54in. red and brown check pure wool by Darlington at 37/6 per yard. Both patterns in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6286, price 7/6 includes postage. Vogue pattern 6064, price 5/9 includes postage.



6272.—Softly styled one-piece dress (above) has a fitted front bodice, bloused back, and away-from-the-neck collar. The skirt joins bodice below waistline. Fabric is 54in. amber tweed wool mohair by Moylan at 59/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6272, price 7/6 includes postage.

6275.— Tie-belted one-piece (left) has eased slim skirt and slit bodice opening to show a cowl-neck blouse. Fabrics: dress in 58in. beige double knit pure wool jersey at 57/6 per yard; blouse and belt in 54in. brown pure wool crepe at 59/6 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6275, price 6/6 includes postage.



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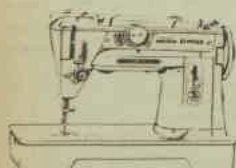
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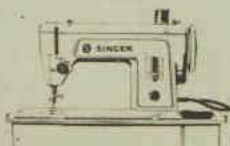
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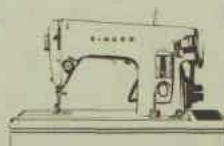
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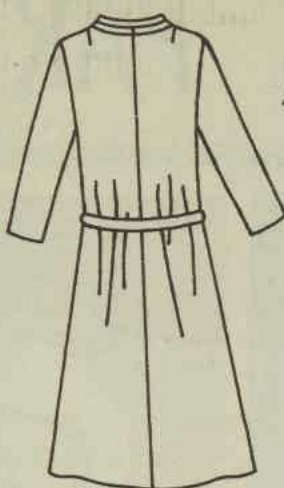
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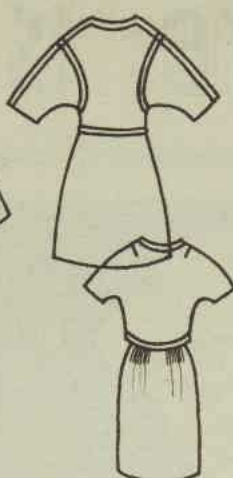
Note: Fabric quoted is for size 14.



6191.—Dress, 2½yds.
54in. fabric.



1369.—Coat, 3½yds.
54in. fabric.



1403.—C o a t,
3½yds. 54in. fabric.
Dress, 2½yds. 54in.



6276.—Suit, 2½yds.
54in. fabric.



6287.—Coat and suit,
4½yds. 54in. fabric.
Blouse, 1½yds. 54in.



6258.—Dress, 2½yds.
54in. fabric. Slip,
2½yds. 36in. fabric.



6297.—Suit, 2½yds.
64in. fabric. Blouse,
1½yds. 42in. fabric.



1383.—Suit, 3yds.
54in. fabric. Blouse,
1½yds. 54in. fabric.



6298.—Suit, 2½yds.
54in. fabric. Blouse
and lapels, 1½yds.
54in. fabric.



1385.—Suit and
blouse, 3½yds. 56in.
fabric.



1384.—Suit, 3½yds.
54in. fabric. Blouse,
2½yds. 36in. fabric.



1367.—Jacket and
blouse, 2½yds. 54in.
fabric. Jacket bands and
skirt, 1½yds. 54in. fabric.

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SYDNEY	Hordern Bros.	April 5-9
MELBOURNE	Buckley & Nunn	Mar. 29-Apr. 2

The signature is PARIS



Lanvin

1385.—Chic suit and overblouse — the jacket has a trio of buttons on each side bridged by a bogus belt. Suit in rose-red 56in. pure wool double knit jersey boucle by Janalaine at 55/- per yard; blouse in 56in. premier double knit wool jersey by Janalaine at 55/- per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Paris original 1385 by Lanvin, price 14/- includes postage.



Gres

1403.—Coat and dress ensemble. Coat has collarless neckline and tie belt; kimono-sleeved dress has flared skirtline. Coat in 54in. white pure wool at 45/- per yard; dress in 54in. white pure wool crepe frocking at 55/- per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Paris original 1403 by Gres, price 18/- includes postage.



Jacques Heim

1384.—Suit with narrow cardigan-type jacket, pleated skirt, and demure schoolgirl blouse. Suit in 54in. mocca-brown pure wool frocking by Tissus Michel at 69/11 per yard; blouse in 36in. cream pure silk shantung at 29/11 per yard. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Paris original 1384 by Heim, price 14/- includes postage.

- These Vogue patterns are trend-setting originals from three leading Paris couture houses.
- The patterns are all made in soft Australian wool, a delight to sew and wear.
- See the three fashions paraded at David Jones, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, and at Finney Isles, Brisbane. Other views of the clothes and yardage information are on page 13 of this section.



1390. — Dress (left), 2½yds. 54in. fabric.



1382. — Suit (right), 2½yds. 54in. fabric.



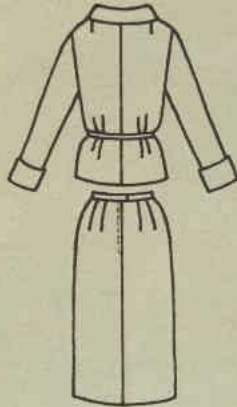
6272. — Dress (left), 3yds. 54in. fabric.



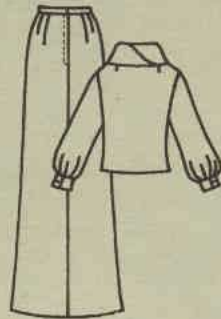
6263. — Dress (right), 3½yds. 54in. fabric.

BACK VIEWS

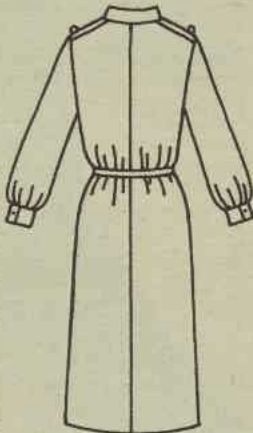
Fabric quoted is for size 14



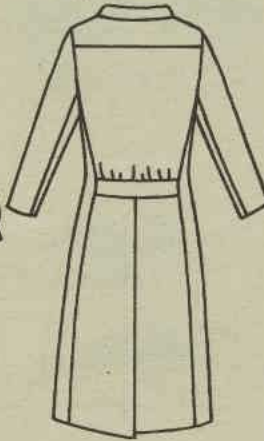
6244. — Suit, 2½yds. 54in. fabric.



6267. — Skirt, 2½yds. 54in. 6282. — Blouse, 2½yds. 54in.



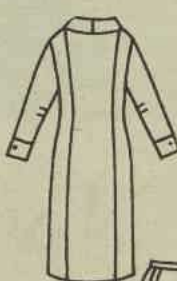
6335. — Dress, 2½yds. 54in. fabric.



1380. — Coat, 3½yds. 54in.



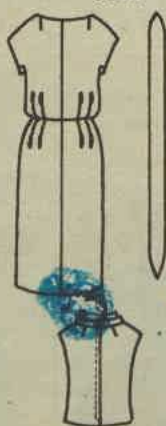
6064. — Jumper, 1½yds. 54in. fabric.



6270. — Tunic and skirt, 4½yds. 54in.



6286. — Suit, 3yds. 58in.



6275. — Dress, 2yds. 58in. Blouse and belt, 2yds. 54in.



6313. — Dress, 2½yds. 54in. fabric.

TO ORDER PATTERNS

● To get patterns by mail, send orders and postal notes to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Please state size required and print name and address in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Vogue patterns are also available at leading stores.

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GOODMANS

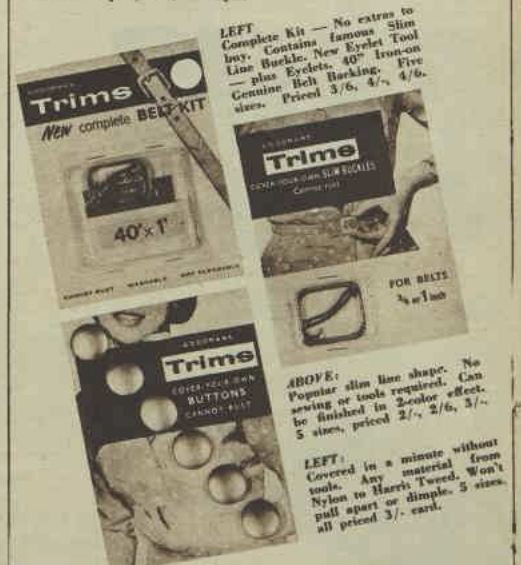
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Exciting young beauty, Olivia Newton-John, has the fresh, natural look of Angel Face

Angel Face will give you this clear, natural look that lasts for hours, too. Start by smoothing on Angel Face Liquid... touch up with Angel Face powder — the pressed powder that's blended with creamy foundation — to make you complexion-confident.



At Thomas' Record Bar, Olivia looks for the latest recording by her favourite singer, Ray Charles. She's wearing Angel Face Liquid, 'Natural Angel' (one of Angel Face's 8 shades) because it gives her skin a warm glowing tone that complements her new black-brown sweater

C251

Page 16 — VOGUE PATTERN SUPPLEMENT

Home after dinner and dancing — and Olivia's complexion still looks fresh and natural. She used Angel Face powder for a quick touch up. It never gets caked or streaky. As Olivia says: 'It never lets you down.'



Be everything you want to be with...



COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about a sterling silver dish, a pottery jardiniere, and an inlaid chest.

THIS silver sweet dish is marked "Flavelle, Sydney," and appears to have no other distinguishing marks. It is very light in weight. Can you tell me is it plate or a type of silver? — Mrs. E. Browne, Edgecliff, N.S.W.

Your delicately embossed and pierced sweet dish is made of sterling silver. The picture shows the tiny hallmarks stamped near the inside rim. The four marks consist of the town mark, sterling mark (represented by the lion passant), maker's mark (represented by initials), and the date letter mark.

The small marks do not show up clearly enough to decipher the town and date of manufacture, but your piece

will undoubtedly have been made in Birmingham or Sheffield. Birmingham is represented by an anchor — Sheffield by a crown.

After establishing the place of origin, check the year of manufacture. I suspect the dish was probably made during the Edwardian era (1902-1910). The Birmingham date letters punched in small shields, which run in alphabetical order, commence with the date letter "A" for 1900, "B" for 1901, etc. The Sheffield date letter for 1900 is "I," for 1901 "J," and "K" for 1902, etc. You can now work out for yourself the exact age of your piece. Flavelle's, goldsmiths and jewellers, imported the piece from England.



● Embossed silver sweet dish.



● Pottery jardiniere.

COULD you please give me any information about a jardiniere? It is pottery, I think, and I have a pair. The early marking on them is a number 252 on the bottom. — Mrs. Eileen Baker, Applecross, W.A.

Your attractive jardiniere is a Cologne pottery jardiniere made about 1880-1885.

FOR fifty years I have had an English fourpence. It was minted in silver in 1836 and is in perfect condition. There is not even a mark on the edge milling. I am wondering if you could tell me the value of it? — Mrs. E. Kennedy, North Beach, W.A.

Your coin is a silver fourpenny-piece known as a groat, minted during the reign of William IV, which was from 1830 to 1837.

As it is in perfect condition it would be worth about £2.



● Inlaid chest.

WE have an inlaid chest I would like to know something about. We have been told the wood used for the inlay is olive-wood, but I am uncertain of the wood from which the chest itself is made. It is lined with camphor-wood, with a tray at either side of the top and a slightly raised lid. The inlay work is right around the box, and the words "The Last Supper" appear on the lid and the letters "INRI" are carved at the peak of the cross. — Mrs. Lorraine M. Fink, Jancourt East, Victoria.

This unusual shaped chest surmounted on "ogee" bracket feet is an 18th-century example.

However, although it is inlaid in the Italianesque style, the chest could have been made in England. I cannot be sure from the photograph. The chest would have to be inspected in order to give a reliable attribution.



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THE DEVIOUS ONES

"A couple of letters," she said. "May as well do them while I can still read my shorthand."

He laughed at that and asked, "Coming home this weekend?" She knew an instant of that rebellion which was so familiar. To him she was the little girl he and Aunt Harriet had brought up so carefully. Uncle Alex couldn't seem to understand that her home was her own apartment, not his big house in North Stamford.

"I'll call," she said, knowing he liked things settled, not left to dangle. "I'll probably come. But I'll call first."

Alexander Hartley was a big man, in his late sixties. He had thick grey hair and the complexion of a man who spent a good deal of time on the golf course. A chairman of boards—that was Uncle Alex. A man of affairs with an office to look after them in; an elder chairman available for consultations.

He said, "Turn the air conditioning up as you go out, will you?" She left him at his desk and put on her summer coat of soft yellow; a coat which seemed, when she walked, to have an impertinent life of its own.

The single elevator which served the narrow building was filled when she got into it. It was always filled on Fridays in the summer and there was a difference in the people. The people were somehow lighter, sniffing freedom.

She walked toward Fifth, the yellow coat frolicking around her, and turned north. She was between the library lions, the pompous lions, when a woman's voice said, "Loren. Loren Hartley!"

The woman was about her own age, a little plumper and not quite so tall. Blond hair and a small flowered hat. Her blue eyes were wide with delight.

I have never seen her before in my life, Loren thought, and then, disconsolately, it's happened again. Why am I like this? Other people remember people.

"Why," Loren said, "hello."

The smile of anticipation left the pretty, bright red lips. "You don't remember me," the girl said. "You don't remember me at all."

"I . . .," Loren said.

THE girl interrupted. "Alma Jackson. In high school, Miss Dresser's English class. I sat next to the Kenny boy. The one who had so much trouble with tenses?"

"Alma Jackson," Loren said, hoping that she sounded as if she had merely been unable to choose among Almas.

"I knew you'd remember," Alma Jackson said, pleasure in her voice.

"You'll never guess who I ran into this morning," Alma Jackson said. "Who's coming to my apartment to have lunch with me?"

Loren did her best to look expectant.

"Bertha Mason," Alma Jackson said with triumph. "You remember Bertha?"

Loren Hartley, standing in the sun on Fifth Avenue, talking to a young woman she still had never seen before, vividly remembered Bertha Mason. A tall thin girl with a face never still; a girl who could mimic Miss Dresser in a manner which had seemed to Loren, and to everybody else, excruciatingly funny; a girl who vividly hated her given name.

"She's on the stage," Alma Jackson said. "Wouldn't you know?"

"She used to talk about doing that," Loren said. "She was in all the school plays and—"

"Tomorrow's Cornell," Alma said. "That's what the

yearbook said. Remember? She's just the same. Oh—I suppose none of us is really the same. I know I'm not. No wonder you didn't recognise me at first. You didn't, did you?"

"Not for a moment," Loren said.

"I'm a schoolteacher now," Alma Jackson said. "Would you ever believe it? In Sandusky, Ohio. It's one of those cities you always have to add the State to. I'm here to take summer courses, and I've found the cutest little apartment to sublet. It's really only a few blocks from—Loren!"

It was apparent Alma had barked her mind on an idea. "I told you Bertha's coming to lunch. It'll be—oh, a kind of reunion."

"Well," Alma said. "It's only around the corner," Alma said. "Please, Loren."

Loren thought: I owe her something for not recognising her. An old schoolmate, uneasy in this uneasy city.

It would, she thought, be interesting to see what a few years had done to Bertha Mason.

"I'll have to get back to the office," Loren said. "I—I'm supposed to be back within an hour."

"Then come on," Alma

quite impersonal, like a hotel room. There was no patina of occupancy on the room. A sublet, of course. The people who rented it to Alma for the summer erased themselves when they left.

"Here we are," Alma Jackson said. She brought tall glasses of vodka and tomato juice on a tray. "I hope there isn't too much Worcestershire."

"It's perfect," Loren said, sipping. "It's delicious. Do you like living in Sandusky?"

I remember that far, Loren thought. But then—what happened then?

What must have happened was all too clear. She must have finished that first Bloody Mary and had more. Probably Bertha Mason had come and Alma had filled the glasses again. We must have got to talking and drunk with-out thinking.

For the first time in my life I pulled a blank—an afternoon of blank. I am sitting on a park bench looking across the path at a sagging fat man who probably drank too much wine and came here to sleep it off.

I don't remember Bertha's coming. But she must have come, because I would not have sat and drunk and talked with this woman I still don't

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



said, not at all unreasonably. She fluttered to the kerb and waved a cab; the cab brought commitment.

It was a little more than around the corner; it was around several corners in the East Thirties, near Madison; an old building. In the service elevator Alma pressed button number 8.

"Good," Alma said. "I was afraid she'd have got here first. Be waiting out here and wondering—"

She stopped at a door and fished a key from her bag. On the door was a metal device holding a slip. "Alma Jackson" had been typed on it.

The living-room was narrow, with a door at either end. Through windows on the far side, Loren could see a jumble of buildings.

"It's so exciting to be in New York," Alma said. "I envy you. Where do you live?"

"Downtown," Loren said. "On Tenth Street."

"Let's have a drink while we wait for Bertha," Alma said. "Wouldn't you like a drink?"

"Very much," Loren said. "But—very mild. I have to go back to the office."

"A Bloody Mary," Alma said. "Is that all right?"

"That'll be fine," Loren said, and Alma went through one of the doors and there were sounds of ice being wrenched from a tray.

Loren looked around the room. It was, in its small, slightly cluttered fashion,

know. I would have said again that I had to get back to the office. Bertha must have come. We must have got to talking. What they must have thought of me!

But wait, Loren thought. It could not have been as obvious as that, or they would have taken care of me. Bertha would not have let me leave, alone, if I had showed the way I was. I must have left alone and seemed all right, and tried to walk back to the office, and got this far. I must have come here to sit a while and sober up.

There was, she realised then, no need to go to the office. Uncle Alex would have left more than two hours ago, and caught his train to Stamford. He would not care that she had not come back; he had told her she needn't. But he would care that she had not telephoned to say she had changed her mind.

Is it possible, she thought, that I did telephone him? Any thing is possible. That is the—the horrid thing about it. From a little before one until a little after five o'clock I don't remember anything.

There is no use sitting here. She stood up and looked once more at the fat man asleep on the sunny bench. She walked to Forty-second Street and through it to Fifth, and caught a Washington Square bus. On the bus, sitting very straight, she went over it again. But there was no light to pierce the blackness of the afternoon.

After she let herself into

her apartment, as she put her key back in her bag she saw a slip of paper. There was a telephone number on it. Before the number were the letters A and J. She must have asked Alma for her number and written it down. Why had she asked for it? We must keep in touch, surely not really meaning it? Or had she made some tentative engagement, to be confirmed or cancelled by telephone? There was no telling. There was no telling about anything from one o'clock or so until a little after five.

She took off the impertinent yellow coat and tossed it on a chair. A cold shower and a cup of coffee helped, or seemed to help. Her head no longer ached. But the afternoon was a blank still.

She dialled the number of her uncle's house in North Stamford. Charles the butler answered.

"I'm sorry, Miss Loren. Mr. Hartley's at the club. He said he might be rather late."

She had been foolish to call so early. Eighteen holes, probably, and a drink or two afterward. A man does not hurry home to an empty house. "Tell him I called," she said.

"Yes, Miss Loren. Will you be coming up for the weekend?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'll call in the morning."

Her yellow coat was still on the chair. She hung it up; hung up the dress, she had worn during the day and put her underthings in the hamper. I will put everything in order, she thought. I will put myself in order.

And then she remembered: I've got a dinner date! In half an hour Robert Campbell would be ringing her doorbell at seven-thirty.

Bob Campbell was her cousin. I guess he's actually my second cousin, she thought. My father and Uncle Alex had a sister. She was older than Uncle Alex—a lot older. She was almost twenty years older than my father. She married a man named Campbell, and had a son named Robert, and this Robert is her grandson. He is older than I am. Several years older. He is unmarried and he has a sister named—I cannot remember his sister's name.

I will remember his sister's name. I will not forget anything more. His sister is named Dorothy. She is in California. Bob and she shared an apartment in Los Angeles before he was transferred to New York by his firm. He came around to the office a month or so ago to say, hello to Uncle Alexander. He is at loose ends and I have gone out with him twice; a nice man.

She put on a white sleeveless dress and sat in front of her mirror and thought. I got drunk this afternoon and went to sleep on a bench in Bryant Park, opposite a horrible fat man who was sleeping off his drunkenness, as I slept off mine. People walked by and looked at me.

I will call Alma Jackson and apologise. And find out from her how I can get in touch with Bertha Mason, and tell her, too, how sorry I am.

She dialled the number written on the slip of paper. There was a ringing sound, a cool voice. "The number you have dialled is not an operational number," the voice said. "Please consult your directory. The number you have dialled is not an operational number. This is a recording."

Loren put the receiver back. She looked again at what she had written down. Perhaps she had dialled wrong, she thought, and dialled again, slowly, and again a voice, polite and distant, said, "The number you have dialled is not . . ."

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A READER'S STORY

A husband praises the "stronger sex"

● I always thought the "fair sex" was the weaker sex, but now I know just how wrong I've been, and I'd like to apologise humbly for the mistake I've made over the years.

PLEASE let me explain. Recently I got a small plot of land near to Springwood in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W.

Being a pensioner, I decided to clear it myself, and I hoped that later I'd be able to put a small dwelling on it.

I told my wife and she was all for it, so we packed blankets, food, water, tools, and billy-cans in the old car and started off.

Now I must tell you a little about myself. I'd always considered myself the big man type. Hadn't I served in the Army through two wars, roughed it in the bush and in the Kalgoorlie goldfields? Hadn't I travelled the world and done all the things pioneers loved to talk of?

I'd told my wife plenty of stories about the tough times I'd been through, and when now I told her that I didn't like taking her to the block to put up with discomforts she said nothing.

After we'd pitched our camp (we'd borrowed a tent and two camp-beds), I got down to the job of clearing the land and told my lass to get on with her knitting, but instead she built a fire for a meal.

We had just sat down to a cup of tea when the rain came down in sheets, and in a few moments, the bedding, etc., was drenched.

Well, the storm ended as quickly as it had started, but my temper took longer to clear. And yet when I looked up at my wife she was laughing her head off.

Undaunted

Her hair looked like a wet mop, and she was soaked to the skin, but she could still laugh, so I said no more.

Next we packed up all the wet things into the car boot, with me hoping secretly that my wife would say, "Let's go home, lad."

But I was wrong. Instead she said: "Well, let's make the best of it tonight. Tomorrow may be fine and then we'd be sorry we hadn't stayed. And another thing, since we borrowed the camping gear, we'll have to see it's dry before we return it."

I saw her point and that Monday night we sat up in the car to sleep.

Well, I tossed and turned and grumbled all night, but my wife didn't complain once.

After a bit of breakfast next morning I got back to the job of land-clearing.

At this point I told my wife to sit down and take things easy, but that wasn't to be. Before long she was there beside me raking, grubbing out tree-stumps, collecting rubbish to burn, and working like a man.

And what really amazed me the most was the wonderful meals she could prepare over a smoky fire without a word of complaint.

After all my grumblings I really felt ashamed, particularly when I saw the big blisters on my wife's hands.

I again asked if she wanted to return home, but no, she wouldn't hear of it. She said: "We came to do some clearing, so let's make a decent job of it."

Nearly a week went by, and I cannot tell you of the aches and pains I endured in that time, and also the moans and groans I gave out.

More smiles

But from the "little woman" it was still smiles, more smiles.

I can honestly say that though I'd been used to roughing it for many long years I have never, never had a working collier who could take all the hardships and crack jokes all the while and buck my spirits up as my wife did that week.

What a woman to have by my side! They say women are the "weaker sex," but now I just laugh at that, because I know it's a fallacy.

Because of my wife's great help, her spirit, and her understanding, we did a lot more than we expected, so by Saturday morning we were ready to leave.

No doubt, many will wonder what was the point of this week of roughing it. Well, as my wife pointed out to me, we went to achieve something, and thanks to her we did.

I am 67 years old. My wife, who is 54, five feet tall, and about eight stone in weight, had only been in the country for two years, never once roughing it before.

As we were travelling back home, I looked at my lass and thought: For 23 years now I have been proud of you, but never as proud as I am today. You have taught me so much through the years, but not half as much as during the past few days.

As a Yorkshire man married to a Yorkshire girl, I can rightly say: "By gum, lass, that's a champion."

(The writer has supplied his name and address but wishes to be anonymous.)

Feeling depressed? Well, it's
not really so silly to ask...

CAN YOU BLAME IT ON THE WEATHER?



Weather CAN affect the way you THINK and FEEL and ACT!

● The weather—man's staunchest ally and fiercest foe—is an ever-changing combination of forces. It envelops the earth, restricts life to certain areas, and minimises or intensifies the struggle for existence.

WITHIN this environment man is conceived, born, grows, changes, and dies. His health and moods are to a greater or lesser degree weather-warped.

What may be more significant, the weather may affect him even before he is born.

This is not science-fiction. This is the conviction of reputable scientists who, over the past several decades of intensive research, have given a new name — biometeorology — to the old question of how the weather affects our physical and mental health.

These scientists are now agreed that the weather can be an invigorating stimulus, promoting high-level mental activity and physical endurance, or, conversely, weather can siphon off energy, depressing mental and physical powers. The weather can also be a factor in causing restlessness, sleeplessness, irritability.

It can influence the outcome of tonsillitis and the onset of appendicitis, make an earache or toothache better or worse, cause a flare-up in a "quiet" ulcer.

Investigations made by scientists in all parts of the world show definite patterns of reactions to weather conditions and changes.

Arthritic flare-ups and heart attacks, even fatal ones, are more frequent on certain days and seasons, and under certain weather conditions. Statistical evidence relates weather to accidents, crime, suicides, malformations, insanity, epidemics, genius.

In general, your response to weather depends on how severe it is, where you live, what kind of body you have, whether you are well or sick, young or old and, strangely enough, whether you are male or female.

For instance, in areas which experience fierce cyclonic storms, the weather changes they bring are sometimes scarcely noticeable, sometimes drastic.

There can be a sudden dramatic temperature drop within a few hours. The accompanying shift in moisture content of the air, the change in radiation and ionisation, the alteration in temperature, and the rise or fall in barometric pressure — which means an increase or decrease in the weight of air pressing on every tiny cell and blood vessel — do strange things to the human system.

Only the most vigorous can weather these blows. But vigorous people not only hold their ground, they actually grow stronger. The less fortunate — the weak, ailing, and ageing — take weather punishment hard.

If you are thin, cold and rain may play havoc with your physical and mental well-being.

If you are a high metabolic individual, with not much fatty padding to act as a buffer against the elements, you may find winter and early spring your danger periods, rain and cold your enemies.

But though as a child you may have been the one who had no energy, complained of being tired, and had all the ailments in the book, you did survive them — and came out on top.

If you're the robust type, full of energy and never

ailing, with padding to ward off the weather's blows, you may have roared through your youth like a tornado, working endless hours, never tiring. But watch out now.

Because of your buffering you never really had to fight the elements as a youngster.

However, somewhere along in your forties you may find yourself susceptible to the "wear-out" diseases — hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure, diabetes, and other stress diseases.

If you have too much fatty insulation, your body loses some ability to dissipate heat, and hot weather and humidity may become your enemies. If you are neither too fat nor too thin — you're lucky. Stay that way.

As for sex and weather, the male sex is not the hale sex. For even thin women are naturally endowed with a layer of fat just beneath the skin which acts as an efficient shock-absorber against the weather's blows.

However, male or female, fat or thin, humans have a great deal of elasticity and can face short-term cold or hot spells without much change, physically or mentally.

It is usually when we are faced with prolonged periods of intense heat or cold, or when weather shocks occur too frequently, that we meet trouble.

The body attempts to compensate for sudden cold, for example, by raising the metabolism — that is, by speeding up the building-up and tearing-down processes of tissues and cells.

Something must "give" . . .

In cold weather you breathe faster, blood pressure rises, and blood vessels constrict in an attempt to retain body heat. Your chemical balance shifts and all processes accelerate.

If the cold is intense and continues for a long time, or if some part of the body is weak, the increased metabolic rate may be too great a strain for your body to maintain comfortably.

Something has to give. This something may be a sudden flurry of sniffles and colds, earaches and toothaches, and other bacteria-induced infections.

This is also the reason why, in very bad weather, you may hear of sudden heart attacks and strokes.

Cold is not the only weather offender; heat, too, can be a serious trouble-maker. With the first blast of heat, the body shifts into low gear.

Blood pressure drops, blood vessels relax in an attempt to rid the body of stored-up heat, tissues increase their tendency to hold water. You may feel all puffed up, and you actually do weigh more due to fluid retention.

Even the brain swells — which doesn't tend to make you smarter; rather it makes you slower on the trigger.

You breathe more slowly and take it easy — so easy, in fact, that you may hardly have enough energy to mop the perspiration from your brow. Actually, if circulation is too impeded, thrombosis — a plugging of a vessel or artery by a blood clot — can occur.

Thus, extremes of either hot or cold place an added

By WANDA M. BURNETT

strain on the body, and if the heart is already weak, this thermal stress may trigger a heart attack.

Two internationally known researchers, after more than two decades of experimental and clinical study, found that patients in hot, humid climates (lacking air-conditioning) fared poorly.

There was a rise in the number of strokes and heart failure cases. Even with total bed rest, the reaction on the heart under these conditions was much the same as it would have been if the patients had been forced to run up a steep hill.

Two other researchers found that the incidence of thrombosis increased as the temperature either rose sharply or dropped suddenly.

Yet other well-known authorities in the field of biometeorology found that the human brain functions best when outdoor temperatures average between 30 deg. F. and 40 deg. F.

So that's the time — if you find yourself in a temperature as low as that — to air your favorite brainchildren, ask your boss for a rise, polish up your novel, or engage in other mental tasks.

As for prenatal, even preconception, effects of weather on people, brisk weather holds both good and bad cards.

Winter and spring conceptions are said to produce more moody and introspective people, inclined toward instability.

On the other hand, it is from this same winter-spring group that leaders, geniuses, and other outstanding persons often come. Of all the presidents of the United States, for instance, 25 were conceived in these months of greatest environmental stress.

It is claimed that a link has been established between the weather and the ratio of boys to girls.

More boys, the records show, are conceived in the late winter and early spring months when temperature shifts are more dramatic and cold is more severe and the mother's body chemistry may be unstable.

Females are more likely to be conceived in periods of increasing warmth or weather-steadiness when the mother's metabolism may be running on a more even keel.

One researcher also found that growth in children is sluggish in hot, humid climates, and contends that, contrary to earlier beliefs, girls mature later under such conditions than they do in brisk climates.

Human fertility, by the way, is said to reach peak at temperatures near 65 degrees F. It falls when temperatures rise above 70 degrees or drop below 40 degrees.

Another discovery by several researchers was that children grow faster in a weather-whipped area subject to cyclonic storms, etc., than in areas of more constant weather, and that the growth curve follows seasonal trends, with the child growing tall and thin in the spring and widening out in the autumn.

So when you wonder why your children burst the seams of their clothes faster at one time of the year than another, or why on some mornings you spring from your bed with energy and enthusiasm and on others you barely crawl out, or why junior sometimes dawdles so annoyingly over his morning cereal, remember, as common sense has always told us — it must be the weather.

FOR YOUR FAMILY'S HEALTH SAKE WIPE IT WITH WETTEX



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W.S.A.

THE DEVIOUS ONES

At exactly seven-thirty the doorbell rang. Robert Campbell, jun., was just under six feet; his shoulders were wide; he was solid, deep-chested. Looking at him, in a smoothly fitting summer suit, one could see him doing energetic things at a gymnasium, keeping himself fit. His tanned face was square and his crisp sandy hair was cut flat on the top. He had blue eyes and a pleasant smile. He said, "My, you look cool." He had a deep, reliable voice.

Bob Campbell had found a little French place in the Fifties. Everyone who comes to Manhattan finds a little French place—a very special little French place. "Not much from outside," Bob told her, as the cab stopped in the East Fifties. "Wait till you taste the food."

There were only three tables in the little lounge, and all three were occupied, but there were places at the bar. "Two martinis, very dry, lemon peel," Bob said.

"No, not tonight, Bob. Could I have a squash instead?"

Robert Campbell looked at her with concern. The barman looked at her with consternation and said, "A squash, ma'am?"

"I know it's terrible," Loren said. "I just don't feel like I have a little headache."

The squash was cold and pleasant enough, but admittedly a little sweet. Bob's martini in a frosted glass looked tart and crisp.

"I'm sorry," Loren said. "I don't want to spoil your evening."

One of the things that made this little French restaurant different, if not very different, was that the menu was handwritten, in French. They ordered, assisted by the waiter. Loren wanted very little. "It's been such a hot day," she said.

The waiter said, "A little wine, m'sieu?" and Bob looked at her across the table.

"That would be very nice," she said.

He talked while they waited for food—he talked of his search for an apartment, talked of the office to which he had been transplanted. Things were done differently in New York, he was finding. One had to make adjustments.

She listened, from far off. She tried to keep bright interest in her eyes, because these things were important to this pleasant man who was, against odds, trying to keep a dinner date alive.

"The headache's come back, hasn't it?" he said. "I sit here talking my head off. Boring yours off, probably."

"No," she said. "My head's all right. It's only—I'm sorry I'm such a washout, Bob."

He said she wasn't that. "But," he said, "something's worrying you. That's obvious. Uncle Alex all right? Or—this friend of yours? Peter?"

"Say—," she said. "No—"

it's nothing like that. Peter's in Washington."

He waited, sympathy and interest in his eyes.

"All right. Something upsetting happened this afternoon. Something I'm ashamed of. I keep thinking about it."

"I doubt," he said, "whether you've done anything to be ashamed of."

She decided, finally. But it was not easy to begin.

"What happened to the afternoon," she said, "was that it—disappeared."

That was an evasive way to begin.

"While I was going to lunch I met this girl—this girl I went to school with apparently. Then . . ."

As she told what she remembered, and of the long not-remembering, the whole of it grew less real. As she talked, he nodded his head to show that he was listening.

When she had finished he looked thoughtful. "You never did remember this Alma Jackson?"

"No," she said.

"This pulling a blank," he said. "Has that ever happened before?"

She shook her head. "You don't remember anything at all? This other girl—the one Miss Jackson said was an actress?"

"Nothing," Loren said.

"Until I woke up on the park bench. Feeling—oh, dizzy, sick, and—oh, terribly ashamed."

He was looking at his wine-glass.

"When you tried to telephone this Miss Jackson, you're sure you dialled the number right?"

"I dialled it a second time. I—I was all right then, Bob." She heard the anxiety in her own voice.

He said, "It's odd you'd have slept that long—on the park bench. I mean—with-out somebody . . ." He let it trail off. "Wouldn't there be a policeman in this park?"

And then she thought of that for the first time and was puzzled by it.

"I don't know how long I was there," she said. "I don't remember any of it. I could have been somewhere else most of the afternoon and only in the park a few minutes."

He said, "Sure." But the word was only a token. Then he said, "What could have happened, you passed out at this Miss Jackson's place but came out of it, so she and this other girl thought you were all right. And then you started back to Uncle Alexander's office and it caught up with you again."

"I suppose so."

"You don't remember going back to the office?"

"Nothing," Loren said. "I keep telling you—nothing."

She could hear exhaustion in her voice. "I shouldn't have bothered you with all this. I can't imagine why I did."

"I'm the one who ought to be sorry," he said. "Asking you all these questions."

He finished the wine in his glass and looked at her glass, which was still half filled.

Loren shook her head. "This place she took you," he said. "You could find it again?"

"Why," Loren said, "yes. That is—I'm not sure about the street number. But the street—and I'd know the building."

"Why don't we go around and ask this dear old friend of yours what happened?"

She hesitated. "All right," she said.

"Between Madison and Fourth," she told the taxi driver. "There it is," she said presently and the cab stopped in front of the old building.

"The eighth floor," Loren told Bob Campbell in the elevator and he pressed the button numbered "8." Then they went down the corridor and she remembered it clearly and the number on the door—"813."

"See," she said. "There's her name," and pointed at the white strip of card in the slot. She leaned down and forward and—

"Alfred Dunkin."

That was what was typed on the slip of paper. Alfred Dunkin. Not Alma Jackson.

"Something wrong?" Bob said behind her.

"Not her name. Somebody named Dunkin," she said, her voice blank.

"Wrong apartment," he said. "Or—maybe this isn't the right floor?"

"I know this is right," she said. "Know it."

"Let's look at the others, just to be sure," Bob Campbell said. He went to other doors along the corridor. She did not. She stood in front of the door which was the right door and waited until he came back.

It was she who pressed the bell button. A bell shrilled inside, but nobody came to the door.

He watched her, his eyes narrowed. He is speculating about me, Loren thought, wondering whether he wants to get mixed up in this.

"I know this is the place," Loren said. "I know I'm right."

"Tell you what," Bob Campbell said. "There's probably a janitor or something."

THEY brought the elevator up and went into it quickly and snapped its door behind them. The elevator stopped at the ground floor.

"It'll be back here," Bob Campbell said, and started toward the rear of the building. The last door had an enamelled sign that read: Superintendent. Bob pressed the button and a bell shrilled inside and the door opened. A man looked out.

He was a fat man in a T-shirt and a pair of denim trousers. There was greyish stubble on his sagging cheeks.

Loren shrank back. He merely looked puzzled, and then looked at Campbell, as if for an explanation.

But it isn't the same man, Loren thought. Not the sloppy man drunkenly asleep on the park bench. It couldn't be him—merely someone a little like him.

"Sorry to bother you this late," Campbell said. "We're looking for a friend who lives here. Seems we've got the wrong apartment number."

The fat man said, "What's the name?"

"Alma Jackson."

The fat man closed his eyes, apparently in thought. "Nope. Don't know her."

"It would be a sublet," Loren said.

"Got to list 'em," the fat man said. "'S regulation. Wait a minute." He went back into his apartment and left the door open. When he came back he said, "Nope. No Alma Jackson."

"On the eighth floor," Loren said. "Apartment Eight-thirteen. I'm sure that's right, but the name on the door's—"

The fat man sighed and said, "Wait a minute." He went back into the apartment and returned saying, "Eight-thirteen's a Mr. Dunkin," he said. "Moved in two-three weeks ago. Mr. and Mrs. Dunkin." He looked from one to the other of them.

"Well," Robert Campbell said. "Thanks."

"S all right," the fat man said, and closed the door.

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Timeless elegance by Dominex . . . town and country showerproofed coat in a fine check with dark buttons.

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THE DEVIUS ONES

There had been nothing further to do about it that night. To that they agreed, and he, she thought, had agreed readily. They had gone back to her apartment, where in the normal course she would have offered him a drink and they would have sat for half an hour, finishing off an evening. But he had told her to get a good night's sleep and not to worry about any of it, and she had said she would try not to worry, and then he had gone.

The point, Loren thought as the door closed after him, was that he had not, in the end, believed a word of what she had told him. He did not believe there had been a chance-met schoolmate named Alma Jackson, or an afternoon forgotten.

What he did believe, she could not even guess.

She was not sleepy. She made herself hot coffee and sat quietly while she drank it. I should ring Uncle Alex and tell him I'm not coming, she thought.

She got up quickly, went to the telephone, and dialled the number of her uncle's house in North Stamford. She waited longer than she had expected before Charles said, "Mr. Hartley's residence."

"Is my uncle there?"

"Oh—Miss Loren. No, he isn't, Miss Loren."

It was a few minutes after ten. Surely not still at the club.

"He's spending the night on Mr. Cantrell's yacht, Miss Loren,"

Charles said. "They're cruising on the Sound tomorrow. Mr. Cantrell's man called up about it. If the weather holds," Charles said, "they may stay out over the weekend, Miss Loren. Oh, Mr. Sayres called. He said he had called your apartment and you didn't answer."

Loren felt a sharp prick of disappointment. "When, Charles?"

Peter Sayres had telephoned the house in North Stamford about eight-thirty. He had not said where he was calling from, but Charles had assumed it was New York, though it was possible he had been calling from Washington.

"It's got so you can't tell any more," Charles said, his voice

aggrieved. "What with all this dialling, miss."

Charles was getting along. Things kept changing, commonly for the worse.

Loren said, "I know," with sympathy. She said, "Good night, Charles. I'll call if I decide to come up."

She had been at the restaurant with Bob when Peter called. He had called several times. She sat and thought of Peter—a tall, black-haired man, with a mind which cut through litter; a man, she knew, with for her a special smile. Peter would have believed her and found sense in her story.

She got a Manhattan telephone directory from its closet shelf and ran a finger slowly down the long list of subscribers named Mason. There was no Bertha Mason. But there was a Berta Mason. Berta

Mason lived in Bank Street, which was not far away. Bertha had not liked her given name. She might have shortened it.

Forget about it, Loren told herself. Forget it ever happened. Don't telephone, at ten-thirty, a woman named Mason because her given name might be the shortening of the name of a woman I have not seen for years. She will almost certainly not be Bertha Mason.

She dialled anyway and a telephone rang in Bank Street. A woman said, "Hello." She spoke. Loren thought, from a room in which there were many other people, all of them talking at once. The woman who had answered said, "Won't some of you please shut up?" and her voice was more impatient. Then she came back and said, "I'm sorry. Mob scenes. Really it's a wake. For little Twinky. Who is this?"

Berta or Bertha, Loren thought, my Bertha Mason.

"Loren Hartley," she said. "For the love of," Bertha Mason said. "Strictly for the love of. Darling. Come right over."

The wake had included Loren thought, a normal number of drinks. "No," Loren said. "I can't, Bertha. I'm sorry. . . . Berta."

"Twinkle - Twinkle," Bertha said. "So fresh. So gay. So young. The revue of youth," it said there. And, darling, what a flop."

FROM THE BIBLE

● "If your brother wrongs you, rebuke him; and if he repents, forgive him."

— Luke 17:3.

"Bertha," Loren said. "Will you listen a minute, Bertha? Just one small minute?"

It had been a request often made of Bertha Mason those years ago. "Darling," Bertha said now. "You sound serious."

"Bertha," Loren asked. "Did you have lunch with Alma Jackson today?"

"Who's she?"

"Apparently," Loren said, "a girl we both went to school with. I met her . . ." She told enough of the story briefly.

"For one thing," Bertha Mason said, "I don't remember anybody named Alma Jackson. For another, I had lunch with my agent, the poor dejected darling. You said 'apparently.' Didn't you remember her, either?"

"No," Loren said. "But—I'm not good at remembering. And she knew about you."

"If I were a confidence woman," Bertha Mason said, "and knew where somebody went to school, I'd see if there was a yearbook, wouldn't you, darling? With pictures and cute sayings? Bertha Mason. The girl most likely to succeed at making a fool of herself? Tell me, did she take you down for any money or what—?"

"No," Loren said. "Nothing happened."

"Sounds like you're keeping things from me, baby."

"Nothing that matters," Loren said. "I'm keeping you from your party."

It had been fun meeting again, even thus, after so many years. They agreed on that. They would get together for lunch or something soon. They agreed on that.

It's as if I'd dreamed it all, Loren thought. But it can't be that.

She was undressing when the phone rang, and she ran across the room to it.

The line was open, but no one spoke. After a few seconds she heard the sound of a receiver being replaced.

Loren woke to anxiety, as she had gone asleep in it. She woke depressed, and for a few seconds could not remember why. Then she remembered. She had slept in a turbulence, tossing among dreams.

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Dress Sense

By
**BETTY
KEEP**

1945.—Soft two-piece suit and separate overblouse (below) in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 5945, price 9/6 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



● This soft two-piece is my style choice for a reader who asks for a between-seasons outfit to be made in a dark printed rayon. A paper pattern is available for the design.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply.

"I have some silky material — a heavy rayon—in dark browns, red, and beige to make up for between-seasons wear. Would a suit be correct, and could I have a pattern for the style you suggest? I take a 36in. bust size; I am big but well-proportioned."

The soft two-piece suit and sleeveless overblouse illustrated here would be perfect. The easy-fit jacket has concealed fastenings, the neckline is finished with a self-material band, and the long sleeves have self cuffs. The overblouse is sleeveless, and the skirt slim and easy. If you decide to order the pattern, details, price, and how to order are given above.

"Could you please suggest a nice neckline to finish a chiffon evening blouse?"

A high-in-front neckline matching from shoulder to shoulder and a low cowl at back.

"I am not sure of the date, but you had a pattern for a divided

skirt suitable for deck games on a ship. As I have passed my Weekly on, would it be possible to let me have the pattern number and price so I can order it if still obtainable."

The design you inquired about was a short culotte skirt and the pattern is still available. If ordering, please quote Vogue Pattern 6112. Pattern is in sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist; price 5/9 includes postage. Pattern available from Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"What sort of buttons would be smart to finish the front of a navy-blue linen coat dress?"

You could choose from the following: white, pearl, a matching shade of navy, or gold.

"I am being married next month, and as I am wearing a suit made in printed silk I wondered if it would be correct to carry flowers."

Yes, but keep them simple. A very small nosegay of your favorite flowers tied with a ribbon bow and streamers would be charming.



"Is it correct for a woman in her fifties to wear a shift? I am very thin but have a large waist, so thought the shift line would be flattering to my figure."

It would be quite correct, and flattering, too, if you have a shift with sleeves. I don't advise any sleeveless fashion for your age group.

"What accessories should I wear with a brown and white check suit? The suit is in cotton rayon."

A white overblouse and shoes in beige or brown.

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an easier way
to make
starch



Yes. There is an easier way to make starch — Zippy — the starch you just pour! Zippy liquid starch is easiest, quickest to make. You'll love what it does for your wash. Zippy gives body and crisp freshness to shirts, cottons — everything you starch. Zippy makes ironing easier and smoother too. **You'll love Zippy, the starch you just pour.**

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THE
BEATLES

JOHNNY
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COL
JOYE

JUDY
STONE

GALE
GARNET

JOHNNY
DEVLIN

Is your POP STAR choice worth £600?

Yes, indeed it is... in the wonderful new contest in Everybody's Magazine. This week's Everybody's has gone on a giant color spree to make it the most exciting, most COLOR CRAMMED issue yet!

To celebrate, we're going gay with a fabulous

"VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE POP STAR" CONTEST

Your vote could win you a bonanza £600 cash prize... and there's consolation prizes of 25 sensational albums (value £16 each) containing six 12" LP's by current pop stars.

It costs nothing to enter. Full details and color pictures are in this week's issue.

ALSO IN THIS GREAT COLOR-SPREE ISSUE

- ★ A giant 260 square inch color pin-up of Ray Columbus and the Invaders
- ★ Color features on Mark Wynter, Johnny Mathis and Peter and Gordon.
- ★ Fashion for the space age
- ★ All the other regular interest features.

★ LOOK FOR CILLA BLACK ON THE COVER.

Everybody's

MAGAZINE

West Australian readers please note that this issue will be on sale next week.

Continued from page 40

She dreamed of the sloppy fat man on the park bench, and part of the time he was the janitor of the building in which Alma Jackson lived — no, did not live. Loren ran down corridor after corridor, looked at names on a hundred doors.

She woke with a damp sheet twisted around her. She threw it off and ran to the bathroom and stood under a cold shower. She was still towelling herself when the telephone rang. Her bare feet left damp shapes on the floor as she went with a kind of dread. Would there be silence again at the other end? Or could it be Peter?

"Hope I didn't wake you up," Robert Campbell said, his voice cheerful, normal. "Wanted to be sure you were all right."

"I was awake," she said. She tried to put animation into her voice.

"Good," Bob said. "Nothing like a good night's sleep. You were in quite a state last night."

"I know," she said. "I'm sorry I was such a washout."

He hadn't meant that; he spent some seconds explaining. "Anything come back about the afternoon?" he asked her and she said, "No, Bob. Nothing."

"Well," he said, "long as you're all right now. How about lunch somewhere?"

After begging off from the lunch date she went and stood in front of the door mirror in her bedroom. She looked at herself. She hadn't changed.

She dressed and telephoned the garage and arranged for her car to be brought down.

She got the new yellow coat from the cupboard and at first thought it was none the worse for what it had been through. But she took it to a window and looked more carefully, and it was considerably the worse. She had spilled something on the front of the coat. Probably a drink — one of my drinks. And with that she felt an inner chill, which was almost a sickness. She folded the coat so that the stain did not show and put it over her arm and picked up the overnight bag. Then the telephone rang.

"And where," a familiar voice said, "have you been?"

"Peter! I thought you were —"

"Got sprung from Washington," he said. "Flew up. No Loren. I'm in Stamford. Charles doesn't seem to know whether you're coming up. I called to tell you. You're coming up."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Peter. I'm starting now."

"Start," Peter Sayres said, and hung up. Peter, too, was the same as he had always been.

I'll leave the coat at the cleaner's, Loren thought...

"Something got spilled at a party, Louis," she told the cleaner — the special "little" cleaner at the corner.

"Wine, maybe," Louis said. "I don't know, Miss Hartley. Helps if they know." ("They" were the wholesale cleaners to which the coat would go on Monday. No collections on Saturday, he told her.)

"Soup? It ain't oil," Loren said, "a Bloody Mary."

"It helps to know," Louis said.

The sports car had its nose at the garage door. Traffic was not too heavy driving north. In June, the city flees on Friday afternoons, or gets up at the crack of Saturday's dawn. She went up the Merritt, which is best for North Stamford. It was not yet eleven when she turned the car up the long tree-lined drive to the big white house which had, until a year or so before, been the house she lived in. She parked the car in the turnaround and walked into the house through the open french windows.

"Here she is now, sir," Charles, middle-aged and firmly rotund, immaculate in white jacket, said into the telephone and then, over it, "Mr. Sayres, miss."

"What kept you?" Peter said, when she took the telephone. "Been waiting hours."

HE had talked to her so since they had been children together. She had never minded, and now to come to the safety of the house she had grown up in and the familiar, friendly impatience of Peter's voice seemed, somehow, to wipe yesterday away.

"I've reserved a court for eleven-thirty," he said. "Can't have dawdling, girl. Give you ten minutes."

"Yassuh, boss. Yassuh," Loren said.

She was on the terrace when he drove up the drive, fast and confident as he always was.

"You're a good girl," he told her. "A punctual girl. You have earned reward."

He bent down and kissed her. He was a lean, tall man; his hair was very black in the morning sun.

"You haven't changed a bit," Peter Sayres said. "I'd know you anywhere."

"You look a bit familiar yourself," Loren said. "Act it, too."

They drove to the club in Peter's somewhat elderly sedan.

They played two sets. They were not unevenly matched so long as he did not take the net, did not blast his first service. This was understood between them. He won both sets; once she had set point.

They changed and swam, and the water in the pool was cool. They changed again and found a shaded table on the club terrace. It was, he

THE DEVIOUS ONES

told her, a day for gin and tonic. For a moment there was a catch in her mind. Abruptly, almost angrily, she said a gin and tonic would be fine. And it was fine — tingling and cold and with the bite of lime. "How's Washington?" she asked, and he talked lightly and without reverence about Washington.

Suddenly a man said, "Where's that uncle of yours, Loren?"

They had not seen him coming to their table. A good many people were on the terrace — many of them in golf shoes. The man was solid and red-faced and in his sixties; white hair fringed a sunburnt head. Loren looked up blankly at Norman Cantrell.

"Why," she said, "I thought you and he were on the Sound."

Norman Cantrell shook his head. He said, "What gave you the idea old Alex and

I —" He looked at her intently. His eyes were shrewd; concern began to shadow them.

Loren moved her chair back a little and looked up at Cantrell, conscious that Peter's face was puzzled.

"Somebody —" Loren said "called Charles last night said he was calling for you and that you and Uncle Alex were going sailing and would be gone over the weekend."

"That's damn funny," Norman Cantrell said, in the tone of a man who did not think it funny at all. He and Alexander Hartley had planned, he said, to make two of a four some the previous afternoon, had planned to meet on the three-thirty from Grand Central and go directly to the club. But at three o'clock just as Cantrell was about to leave his office, Hartley had

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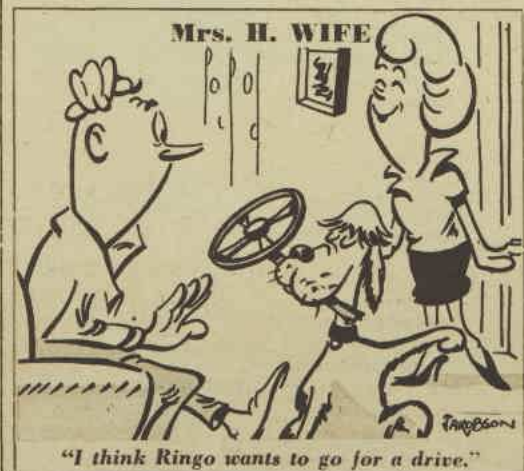
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THE IDEAL GIFT.



"I think Ringo wants to go for a drive."

Gingerbread



GINGER CAKE is one version of the ever-popular gingerbread. This family-size cake is economical, uses only one egg. See below.

● Everyone has a favorite type of gingerbread—be it light or dark, firm-textured or deliciously moist, topped with icing or plain. There are recipes to suit all tastes in this feature.

GINGERBREADS are versatile. They're good, homely fare for morning or afternoon tea; they pack well for cut lunches; they team well with coffee for a late snack; and, served warm with custard or cream, they're a good-tasting hearty dessert.

Some are rich with spices, chopped ginger, or fruit; others have a simple lemon, passionfruit, or coconut topping. Recipes for these are included.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all these recipes.

BASIC GINGERBREAD No. 1

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients. Cream butter, gradually add sugar, beat until light and fluffy; add egg, beat well. Stir treacle into milk. Add dry ingredients, alternately with milk, to the creamed mixture; beat thoroughly. Pour into greased loaf, or patty tins. Bake in moderate oven for two 8 in. layers, 30 to 40 minutes; loaf-tin, large, 35 to 45 minutes; patty-cakes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dozen, 20 to 25 minutes.

BASIC GINGERBREAD No. 2

One cup treacle, 3oz. brown sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup boiling water, 12oz. plain flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons ground ginger, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 eggs.

Pour boiling water over treacle, sugar, and butter, and mix until butter melts. Sift dry ingredients, beat into the

liquid; beat well until the mixture is smooth and there is no trace of lumps. Beat eggs, stir into mixture quickly. Bake in greased and lined loaf-tin in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cool in tin before turning out. Serve plain, buttered, or top with Passionfruit Icing.

Passionfruit Icing: Two and a half cups icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter or substitute, pulp of 2 passionfruit or 1 tablespoon canned passionfruit.

Soften butter, gradually add sifted icing sugar until the mixture is crumbly. Add the passionfruit, using a little more or less pulp to make a smooth spreading consistency.

GRANDMOTHER'S GINGERBREAD

Seven ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, pinch salt, 3oz. chopped dates, 5oz. golden syrup, 2oz. lard, 1 egg, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, little extra milk.

Sift flour, salt, cinnamon, and ginger; add chopped dates. Warm syrup and lard together until both are melted. Beat egg and sugar together. Add these 2 mixtures alternately to the flour. Stir in milk, and lastly add soda, dissolved in little extra milk. Mix thoroughly, pour into greased 8 in. sandwich-tin. Bake in moderately slow oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour.

GINGER CAKE

One pound plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, 6 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 8oz. brown sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour, salt, ginger, baking-powder, and bicarbonate of soda into basin. Place treacle, butter, and brown sugar into saucepan, stir over a low heat until sugar dissolves. Cool. Add to dry ingredients; mix in egg and warmed milk. Pour into greased and paper-lined 10 in. square or large oblong cake-tin. Bake in moderately hot oven 1 hour. Cool slightly

before turning out on cake-cooler. When quite cold, top with Lemon Icing.

Lemon Icing: Two cups icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter or substitute, lemon juice.

Sift icing sugar. Soften butter with spatula or wooden spoon, then gradually add icing sugar, working well in, until mixture is crumbly. Add sufficient lemon juice, a little at a time, to make smooth spreading consistency.

OLD-FASHIONED SOFT GINGERBREAD

One cup treacle, 1 dessertspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cocoa, 3 cups plain flour.

Heat treacle gently. Add bicarbonate of soda, beat into treacle until it froths. Beat sugar, eggs and milk well, stir into treacle mixture with the melted butter. Sift flour, spices, and cocoa, stir into the liquid mixture. Pour into well-greased 8 in. cake-tin, the base of which has been lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes to 1 hour. Allow to stand 5 minutes, turn out. When cold, ice with Lemon Icing (see recipe above).

BRANDIED-HONEY GINGERBREAD

Six ounces honey, 6oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, 3oz. sultanas, 1 egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. brandy.

Heat (do not boil) the honey, butter, sugar, and water; cool slightly. Sift dry ingredients, add sultanas and egg. Mix thoroughly with the honey mixture; add brandy. Pour into greased 8 in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Serve buttered, plain or iced, or serve warm with hot custard sauce as a dessert.

Continued on page 45

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



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that's why they need very special care**

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NLS 181/64

GINGERBREAD . . .

. . . continued from page 43

GINGER LAYER CAKE

Four ounces white vegetable shortening, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, 6oz. sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour.

Melt shortening to only barely warm. Combine with eggs, milk, syrup, ginger, salt, sugar, and half the sifted flour. Beat 5 minutes, add remaining flour, beat 1 minute longer. Bake in 2 7in. cake-tins in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

When cool, join together with whipped cream, ice with chocolate or lemon icing.

GINGER SPONGE ROLL

Three eggs, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, whipped cream, icing sugar.

Place eggs and sugar in large bowl, beat 5 minutes. Lightly fold in sifted flour and ginger. Pour in the warmed syrup, fold through mixture, blending in thoroughly. Pour into greased and lined 9in.-square cake-tin. Bake in hot oven 7 minutes. Turn out on to sugar-cinnamon-dusted paper, roll up while warm. Unroll when cold, spread with whipped cream, re-roll. Sprinkle with icing sugar.

HONEY GINGERBREAD

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup honey, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 1 egg, 3 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 cup hot water.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add beaten egg, beat well. Stir in the honey, then sifted dry ingredients. Add hot water, beat mixture until smooth. Pour into greased and paper-lined 9in.-square cake-tin. Bake in moderately hot oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Cool slightly, turn on to cake-cooler. When cold cut in 2 layers, fill with mock cream.

Mock Cream: Two tablespoons butter, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups sifted icing sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, vanilla.

Cream butter until quite soft, then gradually add icing sugar, continue beating until smooth. Add milk and vanilla, continue beating until soft and fluffy.

GINGER FLUFF SPONGE

Three eggs, 3-8th cup sugar, 3-8th cup arrowroot, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, whipped cream, icing sugar.

Separate eggs. Beat egg-whites, gradually beat in sugar; add yolks. Fold in sifted flour, arrowroot, soda, cream of tartar, cocoa, and spices. Fold in slightly warmed, softened syrup. Pour into two well-greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven. When cool, join with whipped cream, dust top with sifted icing sugar.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN GINGERBREAD

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, extra 5oz. butter or substitute, extra 4oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 5oz. golden syrup, 8oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, canned pineapple slices, glace cherries.

Cream the 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons sugar. Spread $\frac{1}{2}$ of this over base of greased recess-tin. Place extra butter and sugar, golden syrup, and water in saucepan, heat until melted; cool a little. Sift flour, baking-powder and ginger into basin. Make well in centre, add syrup mixture, then beaten eggs and lemon rind, mix well. Pour into prepared tin, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Cool slightly, remove from tin. Arrange pineapple slices and cherries in recess section of cake. Heat remaining creamed mixture, pour over cake.

This is nice, too, served with cream as a dessert.

COFFEE SPICE SQUARES

Two cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice, 1 tablespoon instant coffee, 3oz. cooking chocolate (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup treacle, 2 eggs, 2oz. blanched, toasted and chopped almonds, 4oz. chopped preserved ginger.

Sift dry ingredients, add chocolate, chopped ginger, and nuts. Pour hot water over butter, stir until melted; mix in the treacle. Then add beaten eggs, blend thoroughly. Quickly stir in dry ingredients, pour into greased and lined lamington-tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Allow to cool a few minutes before turning out. Cut into squares. Can be served warm as dessert with cream, custard or ice-cream.

GINGER PUDDING-CAKE

Ten ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 6oz. brown sugar, 8oz. golden syrup, 2 eggs, 5oz. lard, 1 scant cup water.

Sift into bowl the flour, bicarbonate of soda, salt, cinnamon, ginger, and nutmeg. Beat sugar, syrup, and eggs. Heat lard and water together in saucepan. When water is boiling and lard has melted, stir into egg mixture, mixing well. Stir gradually into dry ingredients, beating until smooth. Pour into greased and lined 9in. square sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or until firm to touch. Leave in tin a few minutes before turning out to cool.

If wished, serve warm, cut into squares, with cream, custard or ice-cream.



• This recipe for a delicious dessert pie wins £5 prize.

LEMON DESSERT WINS PRIZE

• The £5 prize this week is awarded for a delicious lemon-flavored pie.

THIS recipe comprises a crisp pastry-shell, filled with a creamy lemon mixture and topped with crunchy crumbs, lemon slices, and whipped cream.

Spoon measurements are level.

LEMON LUSCIOUS CHEESE PIE

Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt.

Cream together the butter or substitute and sugar. Add flour and salt, mix just enough to form dough into a ball. Place about 3 tablespoons of dough in small

pan for topping. Press remainder over base and sides of 8 or 9in. pie-plate; decorate edges. Bake in moderately hot oven about 12 minutes or until golden. Bake topping crumbs about 8 minutes; cool.

Filling: Quarter cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 3 eggs (separated), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt, 1 cup softened cream cheese, 1 cup cream, lemon slices and whipped cream to decorate.

Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, gelatine, egg-whites,

and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in top half of double saucepan. Cook over boiling water until thickened slightly; set aside. Combine extra lemon juice, egg-yolks, extra sugar, vanilla, and salt in small saucepan. Beat well until very light. Cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened slightly; remove from heat. Add cream cheese, beat until smooth. Fold in gelatine mixture. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat cream until thick, fold into mixture. Fill into cooled pie-shell, sprinkle over topping crumbs; chill. At serving time top with lemon slices and whipped cream.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Boorman, Taylor Ave., Caloundra, Qld.

SCOTCH GINGERBREAD

One pound plain flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm milk, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped preserved ginger, 1 cup treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarsely chopped blanched almonds, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons ground ginger.

Coconut Topping: One dessertspoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 1

teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut.

Sift flour, salt, ginger, and soda, add sugar, rolled oats, almonds, chopped ginger; mix well. Warm the butter, treacle, and milk; add to dry mixture with the beaten egg; mix thoroughly. Pour into greased 8in.-square tin. Bake in moderately hot oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Brush surface with melted butter of topping ingredients; sprinkle with coconut and icing sugar, sifted with cinnamon.

FRUIT GINGERBREAD

Two and a half cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mace, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, 4oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1oz. sultanas, 1oz. chopped glace cherries, 1oz. mixed peel, 1oz. chopped dried apricots, 1oz. chopped crystallised ginger, 1oz. chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons treacle, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift together flour, soda, salt, mace, and ginger. Rub in the butter, stir in the sugar, fruits, and nuts. Beat egg, stir in the milk and treacle, mix in. Turn into large greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve sliced and buttered.

ORANGE GINGERBREAD

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 large oranges, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins or sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, extra 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup golden syrup, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling water.

Melt the 1 tablespoon butter, pour into greased 9in. cake-tin which has the base lined with paper. Cut the rind from the oranges, slice the fruit about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick and arrange in bottom of tin. Sprinkle raisins round the orange slices, then sprinkle over the brown sugar.

Cream together the 4oz. butter and the 2 tablespoons sugar. Add well-beaten egg and syrup. Sift flour with salt, spices, and bicarbonate of soda. Add alternately with the boiling water to the creamed mixture. Spoon over the oranges. Bake in moderately slow oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or until firm to the touch. Allow to stand about 3 minutes, turn out on to large plate.

Serve warm, as a dessert, with whipped cream, custard, or ice-cream.

Useful home hints from readers

• Readers who sent in these practical household hints win a prize of £1/1/- each. They give useful tips that will make your work of cooking, cleaning, washing, and other household chores easier.

FOR an omelet with a gourmet touch:

To one small jar of creamed fish (available as baby food), add a pinch of basil and a dash of onion salt. Heat, spread on cooked omelet, and serve immediately. — Miss J. Upton, 85 Prince Charles Rd., French's Forest, N.S.W.

If towels have worn thin in the centre, cut a hole big enough to go over the head, then bind the edges with bias binding. The towel is then useful to slip over the head when washing the hair. — Mrs. E. M. Evans, 27 Rupara St., Port Pirie, S.A.

For your next outdoor party, paint your wheelbarrow a gay color, fill it with two bags of crushed ice, and stand the drink bottles in it. — Mrs. M. Watson, 19 Wilson St., Glen Iris, Vic.

Remove crumbs from electric toaster with a dry bottle-brush; remove burnt-on stains with a dry steel-wool pad. Rub exterior vigorously with a wad of dry newspaper to obtain a brilliant shine. — Mrs. M. Jeffries, 272 Lesmurdie Rd., Lesmurdie, W.A.

For a delightfully fresh bedroom, slip a little dried lavender into the hems of the curtains. As the breeze sways them, the scent of lavender is wafted into the room.

— W. Templeton, 2/11 Castlefield St., Bondi, N.S.W.

The work of making lampshades will be much easier and quicker if you use little plastic pegs to hold the fibreglass, buckram, or other stiff material to the wire frame, and also to hold any braid trimming while sewing it on. — Mrs. Violet Hughes, 2 Vosz Flats, Adelphi Tce., North Glenelg, S.A.

After buying your knitting wool, cut blocks of camphor into small pieces and insert into each of the rolled balls of wool. This will keep moths, etc., at bay. — Mrs. Lebianft, Faraday St., Monto, Qld.

A piece of chalk kept in your cutlery drawer will absorb any moisture and prevent dampness and rust. Every few weeks, dry out the chalk in the oven and use it again. — Miss S. Curry, 64 Park St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

When tinting white fabrics any color, mix a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the hot water used to mix the dye solution. This makes the dye even and avoids patchiness and streakiness. — Mrs. P. Pearce, 35 Bishop St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

When having a home permanent wave or setting your hair, use pipe-cleaners for those ends too short for rollers. They prove satisfactory and are easy to manipulate. — B. Henley, Dunmore Tce., Auchinflower, Qld.

Don't throw away the liquid left in a bowl of beetroot. Add sufficient gelatine or a portion of red jelly crystals to the heated liquid to make a jelly. Serve with cold meat. — Mrs. I. Noulft, Jeolga P.O., via Armidale, N.S.W.

Rub inside the heels of new shoes with a slightly moistened cake of soap. This will help to prevent blisters. — A. Gunthorpe, 20 Iveagh Ave., Holland Park, Qld.

Hang starched lace or net curtains over a sheet on the line to dry, and pull into shape. The curtains, when dry, will need only touching up with the iron. — Mrs. Colleen Hay, 22 Beverley Tce., South Guildford, W.A.



Golden Days Salad

simple, sustaining summer meal with the goodness of →

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INGREDIENTS: 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple, 8oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese (cut in cubes), 1 lettuce, 4 medium tomatoes (cut into wedges), Kraft French or Italian Dressing.

METHOD: Tear lettuce into bite-sized pieces and place in salad bowl. Arrange cheese cubes and tomato wedges in rings round central circle of pineapple slices. Garnish pineapple with twirls of lettuce and chili. Just before serving, pour over French or Italian Dressing and toss lightly.

Serve health



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The Australian Women's Weekly

THE DEVIOUS ONES

telephoned and broken the engagement.

Cantrell pulled out a chair and sat down. "Only it wasn't Alex who called. Somebody's secretary said Alex had asked her to call. That Alex had just tied up in a conference and couldn't make it. Said Alex wondered if we couldn't get up the same foursome for this afternoon. One o'clock, she said. Now here it is—" he looked at the watch on his wrist — "twenty past, and no Alex. You know the old boy is about punctuality, Loren."

"This conference must have come up very suddenly," she said. "I—his afternoon was free, I thought."

"You weren't at the office yesterday afternoon?" Peter said.

She shook her head. She said, "No, I—I wasn't at the office. I didn't go back after lunch." She stood up suddenly, so suddenly that her hand upset her glass.

"Something's happened," she said. "He was alone in the office and..."

"It's not like old Alex," Norman Cantrell said. "Not a bit like him."

They telephoned the house first. No, Mr. Hartley had not come back. Charles had understood that he and Mr. Cantrell—

"There seems to have been a change of plan," Peter told him. "Just thought he might have showed up," Peter said. "Tomorrow will do just as well."

They tried the office next, but there the telephone was unanswered.

"The police?" Peter suggested. Loren shook her head. It might all be nothing. If Alexander Hartley were engaged in some private matters he would not want policemen blundering in on them.

"Peter," she said, "drive me home. To the office? He may have left some word there."

They went fast on winding roads from club to parkway; far faster on the parkway. "Peter," Loren said, and after a moment's wait he said, "Yes, my dear?"

She had not meant to tell anybody else. But now she had to. Driving fast, Peter kept his eyes on the road as he listened. Even when he spoke, he did not look at her. "On the face of it," Peter Sayres said then, "it's a pretty fishy story, isn't it?"

It was as if everything inside her sank, as if his mind had struck hers a numbing blow. When he began to talk again he still looked toward the road ahead.

"A woman you don't remember ever having seen stops you," he said. "Says she's an old schoolmate. You go to her place for lunch—just like that. You remember having one drink and then, hours later, you wake up on a bench in Bryant Park. You and this Campbell go around to the place where this woman is supposed to live, but she's not known there. This other woman—the other one you went to school with, and do remember—never heard of Alma Jackson."

She could say nothing; her throat was too dry.

"This man Campbell," he

said. "What kind of guy is he?"

He slowed the car and looked at her. He said, "What's the matter with you?" She did not look at him.

"For heaven's sake," Peter said, "how stupid can a bright girl get?" The car's speed had built up again. "I shall try," Peter Sayres said, "to make it very simple. I, having known you since you were a pup, know that when you say things happened a certain way they happened that way. Do you follow me to this point, girl?"

"You sounded—" she began.

"I said that the story is fishy. You haven't a chance of proving it, if you have to prove it. This disappearing Alma Jackson. This passing out on one drink. This—"

"I wish," she said, "that you wouldn't talk as if you really thought me stupid."

"You have been given a very fishy story to tell, girl. If a client of mine came up with as fishy a story I'd throw him back. To start with, you say you went off with a woman

held her tightly, but did not say anything. After a time he drew her through the doorway into the outer office.

"Time to call the police," Peter Sayres said, and his voice was dull. "Only—not time to tell them yet about your story. You understand?" he said.

Uniformed men came first. One of them, with a sergeant's chevrons, used the telephone, took their names, and wrote them down. He said, "Have to ask you to wait around."

After that there were a good many men coming and going, none of whom said anything to Loren and Peter. A man with a camera was in the inner office for some time. There was a man with a physician's bag. After he had gone out two men in white came, one at either end of a basketlike thing. They were in the office only briefly and came out, walking as if the basket were much heavier.

Then a very thin man with very red hair said his name was Simmons and that he was

But I don't think they will, yet.

"Somebody wants you to tell that story, somebody who killed your uncle. We'll let the somebody wait. The police will probably ask if you know of any enemies your uncle may have had," Peter had told her.

But Bernard Simmons saw little use in wasting time, and did not ask her.

"Your uncle was stabbed with what looks like a paper knife," he said. "Where was it, usually?"

"On the desk," she said. "It was—was just something to put on a desk. A letter opener. He didn't use it—I don't suppose he ever used it. I opened the letters in— in here."

"When you and Mr. Sayres came this afternoon," Simmons said, "the outer door was locked?"

"Yes," Loren said. "It's a snap lock. It would lock behind anyone."

"Mr. Simmons," Sayres said. "It probably isn't very busy here on Friday afternoons. Not many people coming and going. Wouldn't the elevator operator—"

"Wasn't on after one," Simmons said. "Self-service after one. Very convenient for somebody. Did your uncle always keep his office cold, Miss Hartley? Air conditioner's going full blast. Usual thing?"

"I turned it up when I left," she said. "He asked me to. I may have turned it up higher than I meant."

"That's probably it," Simmons said, and looked at Stein and raised his eyebrows. "There'll be—arrangements, Miss Hartley. When the medical examiner's finished. Unpleasant business. Somebody closer than you to your uncle we should get in touch with?"

"No," Loren said. "There's nobody closer."

"All right," Simmons said. "Somebody'll get in touch." Which was a way of saying he was, for now at any rate, done with them.

"I thought," Loren said to Peter in the elevator going down, "that there would be more questions. He seemed almost casual. As if it—"

"Take it easy, girl," Peter said.

"As if it didn't matter," she said and her voice shook a little. "As if it were just an ordinary thing."

"When the D.A.'s office moves in at this stage," Peter said, "it isn't an ordinary thing, Loren."

THEY

stepped out into the corridor. There was a uniformed policeman standing near the street door.

Loren walked a little ahead, toward the policeman, then she stopped, seemed to stagger. Peter Sayres saw her body shaking and put an arm around her and then saw how white her face suddenly had become. He said, "Steady does it, girl."

"My coat," Loren said. "There was something on my coat. Peter, I'm afraid!"

The policeman gave no indication he had heard anything. He was looking toward the street. He was a guard, merely standing by.

"He leaves a lot of money," Lieutenant John Stein said. "You've heard of him, Bernie?"

"Yes," Bernard Simmons said. He watched the last of the crew as they dusted for prints. "And she's next of kin, as you say."

"As she says. Apparently came to the office every day, like any working girl. She probably won't have to any more, will she?"

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Fashion FROCKS

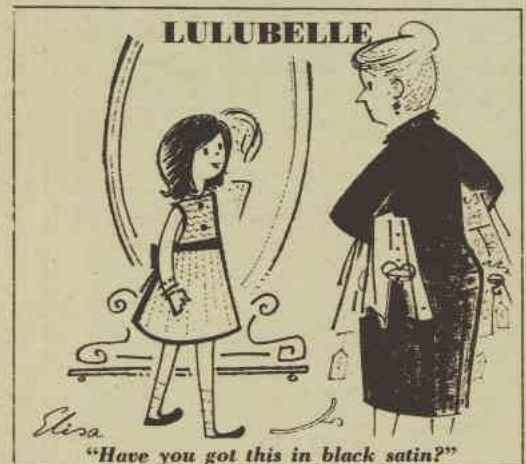
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you couldn't remember and

"It's hard to explain," she said.

He said, "Shut up, will you, girl?"

She looked at him. He still did not look at her, but in profile she could see the edge of a smile on his wide mouth.

"You felt apologetic because you didn't recognise her," he said. "Because you had hurt her feelings, you had to make amends. Going to lunch with her seemed a little thing to make it up. You're just a young woman with a preposterous story you can't prove. A story made up to cover something. You begin to get it?"

"Peter, I'm afraid."

"With cause," he said. "With all due and proper cause."

It is easy to park in West Fortieth Street on a Saturday afternoon. The lobby of the office building was empty. There was no operator on Saturday afternoons. Anyone wanting to go up or down could press his own buttons.

As they walked along the wide corridor toward the office, she got her key out.

In the outer office it was unexpectedly cold and the door to the inner office was not locked. It was Loren who discovered the key unneeded.

Alexander Hartley had fallen forward across his wide desk as he died. He had bled a good deal from the wound in his throat. The metal letter opener, Peter thought, must have pierced the jugular.

Loren put her hands over her face and drew back. He put an arm around her and

from the District Attorney's office. He said he was sorry to have kept them waiting so long. Another man, dark and good-looking didn't say anything.

"This is Lieutenant Stein," the red-haired man said. "Homicide. Now—just one or two points. How'd you happen to come here and find Mr. Hartley?"

"I—" Loren began, but Peter interrupted.

"Mr. Hartley didn't come home last night," he said. "Had a golf date at one this afternoon," Peter said.

"Didn't show up for that. Miss Hartley got worried and I drove her in."

"Very bad thing to find," Simmons said. "Sorry to have to bother you, Miss Hartley."

"It's all right," Loren said.

"Your uncle was killed about twenty-four hours ago, the doctor thinks," the man named Simmons said. Loren looked at him and waited. He had the reddest hair she had ever seen. His eyes were reddish-brown. "You weren't here, of course, Miss Hartley. But you did work for your uncle?"

"There was little to do Friday afternoons," she said. "He planned to leave early himself to go to the country and play golf. I had the afternoon off. I went to lunch about twelve-thirty and didn't go back."

"And then?"

"Oh. I went to my apartment."

That was not untrue. She had gone to her apartment. "They'll ask that," Peter had told her while they waited for the police to come.

"You won't lie, but— you won't fill it in. If they pin you down— you won't lie."

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THE BOYFRIEND



"I've brought you some flowers!"

Continued from page 47

"Nice not to work Friday afternoons," Bernard Simmons said. "Nice not to have to work at all, I suppose."

"The knife's pretty much a wash-out, Lieutenant," one of the fingerprint men said. "Corrugations all over the handle. Fragments of prints. Nothing we can use."

"No," Stein said, "I didn't think there would be. We can't have everything. She looks like a girl might play a good deal of golf. Tennis, maybe. Toughens the muscles."

"They don't look tough," Bernie Simmons said. "Very nice muscles, from what I noticed. But, yes, Johnny. Maybe he made her work here and she didn't like it. Maybe

he was the Scrooge type, Johnny. We don't know, do we? Too bad our friend next door can't help us more."

They were, Stein pointed out, lucky that the doorman of the restaurant next door could help them at all. He couldn't have, probably, if it hadn't been for the coat. A warm day for a coat of any kind, the doorman had thought.

Somewhere between three and three-thirty a young woman hurrying out of an office building, wearing a yellow coat, asking him to get her a taxi. Medium sort of girl. Brown hair, he thought. No hat. No, he guessed he wouldn't be able to identify the girl if he saw her again. Not as much as they would

THE DEVILOUS ONES

have liked to get from their friend next door; more than they had any right to expect to get.

"He didn't notice any stains?" "Can't say either way."

"Boys are working on the cleaners," Stein said. "Of course a lot of them close up Saturday this time of year."

"If it was our pretty girl, she's not a bright girl, is she, Johnny? Wearing a coat which, under the circumstances, would be likely to attract attention. Getting somebody to call her a cab when she could as easily have got one for herself."

"We must be thankful for anything," Stein said.

She leaned away from him against the car door. But not, he thought, away from him. Away from everything.

"We don't know it was blood on your coat. It could have been anything."

She said dully, "Could we get it back. Do something to it?"

"I'm afraid not, Loren." It was hot in her apartment and he opened windows. "We walk a line," he said.

"It's a thin line and not a very straight line, but we have to stay on it. We don't have to run to anybody and say, 'There was something on the coat. Maybe it was a man's blood on the coat. That's probably what somebody wants us to say. Just as somebody wants you to tell this story which you can't prove. But we can't get hold of the coat and do something to it. For one thing, we might lead them to it. Lead them to something they don't know exists. For another, fooling with evidence would get me disbarred. Aside from these things we don't know enough. It may be that doing something to the coat is precisely what somebody wants us—Loren!"

She was not listening. She was looking at nothing. If she listened it was to something in her own mind.

"Listen to me," he said. "Peter," she said, "it was Uncle's blood on the coat. Peter — did I wear the coat? Did I —"

He knelt in front of her and took her arms in his hands and gently shook her. He said, "Listen to me. Come out of it."

SHE put her head down. "You don't understand. I don't remember anything at all about yesterday afternoon. Anything may have happened. Anything." She began to shake. He held her close to him and after some time her trembling lessened.

"Listen to me," he said. "Come out of this damn fuzzy nightmare."

"You don't know. How can you know?"

"If you say that once more," he told her, and the anger in his voice was real. "I'll slap you across the room." She looked at him and her eyes focused.

"Why," she said, "I believe you would."

And then, to the considerable astonishment of Peter Sayres, she leaned her head against his shoulder and moved so that her lips were ready. This kiss was not a light one.

"Now," she said, "we've settled that. But let's think as if it were somebody else. A girl who's been brought up by an uncle she's fond of. She's grateful for that, but she's grown up now. You see? She doesn't want to be protected any more. Given a nice safe job which isn't really a job. And it isn't, Peter. It's — it's more like occupational therapy."

"Loren," he said, "did you really feel this way?"

"A little," she said. "But this is someone else we're talking about. Remember? Perhaps in her it went a lot deeper. This thing in her took over and — That sort of thing could happen."

To page 49

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THE DEVIOUS ONES

"She killed the man she resented? While she was—blanked out? Darling, I think you're nuts. In the nicest possible way, but nuts."

"But why should I feel so sure there's blood on the coat?"

"I think it's too damn probable. And that you're in a jam, girl."

"If somebody else wore the coat," Loren Hartley said in a quiet, reasonable voice, "we'll have to find her, won't we?"

"It wasn't Bernard Simmons' job to collect evidence. That was the job of precinct and squad detectives. The job of men like Bernard Simmons was to look at the evidence others collected and decide whether it was good enough. It was his job to conduct or sit in on the interrogation of witnesses."

There was, that Saturday afternoon, no special reason why Simmons should have gone with Stein to West Twentieth Street police station. It didn't even look like being a specially interesting case.

No reason, Simmons thought, why cases should be interesting. Much better for society when they were simple; bungled as absurdly as this thing had evidently been bungled, including the childish device of turning the air-conditioning on full blast, probably believing that the coolness would make it difficult for the medical examiner to fix the time of death.

Precinct called within an hour. The police lab had the girl's coat. Looked like blood, but the lab would decide.

"Took it to a place where she was known," Stein said. "Think she'd know better than that."

"No experience," Bernie Simmons said. "And not very bright, obviously."

HE said, much the same thing half an hour later. The cab had been one of a fleet; the driver had checked it in early. His trip sheet showed: Two-thirty, picked up a fare in West Fortieth Street; two-forty-two, discharged in West Tenth Street. Reached by telephone, the driver remembered the fare was female, young. Yeah, she was wearing a coat. Hell of an afternoon to be wearing a coat. Couldn't say whether she had actually gone into the house they had stopped in front of, but why shouldn't she have?

Simmons said, "Almost too good to be true, isn't it, Johnny?"

"Pick her up, you think?"

"May as well wait for the lab boys," Simmons said.

Loren told Peter again, more slowly more carefully, what she had already told him in the car. No, she could remember nothing between the first drink in the apartment and awakening on a bench in Bryant Park. He pressed her on that.

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"Because," Peter said, "whoever they are couldn't have carried you there and put you on it. Not in broad daylight. You must have walked, been helped to walk perhaps."

She shook her head. She said, "No, nothing."

"You see," he said, "you've been framed — elaborately. Given a blank afternoon to explain. But I'm certain there is more that we don't know about yet. The police didn't appear to suspect you at the office. Didn't suspect you, then. Perhaps they have been given ground to by now. When the police pick you up you'll have to tell this story."

"And," she said, "they won't believe it."

"Not," he said, "unless we can shore it up. There may not be much time. I shouldn't think they'd want to give us much time. So, let's move along, girl."

"Where?"

"Back to the beginning," he said. "I know you and Campbell went to the place it started. Maybe you missed something. Did you ask the superintendent what this man — what's his name? — who really occupies the apartment —"

"Dunkin."

"What this Dunkin looks like? Or anything else about him?"

"No."

"Also, we'll see this fat janitor. See if you can decide whether he

might have been the fat man you saw on the park bench."

They parked in front of the apartment house in the Thirties. There was nobody in the lobby.

"You're quite sure this is the right building?"

"Yes, Peter. Quite sure."

The elevator stopped at the eighth floor. When they were in the corridor it slowly closed, and they could hear the car going down.

"This is it," she said in front of the door with the number 813 on it. "And . . . see?" She pointed. The name in the slot was "Alfred Dunkin."

Peter shrugged, and pressed Mr. Alfred Dunkin's doorbell. They could hear it ringing, but nobody came to the door. They recalled the elevator car, and descended. Peter pressed the button beside the

door marked Superintendent, and the bell rang inside and they heard heavy, sure footsteps.

The man who opened the door was young and tall and square-shouldered. He wore a tennis shirt which fitted close over young muscles, and grey slacks, belted above narrow hips.

"Oh," Loren said, "we were looking for the superintendent."

"You got him," the young man said. "What can he do for you, miss?"

"The other one?" Loren said.

"Afraid I don't get you, miss. What other one?"

"The man," she said, "who was here last night."

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "Nobody here last night. When last night?"

To page 50



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ST 996/65



Page 49

THE DEVIOUS ONES

"Nine. A little after nine."
"There wasn't anybody here last night, miss. I was out bowling."

"A heavy man," she said. "Older."

"Nope. Sorry, but nope. You say he was in here?" He jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

"Yes," he said, "when I go out I lock up."

"Mr. —" Peter said, and the young man said, "Jones."

"Mr. Jones, there was no sign anybody broke in? Or picked the lock?"

"Now, mister," Jones said. "Why would anybody — But —"

With the air of one who will play along, Mr. Jones bent down and looked at the keyhole. "Don't see anything," he said. "Look yourself."

Peter looked. He did not know what for, precisely. Perhaps scratches. There was nothing to see.

Jones said, "Sure it was this building, miss?"

"Yes," she said, "quite sure. We were looking for a Miss Jackson, Alma Jackson. I thought she had apartment eight-thirteen. But there's another name on the door."

"Eight - thirteen," Jones said. "Wait a minute."

HE went back into the apartment. As Loren thought, the fat man had gone the night before. There must be some sort of ledger, a list of tenants. Jones came back almost at once.

"Dunkins," he said. "They have got eight-thirteen. Only, they're on vacation. Left last week. Wanted the place redecorated while they were gone. But the owners said nope, not with the rent they were paying."

"These people named Dunkin," Peter said. "How long have they lived here?" "Month or so," Jones said. "A married couple? Or a family?"

"Couple," Jones said. "Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dunkin. Sort of young. Paid two months in advance, furnished."

"They just walked in, looking?"

"Management had an ad in," Jones said. "Answered the ad. What's about the Dunkins, mister?"

"Can you describe them?" Jones sighed. "Lot of people here, mister. Eight-thirteen hasn't been much trouble."

"Would you know either of them if you met them again?"

"Maybe. I remember faces."

Peter Sayres said, "Yes."

"Look, miss," Jones said. "You must have got the wrong building." He was very final now.

They walked along the corridor and to the street neither saying anything until they were in Peter's car.

Loren asked, "You still believe me?"

"Sure, girl," he said.

She listened for doubt in his voice. She did not hear it. But there was abstraction in his tone.

"What I think is, Loren, that they're keeping a jump ahead of us."

"Bob Campbell was there with me," she said. "When we talked to — the fat man who said he was the janitor."

Peter started the motor.

"This Bob Campbell of yours," he said. "You know where he's staying?"

She did. It was a hotel in the Forties, near Eighth Avenue.

At the hotel Loren used the house telephone. "Mr. Robert Campbell, please."

The hotel operator said, "One moment, please," but it was more than a moment.

"You said Robert Campbell?" the operator said, and Loren, feeling sick said, "Yes, Robert Campbell."

"I'm sorry," the operator said. "We have no Robert Campbell registered. There is an Arthur Campbell."

"Thank you," Loren said. "She could have made a mistake," Peter said, and they asked at the desk. "I'm sure he said he was stopping here," Loren said, but the clerk said that no Robert Campbell was registered with them. He, too, offered an Arthur Campbell.

"I'm sure I'm right. I'm sure this is where he said," Loren said as they walked toward the street. And she heard the smallness of her own voice.

The police laboratory had worked fast. Blood on the coat: Human. Type of blood: O. From the morgue—type of blood of Alexander Hartley, deceased: O.

"I guess," Stein said, "she'll have to explain how she got blood on her coat."

"Yes," Bernard Simmons said. "And why she took it to a cleaner — a place where she was known — instead of finding a nice incinerator"

amounts typed after them. The amounts varied. The names had no immediate relevance. Midway down the page was an entry reading: "Cancel Para. 6. Substitute, res. to Harv." Under that, the typed words were: "L.H. ten." But the "ten" had been x'd out, although it could still be read. The word "five" had been typed after it, and let stand.

Simmons said, "Looks as if she had been a bad girl, doesn't it? This is no good in law, you know."

"I wonder," Stein said, "what Paragraph 6 was?"

Shapiro drew a will form out of his pocket. "Copy," he said. "In his safe."

"I hope," Stein said, "you didn't have to crack it."

"No, he had the combination taped on the bottom of the top desk drawer. First place I looked."

Paragraph six bequeathed the entire residue of the estate of Alexander Hartley in equal parts to Loren Hartley and Harvard University.

"A very bad girl indeed," Simmons said.

"I took a sample from the office typewriter," Nathan Shapiro said. "Only one typewriter in the outer office." He produced the sample.

"The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog," Stein and Simmons read.

"After the payment of the specific bequests listed in the above paragraphs, I devise and bequeath the entire residue of my estate to my dear niece, Loren Hartley."

Hartley's secretary had explained, when she telephoned. Somehow, they had misplaced the unsigned copy; wanted the original for reference.

Cumberland had not spoken to the secretary himself. He had approved the turning over of the original to Hartley. He thought, but was not entirely sure, that the secretary had picked up the will.

Cumberland had no idea what changes Hartley had planned in his will. So far as Cumberland knew, Loren Hartley was next of kin. Yes, from what Simmons was ready to him, Cumberland was pretty sure the copy found in Hartley's office was a correct copy. Of course, it was no good in law, except as showing intent. If Hartley had made the notes in his own hand there might be an issue of intent, although an inconclusive one. Obviously, anybody might have typed the notes. Sure, if the original will couldn't be found Alexander Hartley would, in effect, have died intestate.

A greedy girl, as well as a not-bright girl, Simmons thought. If you are going to kill a man to prevent his leaving you out of a new will you may as well go the whole hog. Why share with Harvard University?

Peter Sayres drove his car out of its parking space and went west.

"Where are we going?" Loren asked.

"Away from here for now," Peter said. "What do you really know about Campbell?"

"Well he's the grandson of Uncle Alex's older sister."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



some place and poking it down that."

"Well," Stein said, "we never thought she was bright, did we? Want to come along, Bernie?"

Simmons didn't, especially. It wasn't his job to chase not very bright girls. His job was to interrogate them.

And Bernard Simmons, Assistant District - Attorney, assigned to Homicide, still was on duty. If he went gallivanting around playing detective, and something else big came up, a dim view might be taken. He'd better get back to the office.

Somebody knocked on the door of Stein's office. A tall dark man came in. Stein said, "Got something?"

Detective Nathan Shapiro said, "Probably nothing, Johnny."

Nathan Shapiro was the senior of the detectives left to take apart the office of the late Alexander Hartley, to see what it might reveal.

"Been writing memos to himself, apparently," Shapiro said, and produced a sheet of bond paper. It was headed, "Alexander Hartley."

It was badly typed, the touch uneven, the mistakes numerous. Flagrant mistakes had been x'd out. Simmons stood behind Stein and read with him, over his shoulder.

It was clear enough. Alexander Hartley had been making notes for a new will.

"Charles Hun-t," the first entry read, "ann. fifteen, inst. ten. Consideration logn sverice." This was followed by a list of five names, with

The typing was errorless, the touch even. Nathan Shapiro was an expert typist. "Looks like the same machine to me," Shapiro said. "The H seems a little out of line in both."

Shapiro took another sheet of paper from his pocket marked COPY. It was a letter confirming an appointment on May 15 of that year. In the lower left-hand corner were the initials: "AH:lh." Again, as in Shapiro's sample, the typing was errorless, the touch even. "Good typist," Shapiro said. "Suppose she could have mistyped the memo notes, but it would have been an effort."

"Presumably," Stein said, "she didn't know her uncle had written these reminders to himself. Wouldn't have left them lying around if she had."

They were at the door of Stein's office when Bernard Simmons thought of something and stopped and turned back. He took the copy of the will and put it in his pocket.

In his office, Simmons called Matthew Cumberland, of the law firm of Cumberland, Lacey, and Frothman. "Matt? Bernie Simmons. Afraid I've got some bad news about a client of yours."

He talked for some five minutes with Matthew Cumberland, who was reasonably informative. Cumberland, Lacey and Frothman did not have the original signed copy of Hartley's will. Hartley had sent for it on the previous Wednesday. A matter of making some changes. Alexander

Born in California, I think. Anyway, he's lived there until recently. He works for United Solvents. He was transferred to the New York office about a month ago. Why?"

"Why anything? We're looking for crumbs. You went out with him a couple of times, you say. Your uncle have him up to the Stamford place?"

SHE said she didn't think so. Her uncle had said nothing about it; Bob Campbell had not mentioned it.

"He was very busy," she said. "Bob, I mean. Fitting into a new job."

"Sure. Your uncle had met him before? Before he showed up to pay his respects?"

She didn't know.

"Just walked in out of the blue?"

"I suppose you could say that. What are you driving at?"

"Nothing," he said. "Happen to have a dollar handy?" She found a dollar bill in her purse. He said, "Gimme," and she gave him the dollar bill. "I'm now your lawyer, complete with retainer. Speaking of money, your uncle had a lot. How much? Millions?"

She didn't know. Probably more than a million.

"Hell of a secretary," Peter told her. "He was retired, wasn't he? Why the office?"

"He was still on several boards. There were meetings in New York." It was within

distance of the Harvard Club, and lunches at the Harvard Club. A place to be," she said.

"A place to go to." She was dispirited, suddenly.

"I suppose he wasn't playing around?"

"He was almost seventy." He drove for some time in silence up the Henry Hudson Parkway.

"Your uncle had a lot of money to leave," he said. "How did he leave it, Loren? Do you know? The police will want to know."

"I don't know, Peter."

"He'd made a will?"

"That she did know. A copy of it was in the office safe. In a heavy brown envelope."

"Yes," he said. "You don't know the contents?"

"No," she said, "but once when he was dictating something to his broker, he said for me to pay attention, be sure to keep my eyes and ears open and something about my needing them one day. I supposed he meant when I had money."

He turned into the Gross County Parkway and ran for Connecticut. "You've got other relatives? Cousins?"

"I don't think so. Only Bob and a sister. Their parents are dead, I think."

"I suppose this Campbell and his sister could contest the will but..." He shrugged. "A lot of trouble for a lawsuit which they'd probably lose anyway." They drove for some time without speaking. The wind was noisy through the open windows.

It is easy, Loren thought, to suspect a person you have never met; a person who is only a name. She was certain that they would be wasting time on Robert Campbell. And — there was no good in telling him. I could say, she thought, that Bob Campbell is a reliable man — a solid, reliable man. He tried to help.

"Did you ever call this Campbell at his office?" Peter asked, still watching the road ahead.

"No," Loren said. "Why?"

"Did he ever ask you not to call at the office?"

"Of course not," she said. "He did say once something about having been there two weeks and still not being sure anybody knew he was there. Why?"

He did not answer, except by a dismissing movement of his shoulders.

"A name," he said, "they could pick out of a hat. Alma Jackson. But there really was — what did you say her name was? The girl who was supposed to show up at this lunch?"

"Bertha Mason," she said. "She thought they might have looked in the school yearbook, and found out about her."

"Mm-m-m."

"The books are filed at the school," she said. "A long shelf of them, going back for years. I suppose anybody —"

He turned off on Long Ridge Road, toward Stamford. Soon he turned again, into a lesser road. "The school year's over. Also, it's Saturday."

They had to drive almost a quarter of a mile beyond the school access road before they could edge off the blacktop. They walked back. The school was one story, divided into several buildings. The door of the central building was open.

"Facilities," Peter said. "Where would they keep this file of yearbooks?"

A man in clean blue denim, wearing a yachting cap, came to them. He said, "Ladies' end of the corridor and to the right, Gentlemen upstairs to the right."

"This young lady promised to show me her picture in the yearbook," Peter said.

To page 57

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Page 51



Daintily Embroidered Quilted "Tetoron"

"Heritage" is similar in design to Van Winkle "Pasadena" but fashioned in famous Tetoron Voile delicately embroidered with diminutive cameos of floral sprays. This oh-so-feminine spread is quilted over bonded-Orlon padding to withstand repeated washings. Choose from white with pink embroidery, white with lilac embroidery, white with lemon embroidery, or pink with pink and lilac with lilac, at special prices.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — FEBRUARY 24, 1965

Gain Loveliness in your own Beauty Salon

EVERY WOMAN has within her power the ability to become lovelier and younger-looking. At home, in your own beauty salon, you can discover a veritable treasure-trove of beauty assets you never dreamed were hidden there all the time, waiting to emerge with just a little encouragement in the way of simple daily care.

A Planned Home Salon

ALTHOUGH elegant bathrooms are in vogue right now, you don't need to equip your home salon with velvet curtains and crystal chandeliers to get the best results. It is important, though, to have all your beauty requirements and cosmetics within easy reach: a cabinet to hold cleansing gear, daintiness aids, bottles and jars; split-level shelves by the bath itself to hold all the attractive looking essentials for glamorous grooming and pre-and post-bath routines.

A gilt-framed mirror, flowered curtains, sparkling apothecary jars containing bath essences and coloured cotton wool balls, bath talcum and a downy puff, and an attractive green plant of the fern or creeper variety which will thrive in the warm, steamy atmosphere.

Bring Youth to Your Complexion

HAVING planned your home beauty salon, let us examine some of your most important beauty needs. A most important beautifier in your private domain



should be one that gives the skin youthful loveliness. So on your shelves have a tropical moist oil that stimulates Nature's way of supplying nourishment and protection to the skin. This will allow the complexion to retain its dewy perfection and petal-soft loveliness. In the confines of your own intimate beauty salon you can now adopt the recommendations of skin-care

consultants who advise that to take advantage of the beautifying benefits a liberal amount of moist oil should be smoothed over the complexion before making-up. The ideal way is to start with the Oil of Ulan below the base of the neck and gently stroke it in an upward direction. Add more moist oil as necessary until the whole complexion is covered with a lovely, dew-like film, from the neck to the hairline and including the lips and eyelids. This unique fluid beautifier, due to its complete absorbency, leaves no surplus to be tissue off, and serves as an ideal powder base. All day long the Ulan oil nourishes your skin beneath your make-up against drying winds, and maintains a perfect oil and moisture balance in the basal cells, so that your complexion will feel and look firmer and your skin whisper "you look beautiful."

Toning Brings An Improved Texture



ALWAYS follow cleansing in your salon with a skin freshner to close the pores and refine the entire skin texture. Delph freshner containing the beautifying properties of lemons gives the skin a radiant appearance because it stimulates the blood circulation, bleaches yellowness of the hands and neck, and clears the pores of excess greasiness and city grime. Any puffiness that sometimes becomes apparent beneath the eyes can be reduced by placing pads of cotton wool moistened in the

Lemon Delph Freshner over the eyes and relaxing on your bed for fifteen to twenty minutes.

Massaging Techniques

TOWARDS and in the years of maturity, bedtime massage with a nourishing vitalizing night cream will do wonders in keeping the neck and facial contours firm and clean-cut by preventing the muscles from sagging. Massage techniques in your home beauty salon can be carried out with expert efficiency in just a few minutes. Apply the rich Ulan Vitalizing Cream to cheeks, forehead and throat, and sweep it into the skin with upward moulding strokes and pat a little more round your eyes with feathery, fingertip movements. Don't forget the upper lids as well. Allow the cream to soak in, then remove the surplus with clean tissues and your skin will inherit the radiance of youthfulness.

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

NARCISSUS: LARGE JOYOUS FAMILY

● Few plants are so symbolic of spring as daffodils and the many related forms and species of Narcissus. The lovely clear colors bring the garden to life.

By R. H. ANDERSON

NARCISSI have elegance, gaiety, and grace, are usually easily grown, and are long-lived and generous with their increase of bulbs.

Most of those commonly grown like an open sunny position (under deciduous trees they get the freedom and sunlight they need), but are not at their best in places warmer than Sydney.

Most soils will grow Narcissi, but good drainage is essential. Fresh manure can be fatal.

Apply a complete fertiliser or bone-dust when preparing the beds, and mulch with compost or old manure after planting.

If the soil is moist at planting time, watering is not necessary until the shoots appear, but when they come into flower, and for several weeks afterwards, the soil should be kept moist but not saturated. Liquid manure is a good idea at this time, applied once a week.

If naturalising the bulbs in grass, take out holes, loosen the subsoil, and add a complete fertiliser. Scatter the bulbs irregularly. They can be left in



DAFFODILS naturalised under trees with English bluebells in Mr. and Mrs. George Valder's garden at "Nooroo," Mt. Wilson, N.S.W.

the ground for three years. Let the foliage turn yellow before cutting.

If desired, bulbs can be lifted and stored in a cool, dry place.

The month for planting is February, but later planting up to April is possible.

Grown in bowls or other containers, Narcissi are most effective.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 145

MANY people have a confused idea of the differences between daffodils, jonquils, and the related plants. All are Narcissi, and the variation is so great that many divisions have been made, based mainly on the "petals" (perianth) and trumpet (corona).

The divisions include:—

1: Trumpet Narcissus—The trumpet or corona is as long as or longer than the flower segments. One flower to a stem. This division is again divided into: Yellow Trumpet Narcissus (both trumpet and perianth colored yellow or near-orange—good examples are the popular "King Alfred," "Emperor," and "Golden City"); Bicolor Trumpet Narcissus (perianth white, corona colored, e.g. "Siam" and "Empress"); and White Trumpet Narcissus (both perianth and corona white or nearly so, e.g., "Beersteba").



CHAMPION Narcissi (1962 Adelaide Show). From left: Show's champion seedling, grown by Mrs. C. O. Fairbairn, of Skipton, Vic.; Div. 1 champion, by Mr. P. Phillips, of N.Z.; Div. 2, by Rev. E. W. Philpott, S.A. (also Aust. champion daffodil); Div. 3, by Mr. Philpott.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 146

2: Large-cupped Narcissus (sometimes known as Incomparabilis)—Single flower, the cup or corona more than one-third the length of the flower segments but less than equal. Many good varieties include "Helios," "Fortune," "Scarlet Queen."

3: Small-cupped Narcissus (Barri Narcissus)—Single flowers; cup or corona less than one-third the length of the flower segments. Good varieties are "Baths Flame" (deep yellow cup, edged orange-red), and "Conspicuous" (wide, short cup edged orange-scarlet).

4: Double Narcissus—Includes all double-flowered Narcissus varieties.

5: Triandrus Narcissus—Derived from a native of Spain. Small plants with slender foliage, dainty trumpet flowers. In clusters of 2-6 (occasionally single), white, yellow. Useful for shady places.

6: Cyclamineus Narcissus—Only a small division. Flowers are yellow in clusters of 2 or 3 on 6 in. stems, and have small tube-like trumpet.

7: Jonquilla Narcissus—Narrow up-standing foliage, long-stemmed fragrant flowers, in clusters of 2-6. Popular and hardy. Good varieties: "Grand Primo," "Grand Soleil d'Or."

8: Tazetta Narcissus—Flowers, perfumed, in clusters of 4-10, flower segments broad and overlapping and small cups about 1 in. long. Widely grown, often in bowls of pebbles and water as a house-plant. Included in this division is the Poetaz Narcissus. A good variety is "Cheerfulness" (creamy white).

9: Poeticus Narcissus—Southern European. Flowers are fragrant, usually solitary, and with broad overlapping white flower segments about 1 in. long and a small flat yellow or lemon corona, hardly a cup but an eye. "Recurvus" is a variety grown.

Other divisions include species, wild forms, and natural hybrids.

Narcissus bulbocodium "Hoop Petticoat" is a lovely little flower, also called "Medusa's Trumpet Daffodil." It makes a good indoor or rockery plant. Pale citron, white, and yellow.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Made for each other

● Directions below are for the pumpkin-yellow socks and sweater knitted in a diagonal ribbed design, shown in color on page 18.

Sweater

Material: 18 (19, 20) balls Villawool Speediknit; 1 pr. each Nos. 6, 7, and 9 needles. Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 23in. (all sizes); sleeves, 16½in. (all sizes). Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 90 (96, 102) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 6 needles and pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side): K 3, p 3, rep. to end.

2nd Row: As 1st row.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 2, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 3, k 1.

6th Row: P 1, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 3, p 2.

7th and 8th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

9th Row: K 1, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 3, k 2.

10th Row: P 2, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 3, p 1.

11th and 12th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

13th and 14th Rows: P 3, k 3, rep. to end.

15th and 16th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

17th Row: P 2, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 3, p 1.

18th Row: K 1, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 3, k 2.

19th and 20th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

21st Row: P 1, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 3, p 2.

22nd Row: K 2, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 3, k 1.

23rd and 24th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

Rep. these 24 rows once.

** 49th and 50th Rows: As 1st and 2nd rows.

51st and 52nd Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

53rd Row: P 1, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 3, p 2.

54th Row: K 2, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 3, k 1.

55th and 56th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

57th Row: P 2, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 3, p 1.

58th Row: K 1, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 3, k 2.

59th and 60th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

61st and 62nd Rows: * P 3, k 3, rep. from * to end.

63rd and 64th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

65th Row: K 1, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 3, k 2.

66th Row: P 2, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 3, p 1.

67th and 68th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

69th Row: K 2, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 3, k 1.

70th Row: P 1, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 3, p 2.

71st and 72nd Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows.

** until work measures

15in., ending on wrong-side row.

To Shape

Armholes:

Keeping patt.

in order, cast off at beg.

of next and every row 4 (5, 6)

sts. twice, 2 sts. twice, 1 st.

4 (6, 8) times. Cont. on rem.

74 (76, 78) sts. until arm-

holes measure 7½in. on

straight, ending on wrong-

side row.

To Shape Shoulder

and Neck—Next Row: Cast off 3

(4, 5) sts., patt. 24 sts. (all

sizes), cast off centre 20 sts.,

patt. to end.

Cont. on last 27 (28, 29)

sts. Cast off for shoulder

at beg. of next and alt. rows

3 (4, 5) sts. once, 6 sts. 3

times, at the same time cast

off on neck edge at beg. of

every 2nd row, 3 sts. twice.

Return to rem. 24 sts., join

in yarn at neck edge, and

finish other side to cor-

respond.

FRONT

Work as back until arm-

holes measure 5½in. on

straight, ending on wrong-

side row.

To Shape Neck: Patt. 30

(31, 32) sts., cast off centre

14 sts., patt. to end. Cont.

on last 30 (31, 32) sts. and

cast off at neck edge on next

and alt. rows 2 sts. 3 times,

1 st. 3 times. Cont. until

armhole measures same as

back, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off

at beg. of next and alt. rows

3 (4, 5) sts. once, 6 sts. 3

times. Return to rem. 30

(31, 32) sts., join in yarn at

neck edge, and finish other

side to correspond in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast

on 44 (46, 48) sts. and work

in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in.

Change to No. 7 needles and

st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of

9th and every 6th row there-

after until 70 (72, 74) sts.

Cont. until sleeves measure

16½in. (or length required),

ending on purl row. Cast off

4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next

2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end

of next and every 2nd row

until 34 sts. (all sizes) rem.,

ending on a p row.

Cast off at beg. next and

every row 3 sts. 6 times, 16

sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side.

Using small back-stitch, sew

up right shoulder seam. Press

seam open.

NECKBAND

With right side of work fac-

ing and using No. 9 needles,

pick up and knit 90 sts. evenly

round neck edge. Work in

rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Cast

off ribwise.

TO FINISH OFF

Sew up left shoulder and

neckband ends. Using small

back-stitch, sew up side and

sleeve seams. Press seams.

Set sleeves in smoothly.

Socks

Material: 7 balls Villawool

Speediknit; 1 set Nos. 8 and 9

needles.

Measurements: To fit

average foot.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in.



MOTELS: Back home, things are rather different

● Speaking as a motel user in Australia and in the U.S., a much-travelled writer says that visitors touring either country are in for surprises.

NOT many people know or remember that the modern motel is the result of illicit love.

When America first began the motel idea they were cramped and musty wooden cabins, and no nice girl would confess to having been in one.

For the sake of discretion you paid in advance, the lady in the car was either veiled or buried under a wide-brimmed hat, and no questions were asked.

When the change came, accelerating tremendously after World War II, the

want to know more of Australia, and determine on a circular tour along coastal New South Wales and Victoria, the Murray Valley, the Snowy, and Canberra.

They decide on an attractive motel — pretty clipped lawns, flower beds, at-your-door parking, and the promise of TV.

The unit they inspect for their first Australian motel

"We'll take it," Mr. Doe says, and pulls out a wad of bills. "Let's figure it out in pounds and pence," he suggests amiably, obviously prepared to pay on the spot, "and if you'll give me a pen I'll sign my name and licence and so on."

The manager's wife makes a gallant recovery. "Oh, but that's not necessary, Mr. Doe. I already



● Courtyard of a Gosford, N.S.W., motel.

By
SUSAN YORKE

individual wooden cabins became antiques and curiosities on the forgotten byways and a motel-pattern emerged which is now copied world-wide, but with some interesting and frequently confusing variations.

The modern motorist takes for granted comfort and convenience in his motel accommodation.

But — and it's quite a but — the Australian motorist in the U.S.A. is going to encounter as many shocks as the touring American in Australia.

For example, John and Jane Doe, from California,

experience is furnished in a soothing orange-and-gold scheme and the shower in the tiled bathroom promptly spouts steaming hot water.

Satisfied (because you can't do better than this at home, for the price) John goes back to the receptionist, who is the manager's wife, to sign in.

For her part, having asked his name, she is uneasy to see so prompt a return. What has gone wrong?

have your name. You needn't pay until you leave — perhaps you'd like to stay over for a day."

She hands him the breakfast slip.

"But could you check the items you and Mrs. Doe will be wanting for breakfast and the time you'd like it served in your suite tomorrow morning?"

"How much extra is breakfast?" the American asks suspiciously.

"It's included in the tariff."

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★ In AMERICA, you see your TV free

Dazed, the American picks up the slip and wanders dream-like back to the unit.

"Jane," he says, "whaddya know? We're in a country of trusting people. You don't pay until you leave, and you get served breakfast in here, right in bed."

He consults the chit and nearly swoons in bliss. "Choice of steak and eggs, chops and eggs — after the usual juice and fruit and cereals — bacon and eggs. And, Jane, it's all for free! Home was never like this!"

On her side, Mrs. Doe has done a little exploring.

"Lookit this, John," she points out, "our own private ice-box (refrigerator) with the cubes all made and a bottle of fresh milk in it. And lookit this tray, electric jug for hot water, and all these tea and coffee and sugar envelopes. And even a radio!"

Both are frankly admiring. What neither are considering is that their present accommodation, which would be well within the budget of Mr. Average back in the States, is luxury accommodation in Australia.

Before continuing the Doe drama, what is happening in the U.S.A. to his Australian opposite number?

Bill Cook is having a bit of trouble registering at the motel of his choice. It



● Breakfast in bed—the luxury touch.

ing in a general direction east. As for the number...

"Mary!" he calls, "what's the number on the car?" To himself he adds, "Who cares?"

As he turns to leave the desk, key in hand, the receptionist says with crisp irritation:

"That'll be ten-fifty, please, plus tax."

Bill stops in his tracks. He hasn't heard right. Surely he isn't being asked to pay in advance? Did they think he wasn't trustworthy?

nantly, "you want me to pay in advance? And you call a doughnut breakfast?"

A sadder, wiser man returns to Mary. If he wants a genuine breakfast, he should have patronised the sort of monster-motel that caters to conventions (accommodation for 500 or 1000) and where such a breakfast can be had, and excellently, for just under £2.

In his unit there is no individual fridge. Instead there is a large lightweight plastic ice-bucket, and ice is "available" from an ice-making machine outside, to be scooped up with a plastic shovel which you are requested not to remove.

No nice cuppa

Bill quickly learns to put his two tins of beer into the bucket, jam it full with ice, and wait for ten minutes for the cans to chill before putting in the next two.

There is no milk. Sometimes a two-cup boiling-water installation is inserted into the wall and envelopes of sugar, instant coffee, and a powdered "cream" are on a tray with two plastic cups (no saucers). No teabags.

America is a nation of coffee-drinkers, probably the sole evidence of their rebellion against their tea-drinking origins.

While explaining all these new customs to his wife, Bill examines the TV set. It is smaller than he's used to. It has no box for coins. He switches it on. At once it bawls clearly forth with appropriate picture.

"Last guest mustn't have used up his money's worth," says Bill, pleased, as all of us are, to get something free.

"It's awfully sanitary here, isn't it?" Mary observes, unwrapping drinking

glasses from transparent wrapping, breaking the paper cordon over the sanitised toilet seat.

"And they are generous with towels — face-towels, hand-towels, bath-towels, wash-rags, a shoe-cloth, a whole thing of lipstick tissues, and a box of face tissues."

Bill is still hunting for that non-existent coin box.

In the Australian motel, John Doe also turns on the TV. A blank screen and dead silence is his answer.

"This thing doesn't work," he complains to his wife. "Give 'em a ring, honey, and tell 'em. I see they got Richard Boone on. I don't want to miss it."

Two-bob TV

His wife rings the office and the astonished manager promises he'll be right over. The TV MUST work. The last guests had it on this very morning for the news. He enters the unit, surveys the set, asks quietly:

"Have you put your two bob in?"

"Two what?" John gasps. "In where?"

And so the Does meet paid television and the little black money-eating box. An American motel trying this would be out of business the same evening.

"Dinner will be served in our dining-room at 6.30," says the manager, withdrawing.

"Six-thirty?" John bellows. "But it's six now and I just got here! I want a couple drinks and a shower!"

"We'll hold it open for you until a quarter to seven," he says obligingly.

As the door closes behind him, Jane Doe says with a sigh, "Home was never like this."

In the States, after the disheartening beginning, things are improving for the Cooks. Opening the drawer of her vanity table, Mary has found a treasure-house.

There is a folder of note-paper and envelopes bearing the motel's in-

signia, free picture postcards of the motel—which make it appear deceptively large—a ball-point pen, a list of services rendered, including a free iron, and several glossy menus of nearby fine restaurants.

She also notes with approval the many built-ins: closet and shelves, suitcase rack, bed-tables, vanity. The only movables are two lamps, an easy chair, and the TV.

There is good reason for this. When the modern motel first emerged, many of its apparently innocent-looking clients were, in fact, thieves. They were practised furniture removers, and packed sheets, towels, pillows, bed-chair cushions, lamps into commodious suitcases which were quietly loaded into the car around 3 a.m. and driven away.

Aside from the profes-

sional thieves, there were instances of newlyweds furnishing their apartments by a few visits to scattered motels with related furniture styles and color-schemes.

Bill reviews the situation. "American roads," he tells his wife pensively, "leave me tired. All you see is cars. Six-lane, eight-lane, ten-lane highways, and all those hoardings I feel I must read."

"Of course, they get you from place to place in record time, but what's the hurry? And besides, I want to see something of the country, not just streams of cars coming at me."

"Bill," she reminds him, "remember that woman we met at home who's toured the States? She said if you want to see the real U.S.A. you ought to avoid the highways and stick to the small roads? Why don't we do that tomorrow?"

John Doe, replete with a roast lamb dinner and the trimmings, viewing his paid TV to which he has quickly adapted himself now that it's inevitable (except in certain city motels in Australia) settles for Richard Boone and then sits up with annoyance.

"Say, Jane," he says uneasily, "lookit this. Isn't this the one where he shoots up everybody in the office until he gets bopped?"



● Styles vary. A motel at Cobram, Vic.

Why, we saw that last year at home!"

He turns the dial. There is only one other station and it's showing a Western he saw even longer ago.

"Why don't they have their own shows?" he asks in disgust. "Who wants to see Red Indians in Australia?"

Probably what will most appeal to the American tourist in Australia, once he can be induced to "drive on the wrong side of the road," is the welcome change from impersonality to friendliness in the motels, and the pleasant variety of architecture, from the ye-

olde-inne, white-painted and wooden to the classic, modern, cubistic, and what-have-you.

My advice after an extended Australian tour is to pick your motel by eye, to suit your personal tastes and, except during holiday seasons, to travel without a fixed mileage or pre-determined destination. Who knows where that charming little side-road might lead to? Half the fun of touring is exploring, the other half is comfortable accommodation.

And that's to be had for the paying, and in plenty.



● Pleasant to dine in after a long drive.

is very similar, although considerably larger than the one the Does are in, bellflowered, neat, red brick and white trim, thoroughly familiar.

The (hired) young receptionist has asked him to fill in a printed form with his name, home address, the registration number of his car, which is rented and which he certainly hasn't memorised, where he came from, where he is going to, his business, and its address.

He doesn't know where he's going, he's just tour-

"Where's the breakfast slip?" he asks.

"Breakfast is available," (note the subtle difference between "available" and "served") "in the motel lounge from 6 a.m. to 10. Doughnuts and coffee, compliments of the motel, Continental style."

Bill is dumbfounded. He knows a doughnut never figured on a Continental breakfast, where croissants and brioches are the rule, and he wants tea, not coffee, and thirdly he wants breakfast, not a snack.

"What?" he says indig-



● Motel viewing may be TV-by-coin.



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THE DEVIOUS ONES

"We've had an argument about it. I claim she wore them in braids."

"I never did," Loren said. "Never in my life."

The custodian smiled. Nice young people, having a friendly squabble. "Long as one of you signs the book." He unlocked the door and pointed to "the book," on its slanting shelf.

Peter signed the register. "It hasn't changed at all," Loren said, surprise in her voice. He smiled down at her. He had, sometimes, a gentle smile.

"After all these years," he said. "All five of them."

"I was out a year," she said. "They took me to Europe."

They found the proper yearbook. Seventy-four boys and girls had been graduated that year. They looked at all the pictures, boys and girls alike. Loren remembered some of them. There was a boy named Richard Kenny. Bertha Mason ("Tomorrow's Katharine Cornell") looked precisely as Loren remembered her.

There was no Alma Jackson.

She started to go through the doorway, but Peter said, "Wait a minute, girl. Hold your horse a minute." He began to turn the pages of the register, working back, running his finger down the signatures. He turned several pages when he said, "Look!"

THE date was ten days earlier. The signature, in legible characters, was "Loren Hartley."

She could feel blood draining from her face. "I didn't," she said. "Peter, I didn't. I

"Take it easy," "I haven't been here for years, Peter."

He held her arm as they walked back to the car, but that was needless. She walked quite steadily. When they reached Long Ridge Road he turned the car north.

"We're going to take a little drive in the country," Peter said. "Followed by a drink and dinner."

He drove slowly now — into New York, up Route 22; after some miles on it, into a side road. He parked in front of an ancient building, and led her into the low, dim taproom of The Old Drover's Inn. Relaxed, they did not try to hurry over dinner.

"There'll have been reporters," he said, as they drove slowly back to North Stamford. "If we run into any, tell as little as you can get away with without lying directly."

There were no cars in the driveway, but there were lights in the house. Charles opened the door for them. He, who was usually a ruddy man, was pale. Loren thought he had been crying. He said, "Oh, Miss Loren. Miss Loren."

"I know," she said, and put an arm around the man's shoulders.

After the door closed the uniformed trooper who had sat inconspicuously parked within view of the driveway used his two-way radio. He said, "O.K." into the transmitter and drove off.

The decision to arrest and charge is basically one for the police, but when complications exist the office of the District Attorney sits in. It sat in that Saturday evening in the persons of Assistant District Attorney Bernard Simmons and Chief Assistant District Attorney Franklin Trowbridge. Lieutenant John Stein, assigned to Homicide, Man-

Continued from page 50

hattan West, represented the police, and was conscious of sitting in shadow.

Deputy Chief Inspector Artemus O'Malley, in command of borough detectives, was not in attendance, being involved in a game of poker. But he had sat out long enough to tell Stein, "Pick her up. Lock her up." O'Malley felt that modern policemen are inclined to fiddle-faddle.

"After all," Stein said, at around ten o'clock Saturday evening, "we've got enough. The girl pulls this business about picking up the will so he'll die intestate and she'll get the bundle as next of kin. She was seen leaving the office wearing this coat."

"A coat was seen leaving the buildings," Simmons told him. "Unidentified woman inside it."

Stein said, "Phooey, Bernie. The weapon was one she knew about. Somebody coming in from outside would have brought along a better weapon. There was blood on her coat. She runs to a cleaner first thing."

"Which wasn't bright," Bernie Simmons said.

"She profits. Who else profits?"

"Harvard, if the will hasn't been destroyed. A variety of people."

Trowbridge said, "Oh, come off it, Bernie."

"She turned up the air-conditioning, figuring it would confuse the time of death."

"When she left," Simmons said, "Which was somewhere around twelve-thirty. The old boy was killed, the doc says, sometime around three."

"Between one and five. And that's guessing, because the coolness did make a difference."

"Bernie," Trowbridge said, "what is your out?"

"We don't know enough," Simmons said. "Haven't eliminated enough. Maybe if Johnny and the boys nose around—we'll turn up somebody. Listen, Frank—she's not some no-good girl we pick up and heave inside. This is going to be a big one. A hell of a big one."

"Counselor," Stein said, to Simmons, "you'd be for arresting the archbishop of the diocese if you had this much on him."

Chief Assistant District Attorney Franklin Trowbridge and Lieutenant John Stein looked at Bernard Simmons.

"I don't like the way it feels," Simmons said. "Somehow it feels too easy. Maybe we're being had."

"It's the first time," Stein said, "I ever knew you to throw down a case because it was too good. Look, a jury wouldn't have to leave the box."

"Unless," Simmons said, "she turns up with an alibi for the whole of the afternoon."

"Nobody suggests we won't ask her questions, Bernie. Give me one solid reason we shouldn't pick her up."

"All right," Bernard Simmons told the ceiling. "We don't know where she is, Frank."

At a little after eleven, when information provided by the Connecticut State Police reached the office of the New York County District Attorney, John Stein said, "Well, she's settled down for the night, apparently. So—there's no great rush about it, is there?"

Bernard Simmons grinned. "Thanks, Johnny. Do the same for you some time."

To be concluded

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 24, 1963

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what about the kids? I meant, of course, what about their big surprise for her?

I knew they had bought peaches and raspberries and had made a great bowlful of something to be eaten with thick cream, because we had all had that dessert the one time we had gone to Maxim's for dinner. That's what I meant, but she said she couldn't decide just now what to do about the kids. She might just throw them all over, the way that woman did who married D. H. Lawrence.

Why not? Love and love alone is the thing, and don't ever forget it, Dan — in a tone of Eastern philosophic earnestness, or would that be more nearly Western, that love-and-love-alone bazaz, maybe out of old what's-his-name's popular hymn of 1910, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," old Victor Herbert? And then, sure enough, she swung the great door open and flung herself out into the hall, leaving me standing there with my mouth open, thinking, Al Poufrique, Al Poufrique, who the heck is Al Poufrique?

NELLY, eleven years old, the eldest, a lot like her mother, came running to let me see her in the new dress she had put on especially for the occasion: "Mamma go shopping again?"

"Well, yes, I think you could put it that way."

"Just so she's back by six for the champagne part of the party before dinner. And yummy, wait till you see what we're having."

Then Pat, ten, then Della, nine, and finally Rufe, eight, came to the door that was still wide open, and each of them said something about the big surprise for their mother, but I didn't remember (or even really hear) any of it, because all of a sudden I remembered who Al Poufrique was.

Well, it just wouldn't do, that's all. Had three weeks in Paris driven the poor woman mad, just because she was thirty-seven and the mother of four kids, or what?

The kids were all right. I didn't have to worry about the kids. They were always fun. I always liked kids, always liked the idea of them, the whole incredible reality of them forever underfoot and smelling up the house with their fresh clean smells of intensity, struggle, and truth.

But now what was I supposed to do? Tell them the truth, or a decent variation of it, ask them to sit tight, and go chasing after her in a taxi to the Deux Magots? I had no idea where else to go looking for her, and it wasn't very likely that she would go there with a small suitcase, so where should I go?

"Back to the living-room, everybody."

I shut the door and we all went back to the living-room, but after a minute or two Nelly ran off to study the situation in the kitchen. Three days ago the cook had quit, because it was too hot to be in Paris and she wanted to visit her mother in Montpellier, anyway. And so all of us had got acquainted with the kitchen and how the great gas stove worked.

After a moment the others ran off to be with Nelly in the kitchen, because that was where the surprise was getting worked out, and I began to think about the whole situation. I picked up the telephone book to see if Al Poufrique was in it—Poudroux, Pouey, Pougatch, but no Poufrique. Who could I call?

I was sitting on the delicate antique straight-backed chair that belonged to the fragile desk with the telephone on it, with the open book in front of me, trying to think, when all of a sudden I realised that I had fallen into a kind of trance of stupor or disbelief or something, and furthermore that I had been sitting there that way for a long time.

The faraway voices of the kids in the kitchen and up and down the long hall had somewhere along the line faded away, and now I had the distinct feeling that this silence was not accidental, that it had something to do with the whole family,

with the intended surprise, with their mother, with me.

And then, without looking up and noticing them standing together in the doorway at the end of the long room, I knew they were there and that they had been there for some time; so now how was I to meet this situation? How was I to look up and find them there, and how was I to come out of it and be alive, and say something sensible? Before I could reach a decision Pat was across the desk from me.

"What's the matter, Pop?"

I got up very quickly and saw the other three still in a group at the end of the room. "Why, nothing. Nothing at all. Why?"

Nelly, coming forward with Rufe

and Della beside her: "But you've been sitting there that way for hours. Papa—it's almost half-past six. Where's Mamma for the surprise?"

There wasn't anything else to say, so I said, "A surprise is a surprise; she doesn't know there's a surprise going on, so it's almost half-past six, so what?"

"Yeah, so what?" Rufe said, because in that whole household he was the one whose faith in me never faltered.

"I suggest we wait until seven. If your mother isn't home by then I suggest we postpone the surprise until tomorrow, and we'll go out to dinner and then to the circus."

This seemed to make sense to

the kids, so we began to wait. The place became quiet again, as each of them picked up a book or a magazine and began to turn the pages, listening all the while for the sound of somebody working a key in the front door. Pages turned one by one, but nobody was really reading anything or really looking at pictures.

Everybody was waiting, that's all, and then suddenly everybody was standing, almost as if at attention, or as if in expectation of something possibly wonderful, but also possibly terrible. I myself was standing, a little scared, too, because the doorbell had been given a ring of at least fifteen seconds.

Now, who could that be? Al

Poufrique, to tell me, "I love Susan. I want her to be my wife." Would he be alone or would she be with him or what?

"Probably somebody wanting to sell something. You kids wait right here."

I went down the long hall, kind of slowly, too, I must say, because I was scared. If it were actually Al Poufrique I was afraid I might not even let him say hello; I might just push him down the stairs and out of the building, and, of course, that wouldn't be any good at all for the kids. They would grow up believing America should push a nation that got in its way.

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straight down the stairs and out of the building, too.

I opened the door, and there stood Amshavir Shamavoor, of Fresno. As he talked, I knew the kids were just a little way up the hall, out of sight, watching me, listening to him and waiting.

I heard him out, knowing he in turn was waiting for me to roar with glad laughter at the sight of him, to be a Fresno kid again, to have him meet the wife and kids, as he would have put it if he had put it in words at all. But I couldn't laugh; I couldn't ask him in at a time like this and try to be interested in his bike ride around the world.

In the first place, I didn't know him. In the second place, I wanted to get out of there with the kids as quickly as possible, because after dinner and the circus they'd be tired and they'd go to bed, and if Susan weren't home by that time I'd think of something intelligent to do. There is always something intelligent to do, but the trick is to find out what it is.

Sometimes the most intelligent thing is not to do anything, certainly nothing loaded with the imbecility of emotionality. And I was so annoyed with Susan that it amounted to the worst kind of emotionality. How could she even think of any other man in the whole world? How unhappy had she been

all these years? How pitifully little did our kids mean to her?

If she came back in the middle of the night had I better tell her to keep moving — from Al Poufrique to Hal Fopkin, to Sal Minco, to the elevator boy next door? I didn't know what to do, but I knew I wasn't going to entertain the forty-four-year-old lad from Fresno who was on his way around the world on a bicycle.

"Amsho," I said at last. "I'm sure you haven't got any time to lose. You've got to jump on your bike and race east to Damascus, and I know the ride is going to make you awfully famous. Thanks for dropping by, it's always good to see a face from the old home

town, and good luck, all the luck in the world, always."

In shutting the door it was actually necessary to have it reach him and move him back into the hall, and during this business he was speechless. After the door was shut I knew he stood there for some time, not believing what had happened. The kids tiptoed up, and I herded them away and up the long hall to the living-room again where everybody began to speak at once, calling me names, mainly.

Nelly: "I don't believe I have ever in all my life seen anybody behave with such absolutely bad manners, Papa."

Pat: "The poor guy was from your home town. He expected you to

bring him in and sit him down for dinner."

Della: "Amsho, I'm sure you haven't got any time to lose. Oh, Papa, how could you? Maybe all he wanted was a glass of water or something."

Rufe: "Where's Damascus?"
"Damascus is not far from where his father was born. Not far from Assyria, but, of course, it's not called Assyria any more. He's an Assyrian, a first-generation American: I know that from his name, but I never saw him before."

Pat: "He sounded like you were old pals."

Nelly (at the window): "He's standing out there looking at his bike."

"Well, do you want me to bring him back, or what? It's up to you, but I thought you wouldn't want me to use up the surprise dinner and everything on somebody I can't even remember. I'll run down and get him if you want me to."

N

OBODY said I ought to get him. They all stood at the big window looking down at him in the street, but I didn't have the heart to join them. Of course, I had been rude, but so had he. I had actually thought of asking him how in the world he had found out where I was living, but it seemed to me that knowing how that had happened wouldn't have done me any good and would only have prolonged his standing in the doorway.

Nelly: "He's just waiting or thinking or something. He isn't getting on his bike or anything. He's just standing there."

Rufe: "Maybe he's crying."
Well, if he wasn't, I almost was. Nobody, under any circumstances, should ever be as rude as I had just been, to anybody, let alone to a perfectly decent bicycle rider from my own home town.

Della: "He's putting on his trouser clip."

Nelly: "Well, aren't you going to come and watch him get on his bike and ride away?"

"No, I think I'd rather not do that."

Pat: "Seems like a nice guy."
"One of the nicest guys in the world, ordinarily."

Pat: "What do you mean, ordinarily. He's still who he always is, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is, but just now I'm not who I always am."

Rufe: "He's riding to Damascus."

They all watched him ride away, and then they turned and looked at me as if I were the most brutal and insensitive human being that ever lived.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I've told you I'm sorry, what more can I say? He came at the wrong time, that's all. Now, let's go grab a taxi to the drugstore and have hamburgers and milkshakes, and then let's grab another taxi to the circus. Let's just get out of here, shall we?"

Pat: "Language, Pop!"

The drugstore was jammed, of course, as I knew it would be, but I also knew it was their favorite place, and the hamburgers and milkshakes were almost as good as the

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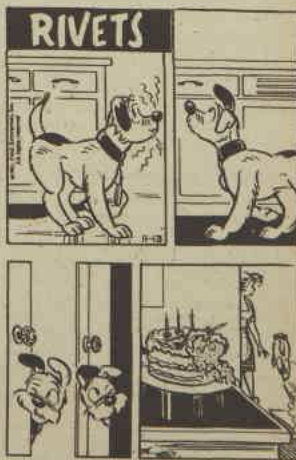
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Continued from page 59

WHAT A WORLD, SAID THE BICYCLE RIDER

ones they had loved in New York. We waited five or six minutes, and then there was a whole table to ourselves, a table for six, actually.

When everybody was comfortable, a man with a tray who had been wandering around looking for a place at a table began to attract their attention. I wasn't watching; I was studying the latest issue of "Allo Paris" to choose between the two circuses that seemed to be open the year around.

The kids weren't biting into their hamburgers or sipping their milkshakes any more; they were just watching, so I looked away from the magazine to see what it could be. It was Al Poufrique. Himself. Beard and all.

All right, so where was Susan?

She was nowhere about, although apparently all of the other Americans in Paris were.

He came and took the sixth place, the kids moving some of their stuff out of the way to make room for his tray, and he began to eat his hamburger and drink his glass of milk. The kids fell silent, studying his head and face.

"How are you getting along with your poetry?"

He put down his hamburger, put on his glasses, and said, "Oh, hello. I'm afraid I'm a long way from writing the kind of poetry I want to write."

"What kind is that?"

"The best, the way you paint."

The kids watched and listened and finished their hamburgers and milkshakes.

"Thanks, but maybe you're too critical of your work."

"That's what my wife says, but let's face it, if poetry isn't the best, it's as good as nothing."

"How is your wife?"

"Just fine. A little excited about becoming a mother for the first time."

"Where is she?"

"Home, if you can call two little rooms home, and I guess you can." He giggled, and I knew they were almost broke, and pretty worried.

I brought out my wallet and fished out two 100 new-franc notes, each of them worth a little better than twenty dollars, and I placed them beside his plate.

"If that's a loan, thanks a lot. I couldn't accept anything unless it was a loan."

"A loan, and good luck."

"Imagine running into you here. I almost never come here. I saw some publicity people in the neighborhood about a job, and I have to go back in half an hour."

"I'm glad you did. I know you and your wife are going to be crazy about the kid, because I remember how

crazy my wife and I were about our first one. That's Nelly here." Nelly nodded. And then I named the other three, and they nodded, and the poet returned each nod earnestly, a man who respected kids, and would be a pretty good father, most likely.

"Biggest event of our lives so far," he said.

In the street the kids wanted to know what that was all about. Who in the world was he, and why had I given him so much money, especially since I had just a little while ago been so rude to a man from my own home town? I tried to explain, but they weren't satisfied.

Well, if Susan hadn't gone to Al Poufrique — and she certainly hadn't — who had she gone to, or where had she gone? What was going on? Had they better go home instead of to the circus, or what?

"Home, or circus?"

"Circus, circus," Rufe said, but the other three, the older ones, the ones who had long ago begun to suspect a thing or two about grown-ups, were silent. Something was going on that didn't permit them to get excited about going to a place to watch clowns and wild animals and acrobats.

"Home," Nelly said, "and the sooner the better."

"Why?"

"I don't know, Papa, but I think home is where we had better get to as quickly as possible."

A cab slowed down. "O.K., let's grab this cab."

The door opened and Susan stepped out.

The kids busted out with laughter, exclamations, gladness, anger, and questions, but all Susan did was stand there and look at their father — me. She began to smile, but I couldn't figure out the smile at all. Talk about the smile of Mona Lisa. This one made that smile look like the smile of a simple farm girl.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"I had an idea you'd all be here at the drugstore if I hurried, so I did."

"What happened?"

"Tell you all about it later."

Nelly: "All about what?"

Susan: "Twelve crazy, impossible, miserable years together — and for what?"

"Four kids?"

"What about this — this whoever the heck it was? Turned you down, did he?"

"On the contrary, I turned him down. I just left him."

"Where?"

"His place."

"What did you do that for?"

"Why should I throw over everything for something ridiculous in a ridiculous movie, or something? I'm too old. It's too hot. What are we going back into the drugstore for?"

"I just want to pick up a packet of cigarettes."

As luck would have it, as I had hoped, Al Poufrique was just ahead of me at the cigarette counter. Susan saw him, but he didn't see her. She looked at me, but I didn't let her know what I was thinking; I just acted as if Al were somebody I didn't know. She seemed terrified that the poet might see her.

She flung her arms around the four kids almost as if she were some kind of animal protecting her family before a storm or something, and she moved them in the opposite direction, moving away without a word. Well, what do you know? The things a woman will do to give a man a surprise, or to hang on to something, or to try to make it better or different.

In the street she said, "Right, so I didn't see him, didn't see anybody, I wasn't. Myra Haley for a couple of hours, but I could have gone to him, I could have gone to anybody I might care to choose, but I'm too old, and it's too hot. Let's not go into a stuffy taxi; let's walk home very slowly, because when we get there I want to have the surprise, after all. Happy anniversary, and I'm glad I scared you."

"I thought you'd go mad, that's all."

Nelly: "I don't understand you two."

Pat: "Pop, what's going on?"

Della: "Mamma, I don't think I've ever seen you more crazy-beautiful or something. You're different."

WE were walking toward the Arc de Triomphe when the kids suddenly stopped, and Nelly said, "Look!"

I looked, and there, racing around the Arc, came Amshavir Shamavoor on his bike, moving with the circling traffic like a colorful bird among a flock of geese.

Pat: "Look at him go!"

Della: "I'll never forgive your terrible rudeness, Papa!"

Rufe: "Goodbye, Amshavir!"

The bicycle rider straightened out when he reached the Champs-Elysees, his head down, his legs moving steadily and powerfully. As he drew nearer, I thought I had better shout out to him, stop him, and ask him to please forgive me, please come with us now to our house and have dinner with us, but he was going too beautifully, everything was too right for me to spoil it with a kind corrective courtesy.

And then he was gone on his way down the broad road toward Concorde. The kids and their mother turned and watched him go, but again I couldn't join them. I still couldn't even remember him. Not until he had disappeared among the automobile traffic did they turn away and begin to walk again.

"Who was that?"

"Some kid from France who doesn't know he's forty-four years old."

"What about him?"

"He's riding around the world on a bicycle."

"So what?"

"Precisely. Amshavir is an Assyrian. They won't be going in rockets to the moon or anything like that for some time, most likely, if ever."

Nelly: "I don't think I've seen anything more beautiful."

Della: "Than Mamma, the way she is now?"

Nelly: "Than that nut on the bicycle."

Pat: "What's he want to ride around the world for?"

Rufe: "Will he get there? Papa? Will he get to Damascus?"

"Rufe, maybe I'd better tell you this now, right now, because I might forget later on. You don't have to get there to Damascus, or anywhere else. All you've got to do is want to get there. And that's enough to carry you all the way through. Can you remember that?"

"Sure, Papa. I'll remember."

We all moved along, on our way to our surprising house in one of the most surprising cities in the world, and to the little daily surprises of our thirteenth year together, in the same boat, so to say, or on the same bicycle, racing through heavy traffic toward another place, and then another, and all the way around, and finally back where we started.

(c) William Saroyan, 1962

Message to women born before 1940



Have you felt these danger symptoms lately?
Cramps in the legs? Swelling of the ankles and veins? An odd feeling of heaviness in the legs? Dull pains and aches . . .

THESE EARLY SYMPTOMS can mean you are one of the million or more people of all ages who are present or potential victims of varicose veins. This distressing condition embarrasses both men and women. Anyone who spends much time on their feet: housewives, shop assistants, nurses . . . can get varicose veins. People who have to sit down a lot get them too.

THE SYMPTOMS OFTEN SUBSIDE and then go unnoticed. This is the tragedy of it. These early warning symptoms must not be ignored. At this stage, the condition can deteriorate rapidly, even though you think "it can't happen to me".

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JACKIE MARNY (right), cute in her white lace mob-cap and matching beach coat. Jackie bought her owl-shaped glasses in Germany last year.

BANANA hat worn by Peter Brass (left) was made in Honolulu. Peter also wears the latest wrap-around ski glasses, so popular this summer.



Sunhats and sunglasses—mad, gay fashions

● Summer always means fun in fashion and this year sunhats and sunglasses have gone madly gay. Hats come in all shapes and sizes, colors, and materials for girls AND boys, and glasses, although mostly all black, feature the latest international designs. Here are just a few of the teenagers we found at Sydney beaches looking cool and colorful. Pictures by Ron Berg.



ABOVE: Board riders Stephen Russel (left) in an island hat and John Okkerse in black Italian sunglasses couldn't help admiring the outsize Garbo hat pretty Henny Jannitz wore to Bondi.

THINK PINK and look pretty could be the theme for beachgirls Robyn Hughes, left, in a sweet straw boater, and Robyn Webber in a quaint Italian straw hat with a navy rose.



THIS TEENAGE trio looked cool and cute at Bondi Beach. From left: Toni Humphrey in her straw hat, trimmed with blue to match her costume, Jill Hudson in a gay pink one, and Jennie Harvey in a woven-straw island-style, bought on the Gold Coast.



GIANT-SIZE Italian straw picture hat and square-framed sunglasses shade attractive teen Elaine McDowell (above).



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CHRISTMAS BEATLES

● *THE BEATLES* look as if they are all set to tour Alaska (and, no doubt, if they did they'd be a roaring success)—but they are really only dressed up as Eskimos for a sequence in their Christmas show at London's Odeon Theatre. That's George on the left at top with Ringo, and Paul on the left in front with John. The Beatles are determined to win at least one Oscar for their film "A Hard Day's Night" — if not for acting, at least for the best screen-play or song of 1964.

Picture by David Graves.

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

The interest in coin-collecting

IT is surprising the interest that is being shown by Australians in numismatics (coin-collecting) with the changeover to decimal currency coming soon.

This interest is shown by the increased numbers at the meetings of the various coin associations, the rise in the price of coins, and now in the printing of a monthly coin magazine, "The Australian Coin Review," devoted to Australian coins, plus many new coin catalogues.

Recently a coin exhibition was held in the Melbourne Town Hall by the Numismatic Association of Victoria and was attended by more than 3000 people.

Much publicity has been given to such glamor coins as the 1930 penny and coin lists have appeared in many news-

papers and magazines. A 1930 penny could be bought for a couple of pounds a few years ago and now brings from £70 to £110 in good condition.

This is by no means the only valuable coin in circulation today, and for the wise investor numismatics should prove a satisfying and financially rewarding hobby. — M. Waugh, East Kew, Vic.

Conforming

AFTER reading the opinions of "Typical Mod," who stated that individualism is a must and that she hated convention in any form, I feel obliged to point out that by simply calling herself a mod she is losing her individualism and conforming to a way of life.

Please do not think me argumentative, but surely I am right in thinking that no one who calls himself a mod, surfer, or rocker can be renouncing conformism. Aren't such people admitting to conforming with one

group of people who like to follow a set fashion?

I myself am a surfer but do not try to kid myself that I am a non-conformist. — Jane Emmett, Clapham, S.A.

Strong boys

WHEN adults and even some younger people are discussing conscription, why is it that they talk about "skinny boys with long hair being made into men"?

Many surfers and rockers with long hair have very good physiques—as do, of course, some of those without long hair. Because a boy has long hair it does not necessarily follow that he is not well built.

If you don't believe me, go to the beach and find out for yourself. — Alan Crowe, Wollongong, N.S.W.

No uniforms

AT our high school we are compelled to wear school uniform throughout the year. However, when the time comes for us to sit for our Senior and Junior examinations our headmaster allows us to wear whatever we choose.

We think this is a good idea, as it gives us more confidence in ourselves for tackling the task ahead, helps to relieve some of the tension, and makes us feel fresh and relaxed.

If other schools do not do this, we think they ought to give it a try, for it gives morale a jolly good lift. — Sandra Forbes, Namargo, Qld.

Teens blamed

FOR some time now I have been a member of a teenage organisation which I helped to form at a local youth centre, and during my work there have mixed with boys and girls of all ages.

Most of the older ones

were all right (of course, there were a few wild ones), but the worst trouble-makers were not the teenagers who rode round in hotted-up cars or on motor-bikes. They were the kids aged between 11 and 14.

For some reason, whenever there was a broken window or anything similar, sure enough there would be someone in that age group responsible.

I am not saying that the older teenagers are angels, but, please, before blaming trouble on teenagers, check. You'll be surprised how

NEXT WEEK

• Sydney boy Greg Pelton can tell a fishing story about the big one that DIDN'T get away. Greg won a trophy for his prize-size marlin caught late in the season. Color pictures.

much is caused by children who are not yet teenagers and children who have just reached their teens.

Do not get the idea that I'm a goody-goody — far from it. It's just that I'm fed-up hearing teenagers getting blamed for everything, and I like to help give them somewhere to let off steam. — Bob Bradshaw, Angle Park, S.A.

Radio pastime

OVER the holidays I could not get work and was looking for something to do. Well, I found it. It was the inside of an old radio.

Previously I had thought electronics strictly for the birds, but I cleaned the radio up and tried to get it going. Have you ever seen the inside of a radio? If you haven't, I advise you to look at once.

So far I have had a lot of fun with mine, and although I haven't fixed it yet, I'm still trying. — K. Salmon, Ipswich, Qld.

BEATNIK



"Sunday I like to be alone."

Wasted money

IT puzzled me why the Americans and Russians in particular are spending millions of pounds in the space race to the moon.

These millions could be spent to help make our own world a happier place to live in, by feeding and clothing the thousands of starving men, women, and children on our earth, and by furthering man's study in medical research. — Anne Neilson, Fosterton, N.S.W.

Old fogies

I REALLY don't know why old people like picking teenagers to bits when they pass them in the street. As well as feeling embarrassed, the teenagers begin to dislike them, and then the older ones wonder why we never look up to them for encouragement.

Once when I was walking past an elderly couple they stared in horror because I had on a pair of knee-boots. In a mannerly way I asked them, "Would you mind telling me why I'm so interesting?"

Honestly, I had them stuck for words, and all they could find to say was "Hmph." — D.L., Rivervale, W.A.

Jobs in shops

IF some girls and boys didn't leave school to serve in shops, who would wait on the customers? And there is always some chance of promotion, particularly in shops where men are needed to manage branch stores.

A factory hand might not earn as much as a doctor, but he, too, can have a happy and full life. All types of workers are needed. — I. Hoff, North Essendon, Vic.

Fewer smiles

EVER noticed anything about school photographs? In each year's group there seem to be fewer smiles. Final-year photographs usually show an array of grim-faced youths. I guess this speaks for itself. — Craig Spears, Gosford, N.S.W.

And the mice laughed

MY mother is very house-proud, so it was natural that she was upset when she found she had mice in the kitchen.

She sent me out to buy half a dozen mousetraps, saying, "But for goodness sake, don't tell anyone what they are for." — Rosemary, Toowoomba, Qld.

THE CLASSICS

CHOPIN: Waltzes

THE appearance of the waltz marked an epoch in the history of the dance, because it was the first in which the partners embraced one another.

As a well-known music dictionary says: "Naturally, this evoked enthusiastic response as well as violent protest."

Whether for this reason or not it has also inspired a number of composers, from Beethoven to Ravel, to write more or less serious compositions in waltz rhythm.

Among the first serious, elaborately worked out waltzes (as distinct from the short, light pieces written by Beethoven and Schubert in this form) were the 14 waltzes for piano by Chopin, some of which are long and brilliant display pieces.

All of these have been newly recorded on one disc, by the finest of the older generation of Chopin interpreters, Artur Schnabel (RCA).

These waltzes, which have always been among the most popular works of the most popular of all composers for the piano, range through many moods, from the bold virtuosity of the first two to the gentle pathos of the last, in E minor, and including gay, whimsical miniatures like the "Minute Waltz," No. 6.

— Martin Long

ARE YOU NICELY SLIM, OR AWFULLY THIN?



● *There are slimming diets by the dozen. But what about the teenagers who want to PUT ON weight?*

OH, what a delightful problem, think the "fatties" who are fighting the temptation of that luscious chocolate fudge. Thin girls can simply eat more.

But, as anyone who is or has been underweight knows, it is as difficult (or more so) to eat more as it is to eat less.

Thin girls can, of course, disguise their figures by careful clothes sense.

The girl at left is wearing horizontal stripes and a loose, simple two-piece shift — but she would have to wear long sleeves and a high collar, too, to hide her scrawny arms and thin neck and collarbone.

She dreads going to the beach and she has trouble finding suitable evening clothes.

The fact that models have to be thin is cold comfort—everyone knows that there is a mint of difference between your appearance on a catwalk or in a photograph and normal daily life.

And being badly underweight is a handicap to health, as well as appearance, writes American Dr. Frederick J. Stare, in his book "Eating for Good Health" (Doubleday and Company).

"Lack of physical endurance, easy fatigability, inability to concentrate, susceptibility to digestive disturbances and to infections are some of the minor problems, but severe underweight (20 or more pounds below desirable weight) can favor the development of serious diseases in young people," he says.

"In most cases a doctor's help is advisable, but thinness in healthy teenagers may just be the result of poor living and eating habits."

Here are a few suggestions for gaining weight given by Dr. Stare:

1. Plan for three regular meals — at the same time each day, if possible. The purpose is to establish regular eating habits, and you should always sit down at the table, whether you want to or not.

2. Plan to rest or relax at least ten to 15 minutes before each meal. Fatigue and tension are thieves of appetite.

3. Plan some mild outdoor activity daily. Walking a dog or doing a little gardening will do fine — anything to improve the circulation and stimulate your appetite. But don't overdo it and wear yourself out.

4. THINK about food! Read recipes, look at lovely pictures of food in magazines and newspapers or maybe go as far as enrolling at a cooking school to learn Continental cooking.

5. Eat frequently, but not within two hours before mealtime. Eat a good break-



Perfume is to wear

TO get the best results and the greatest enjoyment from a fragrant scent, remember to apply it liberally. You must use enough to give yourself an aura of fragrance.

It was, typically, a Frenchman who condemned the old idea that a touch of scent behind each ear was sufficient for any lady. His cogent remark was that this was "only enough to bring a transient pleasure to he who stood immediately behind her in the bus queue."

Perfume should be stroked on to pulse spots—the temples, throat, crooks of the elbow and wrists—anywhere that the warmth of the pulse will operate to bring out the scent's full fragrance.

All scents have highly charged personalities of their own, so that choosing one to suit you can only be done by careful experiment. Of all feminine allurements scent is the most potent. It is also the most elusive.

Evaporation of perfume in a bottle of which the seal has been broken can be prevented by sealing the neck with a fine film of colorless nail-polish.

Did you know that solid perfumes and colognes have a high alcoholic content and evaporate readily when exposed to air? For this reason they should be re-wrapped after each use in their protective covering and caps replaced carefully.

fast, then less than an hour later eat a doughnut or bun and have a glass of milk.

6. Have a bedtime snack before you go to sleep every night. Make it a fairly substantial one, say a cup of hot chocolate and grilled cheese on toast.

Try these simple steps and your problems of gaining pounds may be solved.

● Did you know that perfume only becomes whole when it comes into contact with human skin? It's a fact, so don't, whatever you do, suddenly develop squirrel-like attributes and tuck your perfume away in a drawer or cupboard to keep for special occasions.

THE WILD (WEST) WOMEN

ROUND
ROBIN

● The real villains of the Wild West were women.

I SEE that an American historian has decided this after massive research.

The researcher delved into the case histories of many famous badmen and says he found evidence that women set most of them on outlaw trails.

Much of the holdup artists' loot went to the belles behind them, it seems.

This theory adds up, you know.

For years there have been hints that women kept outlaws hanging around.

Wild Western lore is filled with feminine references that can now be seen in their true light.

It was obviously a girl who coined the phrase (after Jesse had robbed a bank): "Home, James, and don't spare the horses."

The real meaning of another famous saying is clear now, too.

You know, "Booty is only skin deep."

And surely it's apparent that it was a lass, short of a full wedding outfit, who inspired the Great Train Robbery!

It also must have been a reference to a beautiful criminal "brain" when a gold thief, asked where he was going to make the grab, answered: "I dunno, Alaska."

I imagine it was because of a romantic rendezvous after a robbery that a posse would always try to head off the thief at the "pass!"

The historian's discoveries now also explain the popularity of an old Western song.

The pleas of blokes trying to escape the clutches of predatory women inspired the number (for years top of the ten-gallon hat parade), "Mar-shal, She's Making Eyes At Me!"

Some men in the West, of course, were able to resist the wiles of the wild women.

Yes, sir. Take Colonel Cody, for instance.

They couldn't Buffalo Bill!

— Robin Adair

Beauty in Brief:

ALLURING LIPS

PALE pastel lipsticks look pretty on young girls, but all teeth seem whiter with a true, clear medium-red lipstick for contrast.

When checking your lipline, smile at yourself in your mirror. Be sure that you have enough of an upper lip drawn so that it doesn't disappear when you smile.

If, when you smile, your upper lip seems ready to spread, by all means lessen the height of it.

If your lips are naturally small and you are using pale lipstick for evening, you can make them appear more prominent by outlining them ever so faintly with a medium-brown eyeliner pencil. If it's only the lower lip that needs help, limit pencil outline to it.

For a final touch of glamor and dazzle, play around with different lipstick colors. Blend coral over a clear red for a stunning effect.

Over a true ruby red, try white applied just to the centre of lower lip, smoothing evenly with brush.

Over orange red, for evening, you might try the surprise appeal of gold smoothed over your lower lip.

Always keep in mind that a moderately full, rounded outline, clearly sketched, is just as vital to your sparkling smile as the shade of your lipstick. Keep your lips pretty by smiling.

— Carolyn Earle

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Dog in the manger

"ABOUT 18 months ago I liked a boy very much, but because at that time I was shy toward boys, we never seemed to become any more friendly than a 'hello' whenever I saw him. Other girls (who had the clothes and position I never had) liked him, too, so I told people things about him which I knew would surely come back to him, and they did. Now I am terribly sorry for what I have done, and I still like him. I know now it may be too late, but I wish to apologise deeply for what I have done. I do not see him at all now, so do you think I could write him a note explaining what I have done?"

"Despair," N.S.W.

I think that after 18 months it might be best to let sleeping dogs lie.

You did a very foolish, jealous thing, of course, and I am sure that by now you have found out what cold comfort there is in "paying back" someone just because you couldn't have him.

I am not sure, either, that an "apology" note would be any more than a means of trying to get him to notice you again.

As you don't see this boy any more, I frankly don't think it would serve any purpose.

Instead, try to forget the silly, petty thing you did and resolve never to give in to dog-in-the-manger feelings again.

Dad's too strict

"I AM nearly 16 and my father won't even let me talk to a boy or go out occasionally with one, because my sister had to get married, and he is afraid the same thing will happen to me. Is there any way of reasoning with him? My parents keep telling me I am too young to be interested in boys."

"Unhappy," Vic.

I do think your father is being a little harsh in not allowing you to talk to boys or go out on mixed party dates.

Ask your parents' permission to hold a small afternoon party and ask along several boys and girls.

Perhaps when they see you in company with young friends they might not be so afraid for your safety.

Fight in view

"MY girlfriend and I both have the same names. Everywhere we go boys say hello to us, but we don't know which one they mean. My girlfriend thinks they are talking to her, but I am sure they mean me. I have known my girlfriend all my life, and we have never had a fight, but now I think this is going to lead to one. What can I do?"

"Same Names," N.S.W.

Go around with another girl who has a different name, or be sensible and realise that any boy who takes more than a passing interest in either of you will make himself clear.

Older boys

"MY problem may not seem very serious to you, but I seem to be attracted to older boys. I am 12, almost 13, and my mother is very fair in a way, because during the past four months I have gone out on five dates with two different boys. One boy was 17 and the other almost 16. The 16-year-old one and I are writing to each other frequently now (he lives in another town). But my friends keep telling me he is too old for me. I think that my liking for older boys has resulted from my height and development, which are very advanced for my age. I am very popular with boys between the ages of 16 and 19 and the youngest boy who has ever caught my eye was a 15-year-old. But I just don't have any interest in young boys, they seem so silly and juvenile. Do you think it is all right to go out with boys who are so much older?"

"Too Popular," Qld.

No, I don't, because at 12 you are too young to have boyfriends.

I am surprised that your mother allows you so much freedom at this stage.

Forget about boys for a few years and concentrate on your school studies.

Is Dad unfair?

"I AM a boy of 18. Recently my girlfriend moved to another town. My father is a teacher and this year has the choice of moving to one or other of two towns — and one of them is the town where my girlfriend now lives. As my girlfriend and I are deeply in love, I have pleaded with my father to move to her town, but he prefers the other. He says I am not being considerate for the rest of the family. Do you think I am right in asking him to move to my girlfriend's town?"

"Pleader," N.S.W.

No I don't.

You can't really expect your father to order his career to suit your romance.

If you really love your girlfriend, and it is a lasting romance, separation will only confirm this.

I am sure it won't be too long before you can manage to find a way of seeing each other again.

A new potato salad!



the
orange
makes the
difference

ORANGE POTATO SALAD

MADE WITH NESTLÉ'S '2-MINUTE MAYONNAISE'

Just start with Nestlé's 2-Minute Mayonnaise (and doesn't every delicious potato salad?) . . . add grated orange rind, and presto . . . the humble potato salad turns to gold. But mind you, make lots. You'll need it.

ORANGE POTATO SALAD (couldn't be easier!)

Step One: Prepare mayonnaise. Mix thoroughly 1 tin of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 cup vinegar and 1 tsp. Keen's Mustard and 1 tsp. salt. Stir till mixture thickens. Allow to stand for a few minutes to stiffen. Adjust seasoning to taste.

Step Two: Add 2 lbs. cooked, diced potatoes, 3 tbsp. chopped parsley, and grated rind of 2-3 medium oranges.

EXCITING WAYS TO SERVE!

Serve Orange Potato Salad in scooped-out orange shells. Or on a circle of sliced oranges. Or on anything with anything — whenever the sun is shining.



NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK and KEEN'S MUSTARD

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

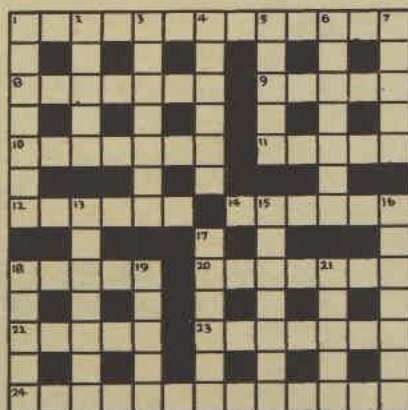
MANDRAKE goes to the museum after the theft of the Da Vinci drawing and prepares to enter the strange tunnel left by the thief. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. He should know his own mind (13).
2. Illuminate, having a thin leg (7).
3. Pub which must have a high temperature (5).
4. A Berlin spectator may examine closely (7).
5. Piquant (5).
6. Corrects the men inside (6).
7. Children would like to read this (1,5).
8. Hard-up Eskimos are inwardly credulous persons (5).
9. Butts a sailor obtains (7).
10. Make a mistake or mistake (5).
11. Kindly disposed French friend is able (7).
12. This must be the date when they started to go forward (5, 3, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Mere sip to lay down as an antecedent (7).
2. Sharp cries measuring inwardly 45 inches (5).
3. The broom plant (3-4).
4. A broken test round you is cunning (6).
5. He ass (anagr., 5).
6. Rare earth metallic element (7).
7. Leader in the Thirty Years War conquered by Gustavus Adolphus (5).
8. Highest title of sovereignty (7).
9. Town in Glamorgan, Wales, and in New South Wales, too (7).
10. Snuggest (7).
11. Connect cat and hat (6).
12. Have visions in sleep (5).
13. Biblical woman's name (5).
14. Give them berries with live coal (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick PATTERNS



- 3179.—Back-belted dress with inverted side and back pleats, back-buttoned blouse. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.
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- 3263.—Double-breasted jacket, slim skirt. Sizes 30½, 31, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.
- 3046.—Maternity smock dress. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.
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- 3113.—Step-in shift dress. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



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DESIGN

SIZE

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